

LETTERS

FROM AN

ABSENT BROTHER:

CONTAINING

SOME ACCOUNT OF A TOUR

THROUGH PARTS OF

THE NETHERLANDS, SWITZERLAND,
NORTHERN ITALY, AND FRANCE,

IN THE SUMMER OF 1823.

BY

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VICAR OF ISLINGTON.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. II.

FOURTH EDITION.

LONDON:

GEORGE WILSON, ESSEX STREET, STRAND.

1827.

CONTENTS OF VOL. II.

LETTER XII.

Great St. Bernard, Sept. 6.—Brieg, Sept. 10, 1823.

Jardin of Mer de Glace—Forclaz—Bas Valais—Martigny—Deluge of the Dranse—Sunday at Martigny—
—Sermon—Popèry—Orsieres—Lyddes—Pious Admonition on Eternity—Great St. Bernard—Dogs—
Monks—Chapel for Dead—Lives saved—Provost—
Sion—Valais—Prayers at Great St. Bernard—Catholic
Admonition : 1—48

LETTER XIII.

Simplon, Sept. 11.—Milan, Sept. 14, 1823.

Brieg—Simplon—Road—Persal—Descent into Italy—
Domo d'Osola—Priests—Contrast between Switzerland and Italy—Lago Maggiore—Borromean Isles—
Colossal Statue of Borromeo—Milan—Scale of Vegetation on Alps—Marble Cathedral—St. Ambrose—St.
Austin 49—87

LETTER XIV.

Milan, Sept. 13.—Chamberry, Sept. 19, 1823.

Sunday at Milan—Sunday Schools—Punch—Virgin Mary—Noisy Festival—Popery like Paganism—Church of St. Ambrose—Library—Amphitheatre of Bonaparte—Unfinished Triumphal Arch—Remains of Roman Baths—Mint—Po—Tessin—Turin—Churches—Palace—Ambioggio—Lans-le-bourg—Ancient Arch at Susa—Mount Cenis Road—Reflections—St. Michel—Aigue-belle—Chamberry—Life of Borromeo—Extracts from Writings 88—151

LETTER XV.

Pont-beau-voisin, Sept. 20.—Lyon, Sept. 28, 1823.

Chamberry—A Bookseller—Pont-beau-voisin—Roads—Bishop Berkeley—Sunday at Lyon—Catholic Sermon—Gibbou—Rivers Saone and Rhone—Fourvière—Hotel de Ville—Revolutionary horrors at Lyon—Speech of Emperor Claudius—Roman Amphitheatre—Martyrs of Lyon—Cimetière—Arsenal—Death of Rev. S. Arnott—Chamberry Peasant—Notice of Martyrs in Second Century 152—192

LETTER XVI.

Lyon, September 28.—Geneva, October 6, 1823.

Second Sunday at Lyon—Library—Hôtel Dieu—Hôtel de la Charité—Sick Family—Journey to Geneva—Professor of Lausanne—Perte du Rhone—L'Ecluse—Ferney—Voltaire—Catholics at Geneva—Fine Walks—Translation of Scott—Satigny—Rejected Regent—Religious Doctrine—Plan of Central Switzerland—Cathedral—Library—English Clergy—Sunday at Geneva—Minister from Les Cevennes—Règlement—M. Simond's Defence answered . . . 193—245

LETTER XVII

Poligny, October 7, 1823.—Paris, October 11, 1823.

Nyon—Calvin and Fletcher—Catholic Lady—Conversation on Popery—Geneva—Prohibited Books—Auxonne—Irish Catholics—Dijon—Miraculous Image of Virgin—Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy—Bossuet—Waggon—Auxerre—Joigny—Cardinal de Retz—Fontainebleau—Apartments of the Pope—Bonaparte's Abdication—Place of Madrid—Character of Bonaparte—Sens—St. Bernard—Manners of People—Catholics receiving Tracts—Arrival at Paris 246—282

LETTER XVIII.

Brighton, April 14, 1824.

Paris Bible Society—Deaf and Dumb Institution—French Preachers—King's Almoner—Nobleman—Translation of Scott—Friends to whom Author was introduced—Baron de Sacy—Count D'Hauterive—Marquis de Jaucourt—Reflections on the whole Tour: 1. Supreme Providence of God—2. Opposite Evils of Superstition and Infidelity—3. Scenes of Reformers' Labours—Luther—Beza—Bucer—Ecolampadius—Bullinger—Authenticity of 1 John v. 7, 8.—4. Duty of advancing the Age of CHARITY—5. Importance of every Traveller being active—Advice to Invalids—Anecdotes—6. Gratitude to God—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—Origin of Vaudois—Expulsion from Valleys—Return—Need of Aid—7. Prayer for Grace of HOLY SPIRIT 283—354

LETTER XV.

Pont-beau-voisin, Sep. 20.—Lyon, Sep. 28, 1823.

Chamberry — A Bookseller — Pont-beau-voisin — Roads — Bishop Berkeley — Sunday at Lyon — Catholic Sermon — Gibbon — Rivers Saone and Rhone — Fourvière — Hotel de Ville — Revolutionary Horrors at Lyon — Speech of Emperor Claudius — Roman Amphitheatre — Martyrs of Lyon — Cimetière — Arsenal — Death of Rev. S. Arnott — Chamberry Peasant — Notice of Martyrs in Second Century.

*Lyon, Capital of the department of the Rhone,
Saturday Night, Sept. 20th, 1823, about
789 miles out from Lausanne, and about
2302 from London, by our route.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

CHAMBERRY, which we left this morning, contains nearly twelve thousand souls. It is the capital of the duchy of Savoy, situ-

ated in a fruitful valley on the borders of Dauphiny, at the conflux of the rivers L'Aisse and D'Albans. It has a cathedral and three other churches, two convents, and about one hundred priests. I went this morning into the cathedral; it is dirty and mean, both within and without. I observed in it three boxes for charity; one of them for souls in purgatory (I give it word for word); the second for repairing the church; the third for offerings, without specifying the object—no box for the poor. I asked a person who called himself a bookseller (who, by the bye, was the only one in the town, and actually had only one book to sell, a Code of French laws) about the different institutions for religion. The man's wife, who was standing by, replied, they had an Archbishop, who had been simply bishop in Bonaparte's time, but who was now Archbishop of Chamberry, and *Prince Bishop of Geneva!* I stared. She said he was Bishop of the Christians at Geneva. I asked her what she called the twenty-five thousand Protestants who inhabited that town? She answered, they

were not Christians. I told her, then I was not one myself; she begged pardon, and said she meant Apostolical Roman Christians. I told her I believed in the Holy Scriptures, and in Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the doctrine of the Apostles, and therefore I was a good Apostolical Christian, though not a Papist.

I give this as a trait of character in a bettermost sort of person. It is the natural effect of the doctrine which excludes from everlasting salvation all who belong not to the Church of Rome. Bigotry and persecution follow as matters of course. I must say, however, that I have met with many Roman Catholics during my tour, who expressly assured me that they disbelieved this uncharitable tenet. One lady told me she had informed her priest in confession, that she never could receive it. Let only the holy doctrines and holy lives of Protestants be more and more known by the Catholics, and charity must and will overthrow so fatal a dogma. Indeed, if the Holy Scriptures are

once generally read, this and other doctrines of Popery must by degrees fall, in spite of Popes and councils.* We left Chamberry a quarter before eight.

We have now come seventy-two miles, to this ancient and noble city of Lyon.† We entered France at twelve, at Pont-beau-voisin. We had amazing difficulty in getting through the custom-house. I had left some necessary papers at Lausanne. The officers were however civil, and after hearing my story, at length allowed us to proceed. I believe we were detained four hours. Travellers cannot be too particular in carrying their papers with them wherever they go. The road was, in two parts of it, perhaps as fine as any thing we have seen. The passages of Les Echelles and of La Chaille are most terrific, from the immense rocks through which they have been made, and the fine scenery which surrounds

* See Notice at the end of this Letter.

† I observe it is generally spelt Lyons; but in the town itself they carefully omit the final s.

them. These roads were begun by a former Duke of Savoy in 1670, and at three different times resumed by Bonaparte without being completed. The present King of Sardinia has this last year or two just accomplished the whole; in fact, this Mount Cenis road, in general, seems to have been a work gradually carried on from the days of Augustus, that is, during eighteen centuries—a space of time sufficiently long. It is but a few years ago, that three or four oxen were regularly yoked to every carriage to aid the horses in the ascent of Les Echelles.

I remember Bishop Berkeley gives a frightful account of his passage on New Year's Day, 1714. He says he was carried in an open chair by men used to scale these craggy and dangerous rocks, and that his life often depended on a single step. Bonaparte put an end to this by making a tunnel, nine hundred and fifty feet, directly through the opposing rock. At another part of the route, the travellers were let down in a kind of sledge, at a most fearful rate. Much even now remains

to be done between Lyon and Turin; as the road for many stages is exceedingly bad. The towns and villages in Dauphiny are very miserable. The priests have mocked, as it were, this misery, by building in one or two of the market-places, splendid gilt crucifixes, which are in deep contrast with the poverty and wretchedness of every house within view.

Sunday, One o'clock at Noon.—I have had to-day the singular pleasure of attending a Protestant French Church. It was really quite delightful to hear the reader begin the worship of God by reading distinctly two chapters of the New Testament in French, so as to be understood by all the people. The singing; the Ten Commandments, word for word as they are in the Bible; the Summary of the Law, exactly as it is in Matt. xxii. 37—39; a Public Baptism; the confession of sins; the prayer; the sermon, all charmed me as the spiritual, reasonable, and instructive worship of God. Especially the reading of the Scriptures was so simple, so authoritative, so majes-

tic, so edifying; I do not wonder the Reformers laid so much stress on it. Indeed, I cannot express the striking difference between this simple Protestant worship and the farce, show, and mummary of Popery at Martigny and Milan. All minor differences between Protestant churches, agreeing in the faith and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, sink into nothing before the frightful idolatry and superstition of Popery. Disputes about circumstantialia are impertinent -- divisions odious -- love should unite every heart, where main and necessary Scripture truth is felt and acknowledged. Indeed, one great reason of my hurrying on to Lyon against to-day, was to enjoy once more the unspeakable blessing of the pure public worship of Almighty God.

The sermon was, so far as I could hear (for I sat at a distance, and the church was crowded), pretty good, on an important topic, death; with many striking parts. I regret extremely to add, that there is but one service here on the Sunday, instead of three, or at the least,

two, which there surely ought to be, in an immense city like this. In walking to church, also, we were distressed to see the shops all half or a third part open, and customers going in and out, with crowds of persons at the coffee-houses. At Milan, the shops were universally shut.

But allow me, my dear sister, to turn to another, and to me, more solemn topic; this day twenty-two years, I was admitted into the sacred ministry of Christ's Church. What reflections crowd upon my mind! May I have grace to remember more and more the vows I then made; the duties to my Saviour and to his flock, which I then undertook; the unnumbered errors and defects of which, alas, I am too conscious (especially, as Archbishop Usher said on his dying bed, my sins of omission); the ceaseless mercies which I have received; and the short time which remains for me to labour for my own salvation, and the salvation of others! Here I am, travelling for my health, in a foreign land: thanks

be to God, that health is wonderfully restored ; so wonderfully, that I am not like the same person. But then I have been silent now fourteen Sundays, and the future is all uncertain. May God enable me, if I am permitted to return home, to feel more lively compassion for my fellow-creatures, to be more dead to worldly things, and to labour more abundantly in the sacred vineyard ; and may he pour out his Holy Spirit upon my kind friends who are supplying my lack of service ; yea, upon the universal Church ! Time carries us away as a flood. Souls are passing into eternity. Judgment is near. All is mere trifling compared with eternal salvation.

Ten o'clock, Sunday Night.—My younger son has been suffering all day with cold in his teeth. There is no fever, no head-ache, nothing but a rheumatic affection of the front teeth ; still this is very painful to him, and very embarrassing to me, being without my dearest wife ; and thus, it comes to me as a chastisement and admonition from my Heavenly Fa-

ther. How many, many mercies have we received during our long journey, and how little grateful have we been for them! May this indisposition work in him and in me the “peaceable fruits of righteousness! And on every occasion of suffering, slight, as well as severe, may I ever be disposed to say, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

At four this afternoon, I left my elder son to nurse his brother; and went to a Catholic church to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I placed myself close under the pulpit, so that I understood almost the whole of the sermon; it was an able, energetic, striking discourse; not one word of Popery, properly speaking (which was the case also, as I have said, at Martigny), but defective, general, unevangelical, and therefore unscriptural and dangerous. His subject was the happiness of Heaven; he drew a striking picture of the glory, power, happiness, honour, &c. of the heavenly state. His immediate point was to prove, from Scripture and experience, how

much glory, power, happiness, &c. God bestows on his servants, and even enemies, here on earth; and then to infer the infinitely superior glory of heaven. He cited admirably the cases of Moses, Abraham, Joshua, David, Peter, &c. What then (you say) were the defects? The heaven he described was without the Saviour, without pardon, without holiness; his heaven was an intellectual, poetical, sublime sort of paradise; he took for granted too, that all were in the right way to it. Thus, almost all the great ends of preaching were lost, and worse than lost.

Still the sermon did me good, because much of it was true, as far as it went; and I was glad to hear a priest stand on Protestant ground, and appeal to the Bible, and the Bible only. Besides, my long absence from home has disposed me to receive with candour and delight any thing that approaches the truth of the Gospel in any part of a discourse. What the Apostle calls "itching ears," are soon cured, when a man for three or four

months has scarcely met with a single edifying, solid, scriptural sermon. England, alas, too often undervalues and abuses her abundant privileges. The immense church was crowded to excess, and hung on the lips of the preacher. He preached from memory. His manner was serious, vehement, impassioned. He so affected the people, that, at the pauses, positively nearly the whole congregation were in tears. I really think we have much to learn at home as to our manner of preaching: the two Catholic sermons I have heard, were incomparably superior to most of our English ones, in careful preparation, intelligible arrangement, forcible application to the conscience, fervent and earnest delivery—in short, in the whole MANNER of the address.

Lyon, Tuesday, Sept. 23.—We are still here; my dear son, though much better, cannot travel. I have called in the first physician in the town; for there are no apothecaries here as in England. The ordinary fee is three francs a visit; but five or six are expected, my

banker tells me, of an Englishman. The physician writes prescriptions, which are made up at the druggist's or pastry-cook's—for half his medicines are syrups and sweetmeats. I have sent his brother by the diligence to Geneva, that he may go on to Lausanne and fetch the rest of the family to me. By returning this way home, they will go very little out of their route, and they will also see Lyon, the second city of France. I am obliged, however, by this plan, to break my engagements with my kind friends at Geneva, which I had fixed for Thursday the 25th; and I much regret that I shall not revisit Lausanne.

I omitted to see several things there; especially the house and library of Gibbon. My friends told me that the library was locked up—no bad thing for the world: and that the terrace and summer-house, where he completed his history in 1787, were falling into decay.* He left, like all other daring infidels,

* The manner in which he records the termination of his work would be more, interesting, if the associations

a refutation of his principles behind him in the pride, impurity, vanity, and extreme sel-

raised in the Christian's mind could be separated from the recollection of it.

“ It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps, the establishment of my fame.”

This last point was, in his view, the great object of life. Hope beyond death, he had none. He reluctantly confesses in another place, that “ the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, tinged with a browner shade the evening of life.” “ The present,” he elsewhere acknowledges, “ is a fleeting moment, the past is no more ; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful.” His attempts to persuade himself that death was distant, are apparent from the following passage :—“ This day may possibly be my last ; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years.”

He wrote this sentence some time in the year 1788 ; but instead of fifteen years of life, he expired almost suddenly on the 16th of January, 1794, after scarcely a third part of the expected time had elapsed—and this of a disease which he had studiously concealed from others, and, as far as he could, from himself, for thirty-three years. So

fishness of his moral character.—As to fidelity and trust-worthiness in his history, it has been demonstrated that his statements of facts cannot at all be relied on, where Christianity is concerned. After these fatal deductions, to admit that he had great talents and powers, is only to augment the melancholy impression with which a Christian adverts to the name of a man who has contributed so largely to corrupt the first sources of historical truth.

Wednesday.—My eldest son set off in the mail yesterday, at a quarter before three, for Geneva and Lausanne. I sit with my remaining sick boy, read to him, talk with him, amuse him, give him his medicines; and yet contrive to take one or two walks about the town and neighbourhood in the course of the day. I

little was he aware of his danger, that he jested with Lord Sheffield on the subject almost to the last; and even when life was expiring, he told a friend that he considered himself to be a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps, twenty years—this was said just twenty hours before his death.

Such is infidelity—so cold, so dark, so hopeless, so vain, so self-deceiving—I was going to say, so childish and absurd.

can, however, at present give you only a very inadequate account of Lyon. It contains one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls. This is immense for a city not the capital of the country. It was founded by the Romans about forty-two years before the Christian æra, and was called Lugdunum. It is finely situated at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, which flow nearly parallel for some time before their junction, and afford room for this noble city to rise on the tongue of land enclosed between the two rivers as they approach. Their channels are nearly equal in breadth, but the Rhone contains the greater volume of water, and rolls on to the Mediterranean. It is not as if London had two rivers like the Thames, between which its chief buildings and streets were raised.

Over these rivers the Lyonese have erected nine bridges, from which there are fine views of the interior of the town. On the banks they have formed delightful quays and walks. This is an advantage peculiar to Lyon. You

never saw such beautiful promenades for a mile or two together, on the sides both of the Saone and the Rhone, as there are here. Some of them are bordered with rows of trees, and are little inferior to those of Paris. The spot is pointed out by the guides where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone in his celebrated invasion of Italy. The body of the old town is dirty, narrow, dark, miserable; but the new parts are open, spacious, elegant. We are at the Hotel du Provence in the Rue de la Charité. On our right hand, we can see the Rhone; on our left, there is the noble square, or place of Belle Cour, which is amongst the finest in Europe; it has walks of Linden trees on one side, and the range of hills called La Fourvière, rising beyond.

This hill of Fourvière was the object of my walk yesterday. Its proper name is Fort Viel, Forum Vetus, on which the ancient city of Lyon, or Lugdunum, in the time of the Romans, was founded (about the time of the death

of Cæsar). The view which I there obtained of the whole neighbourhood was superb ; absolutely it was enchanting. The vast expanse of unimpeded prospect, the noble rivers, the bridges, the buildings, the quays, the churches, the hills surrounding the town on one side, and clothed with country-houses and vineyards, were all sketched in the magnificent landscape ; whilst the distant Alps, including, when the weather is clear, the vast Alp of Mont Blanc (which may at times be discerned from Dijon, and even Langres, above 180 miles distant from it in a direct line), in the farther ground formed, as it were, the frame of the picture. Indeed the neighbourhood of Lyon is considered as more beautiful, as well as more rich and populous, than the vicinity of Paris.

How painful to turn from all these beauties to the chapel of Notre Dâme, on this eminence, which was re-opened by Pope Pius VII. at his last journey through Lyon. The Virgin here has wrought wonderful miracles, and people come on pilgrimage to it ! Half the chapel was covered with votive tablets. I

think I speak within compass, when I say there were thousands of them. Is this the way to cure the infidelity of the French? When will a little common sense enter the heads of the priests? But I check myself—I must remember that Popery is “a strong delusion;” or, as the Apostle’s expression may perhaps be more literally rendered, “the energy of error!”

I was much pleased with three soldiers whom I met at Fourvière, and who, seeing I was a stranger, really loaded me with civilities, with a gaiety of manner quite surprising—and then positively refused to take any recompense.

The revolutionists in 1793 did infinite mischief at Lyon. The Jacobins hated it for its loyalty, its virtues, its commerce; but the Royalists had the ascendancy in the town, till the Convention at Paris ordered it to be besieged. The place was taken by storm, and unknown murders were committed. The statues of Louis the XIV., two fountains, and all the

public buildings in Belle Cour, were levelled to the earth. The machinery of the chief manufacturers was broken to pieces, their houses razed to the ground, and themselves led to execution. The guillotine being too tardy an instrument of death, whole parties were crowded into boats and sunk. The Convention even decreed the demolition of the entire city, and the extinction of its name. A monument is raised to two hundred and ten Lyonnese who were coolly shot after the siege. Such is liberty pushed to licentiousness and outrage, and casting off the government of law.

Thursday Morning, Sept. 25th.—Lyon quite charms me. It is increasing daily. Buildings are rising on every side. Commerce has been regularly improving since the peace of 1815. During the Revolution all was decaying. The looms for velvet, silk, and gauze, were diminished from 10,000 to 1600; and the hands employed in the hat manufactories from 8,000 to about the same number. The silk manufacture, which came originally

from Italy, is now transferred to England. Still trade here generally is reviving. The printing and bookselling of this place are next to Paris in importance. There is a large military, as well as civil power, in the town. The streets are always crowded with people.

Friday Morning, Sept. 26th, Nine o'clock.—

My dear son, thank God, is amending. Yesterday I went to see the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais des Arts. The Hotel de Ville is one of the finest in Europe. It is an immense pile in the form of a quadrangle, with a noble court in the midst. The mayor resides there, and has state apartments, as in our Mansion House. The great staircase is adorned with a painting of the burning of the city, in the first century, as described by Seneca. The large hall was occupied with a balloon and parachute, in which Mselle. Garnerin is about to ascend *next Sunday*, and which is now exhibiting gratis. The Palais des Arts was, before the Revolution, an Abbey of Benedic-

tine nuns (the Garde des Corps and Gens-d'armes have here occupied another convent). It contains a curious collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. A model of a temple found at Pompeii pleased me extremely.

But the most interesting thing is part of the speech of the Emperor Claudius, when censor of Rome, on the question of first admitting into the Roman senate the great personages of the neighbourhood of Lyon. It is engraven on bronze, and is now fixed in the wall of the Museum, so as to be easily legible. It was found in 1528, in digging a canal through a hill near Lyon. It consists of two columns, and every word is perfectly legible. It is the more valuable because Tacitus, in the Eleventh Book of his Annals, gives this self-same speech, but so altered and embellished, as scarcely to retain a trace of the original—the line of argument is quite different. It thus may serve, perhaps, as some test of the

fidelity of the other speeches of Tacitus and Livy.

It is a triumphant reflection, that the evidences of the truth of Christianity have been uniformly, and without a single exception, confirmed by all the discoveries of historical monuments during eighteen centuries. I alluded to this source of proof when I was giving you an account of Avenches in Switzerland.* Medals, speeches, altars, pillars, chronicles, arches, found in all countries; and of all ages, have united to confirm the facts on which Christianity rests. May this Christianity be purified from superstition and idolatry, and be displayed more and more in its native efficacy on the hearts and lives of mankind! It is not so much evidence that we want, as grace, repentance, faith, charity, holiness, the influences of the Blessed Spirit, primitive Christianity embodied in the lives and tempers of Christians.

* See vol. i. p. 278.

Saturday, Sept. 27th.—My dearest John is now nearly well. I expect my dear family from Lausanne to-night, and then our domestic circle will again be complete. I had no spirits yesterday, to go and see any thing; but this morning I have visited St. Irenée, the site of the ancient city, though now only a suburb. I here visited the Roman baths at the Ursuline Monastery (formerly so, for all the monasteries and convents were abolished at the Revolution). These baths consist of a series of numerous dark vaults, communicating with each other, about twenty feet under ground; but no longer interesting, except from their antiquity. I then went to what was the Garden of the Minimes, and saw the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre, where the early Christians were exposed to the wild beasts. This scene affected me extremely. The form of the Amphitheatre remains, after a lapse of sixteen or seventeen centuries. Some traces may be discovered of the rising seats of turf, and several dilapidated brick vaults seem to indicate the places where the wild beasts, and

perhaps the holy martyrs, were guarded. It is capable of holding an immense assemblage ---perhaps 30 or 40,000 persons. A still more elevated range of seats, to which you ascend by decayed stone steps, seems to have been the place allotted for the magistrates and regulators of the barbarous shows. A peaceful vineyard now flourishes where these scenes of horror once reigned. The tender garden shrub springs in the seats and vaults. The undisturbed wild flowers perfume the air. A stranger now and then visits the spot, and calmly inquires if that was the Amphitheatre which once filled all Christendom with lamentation. What a monster is persecution, whether Pagan, Popish, or Protestant! And yet, till the beginning of the last century, it was hardly banished from the general habits of Europe. Would to God that even now it could be said to be utterly rooted out!

I visited, after this, the Church of St. Irenée, built in the time of the Romans, when the liberty of public worship was refused the Chris-

tians. It is subterraneous[†] and contains the bones of the many thousand Christians who were martyred in the year 202, under the Emperor Severus. It is of this noble army of martyrs that Milner gives such an affecting account. An inscription on the church states, that St. Pothinus was sent by Polycarp, and founded it; and was martyred under the Emperor Antoninus; that St. Irenæus succeeded him, and converted an infinite multitude of Pagans, and suffered martyrdom, together with nineteen thousand Christians, beside women and children, in the year 202; and that in the year 470, the church was beautified. I have not an exact recollection of what Milner says, and therefore may be wrong in giving credit to some of these particulars; but I have a strong impression that the main facts agree with the tradition on the spot; and I confess, I beheld the scene with veneration. I could almost forgive the processions which are twice in the year made to this sacred place,* if it were not

* See Notice of Martyrs of Lyon, p. 187.

for the excessive ignorance and superstition attending them.

Near to this church are some fine remains of a Roman aqueduct, for conveying water to the city, built at the time of Julius Cæsar. A convent of three hundred nuns has arisen since the peace, in the same place, of the order of St. Michel, where many younger daughters are sent from the best families, to be got out of the way, just the same as under the ancient regime. In saying this, I do not forget that the education in many of the convents is, in some respects, excellent, and that the larger number of young persons are placed there merely for a few years for that purpose. Still the whole system is decidedly bad, and unfriendly to the highest purposes of a generous education.

The cimetière, or public burial ground, is a fine spacious plot of five hundred feet by eight hundred, planted with trees, and guarded

from all outrage. It affords many an affecting, solemn, instructive lesson. One walks amongst the monuments of those who were once gay, and learned, and skilful, and eager, and successful as ourselves; and who thought as little of death as most of those do who stop to number their graves. A brief space of thirty years sweeps off an entire generation, and levels all the momentary distinctions of life. Happy they who so number their days, as to apply their hearts unto wisdom! As I returned to our hotel, I visited the remains of the arsenal, which was burnt down in the siege of 1793. Our physician tells me, the scenes of that period were terrific; he really trembled when he began to talk of it. No wonder Bonaparte was hailed as a deliverer from its horrors. I am struck in passing through the streets near the churches, to see women with stalls selling pictures as offerings to the Virgin; this marks the popular taste for superstition, which is reviving; and is a most unfavourable symptom.

Saturday Evening, Ten o'clock.—My dearest wife, with my son and daughter, arrived at eight o'clock this evening; all in perfect health, through God's great goodness: I never saw them look so well. Daniel reached Geneva at three o'clock on Wednesday; went the next day to Lausanne, settled every thing there, set off in our other voiture with post-horses on Friday (yesterday) morning, and arrived here safely this evening, after a journey of one hundred and thirty miles. It is quite delightful to me to see them all again in such health and comfort. Ann has brought me three letters from you; one dated July 9th, from Cologne; the second, August 21st; and the third, Sept. 8th: this makes the series complete. The varied information they contain interests me beyond expression.

The death of my dearest brother and friend Arnott* wounds me to the heart. What a loss

* The Rev. Samuel Arnott, perpetual curate of Eastbourne, near Midhurst.

to his family and his parishes! But what a happy Christian death! I am bereaved of a friend not to be replaced; a friend, whose advice, piety, and judgment, were only equalled by his sincerity and tenderness. His sudden departure overwhelms me. He was ten years younger than myself, and died, it seems, after an illness of only a few days. He had been, from his earliest childhood, remarkable for piety. His studies at the University were diligent and successful, and directed to the highest ends. During the time that he was curate at St. John's, his conscientious activity in every branch of his duties was most exemplary. He left me about ten years back, on obtaining a small living in Sussex. Here his wisdom, spirituality of mind, compassion to the poor, friendliness and devoted zeal, connected with the faithful preaching of the holy truths of the Gospel, gave him such an influence, that he was beloved and honored by all his parishioners. It had been his practice from his youth to read the entire Bible through every

year—an admirable trait, and quite characteristic of the man. The clergyman who attended his dying bed, has sent me a most interesting account of the last scenes. Undisturbed, calm, resigned, with a meek reliance on the merits of his Saviour, and anticipating with sacred pleasure the joy and holiness of heaven, he fell asleep in Christ.

Sunday Morning, Sept. 28th.—Thank God, we have all had a peaceful night. This is my fifteenth Sunday of entire silence and rest from the composition and delivery of sermons. I attribute my present change of health, under God, to this cessation from labour. But it is painful to me. My Sundays are my grief and burden. The sudden call of my dear Arnott fills me with solemn anticipations of my own account, so soon to be rendered at the bar of Christ my Saviour. I beg the earnest prayers of all my friends, that I may be enabled to “walk humbly with my God;” and at length “finish my

course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." My gratitude in having all my dear family well and comfortable around me, is great.

Yours,

D W.

NOTICE

Of a Chamberry Peasant.*

As the impression I received of the religious state of Chamberry was unfavourable, I feel a peculiar pleasure in relating the following anecdote. Two English ladies were passing through a valley in the neighbourhood of Chamberry a year or two back. They met a female peasant of an interesting appearance, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. They engaged in conversation with her, and found she was in service, and had by her industry saved money enough to buy a cow, which she had presented to her parents. Upon turning the conversation towards religion, she took out a book in which was the following paper sealed in it, which her priest had given her. I add, though it is scarcely worth while, a translation, as the lines happen to be short.

* Referred to p. 155.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Chrétien, souviens tu que tu | Christian, remember that |
| as aujourd'hui | thou hast to-day |
| Un Dieu à glorifier, | A God to glorify, |
| Un Christ à imiter, | A Christ to imitate, |
| Tous les anges à honorer, | All the angels to honor, |
| Une ame à sauver, | A soul to save, |
| Un corps à mortifier, | A body to mortify, |
| Des vertus à demander, | Virtues to implore, |
| Des péchés à pleurer, | Sins to weep over, |
| Un paradis à gagner, | A paradise to gain, |
| Un enfer à éviter, | A hell to avoid, |
| Une éternité à méditer, | An eternity to meditate on, |
| Un temps à ménager, | Time to husband, |
| Un prochain à édifier, | A neighbour to edify, |
| Un monde à appréhender | A world to fear, |
| Des démons à combattre, | Devils to combat, |
| Des passions à abattre, | Passions to subdue, |
| Et, peut-être, la mort à | And, perhaps, death to suf- |
| souffrir, | fer, |
| Et le jugement à subir. | And judgment to undergo. |

Upon further talking with her, she seemed really impressed with the importance of the truths contained in the paper, and to be endeavouring to practise them daily. I cannot describe the pleasure which such individual facts afford me. The load which weighs upon

my mind when I reflect on the system of Popery, is sensibly lightened when I find that by a happy inconsistency (which is not confined to the Roman Catholic communion) the hearts and lives of many are so much better than their creed would lead one to expect. May God increase the number!

NOTICE

Of Martyrs of Lyon.*

Upon looking carefully into Milner's Ecclesiastical History, since I came home, I find there were two early persecutions of the Christians at Vienne and Lyon (neighbouring French towns), one about the year of our Lord 169, under the Emperor Marcus Antoninus; the second under Septimus Severus, about the year 202. The first of these is best known, and the accounts in Milner refer to it. The scene of its cruel executions was the amphitheatre which I visited as I have above mentioned. The second is not so credibly attested, but at the same time may on the whole be believed to have taken place. The church of St. Irenée relates exclusively to it. Pothinus was Bishop of Lyon during the first cruelties; he had been a disciple of the blessed Polycarp, the contemporary of the Apostle

* Referred to p. 177.

John. He perished about the year 169, being upwards of ninety years of age: he had been sent, in all probability, by Polycarp from Smyrna to found these French churches; for the merchants of Smyrna and Lyon were the chief navigators of the Mediterranean sea. This could not be very long before the persecution burst out. He was accompanied in his apostolical labours by Irenæus, an Asiatic Greek also, who wrote the interesting and authentic account of the first acts of the martyrs, preserved by Eusebius, and given so well by Milner. Irenæus succeeded Pothinus as bishop, and suffered martyrdom in the persecution of 202.

In the first persecution of 169, the power of divine grace appeared little less than apostolical in the church of Lyon. The Christians were exposed not once only, but several times to the wild beasts in the very amphitheatre over which I walked—one day extraordinary of these brutal shows was given to the people, for the sake of exposing a greater number of

Christians. Some were previously led round the amphitheatre, a tablet being carried before them, simply with the words, "These are Christians;" for the term Christian was then used instead of arguments, just as the words Lollard, Puritan, Pietist, Methodist, Calvinist, Evangelical, Saint, &c. have since supplied its place. The Christians, if the beasts failed to destroy them, were placed in hot iron chairs. A most eminent female martyr, Blandina, was four several times tormented in the most savage manner. Once she was suspended from a stake in the form of a cross, and exposed as food to the wild beasts, none of whom however at that time touched her; on another day she was first scourged, then torn by the beasts in the amphitheatre, then placed in the scorching iron chair, and lastly, enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull, which having tossed her for some time, she breathed her last in the firm faith of Christ. Under all these sufferings the martyrs remained unmoved, yea, rejoiced in the name of the Lord Jesus, and were filled with the comforts of the Holy

Ghost, and the hopes of a blessed resurrection. I really cannot divest my mind of the associations awakened by these affecting circumstances, connected with my visit to the very spot where they occurred.

The second persecution took place when Irenæus was bishop, in the year 202, about thirty or forty years after the first, and under the Emperor Severus, who is generally thought to have been governor of Lyon during the preceding one. Our accounts of it are slender. Gregory of Tours and the ancient martyrologists inform us, "that after several torments Irenæus was put to death, and together with him almost all the Christians of that populous city, whose numbers could not be reckoned, so that the streets of Lyon flowed with the blood of Christians." Mr. Milner thinks this statement may be somewhat exaggerated; but he considers that there is no circumstance of improbability in the fact itself, and that the known cruelty of Severus, and his former connection with Lyon, gives to the persecu-

tion a strong degree of credibility. It is to this second persecution that the subterraneous church of St. Irenée, and the inscription concerning the nineteen thousand Christians, refers. Milner says nothing of the vestiges and records of these two fiery trials, still subsisting at Lyon. But I cannot help thinking they add some weight to facts already attested by the evidence which I have detailed. At least to my mind the connection is most instructive and affecting.

We find that about the year 250, the Gospel which had so gloriously begun in Lyon, was flourishing and diffusing itself in France. A bishop named Saturninus was then at Toulouse. Several other churches had been founded, as at Tours, Arles, Narbonne, and Paris. The bishops of Thoulouse and Paris afterwards suffered for the faith of Christ; but they left churches, in all probability, very flourishing in piety. And France in general was blessed with the light of salvation.

I say nothing here of Peter Waldo, the celebrated Reformer, of Lyon, because he did not flourish till the twelfth century. But I cannot altogether omit the name of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyon, in the ninth century, who wrote against the abuse of pictures and images, and boldly maintained that we ought not to worship any image of God, except that which is God himself, his eternal Son; and, that there is no other mediator between God and man, except Jesus Christ, both God and man—an early and clear testimony against Popish corruptions.

LETTER XVI.

Lyon, September 28.—Geneva, October 6th, 1823.

Second Sunday at Lyon—Library—Hôtel Dieu—Hôtel de la Charité—Sick Family—Journey to Geneva—Professor of Lausanne—Perte du Rhone—L'Ecluse—Ferney—Voltaire—Catholics at Geneva—Fine Walks—Translation of Scott—Satigny—Rejected Regent—Religious Doctrine—Plan of Central Switzerland—Cathedral—Library—English Clergy—Sunday at Geneva—Minister from Les Cevennes—Règlement—M. Simond's Defence answered.

*Lyon, September 28th, 1823,
Sunday Evening.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

OUR sermon this morning, at the Protestant church was good; but not so simple and awakening as the vast concerns of eternity demand at the hand of the minister of the

Gospel. I spoke, after service, to a respectable gentleman near me, who turned out to be a minister, the former pastor of a French Protestant church; for it is a curious thing, that after a certain age the Protestant clergy, though in the possession of all their powers, and in tolerably good health, retire, as no longer capable of exciting that effect which depends on powerful and energetic voice and action. This is quite shocking. It makes preaching a sort of rhetorical declamation, instead of the simple and authoritative manifestation of the truth of the Gospel. It commends itself to the taste, rather than the consciences of men. It relies on "the enticing words of man's wisdom," rather than the grace and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. In short, it "makes the Cross of Christ of none effect." This minister informed me there were five or six thousand Protestants in and about Lyon; and yet only one church, and one service in that church. There is a Bible Society which he tells me is not very flourishing. The Government now is not favourable to the Protestants.

In the Catholic churches I could find out no sermon. I sent out a servant to inquire with much care; I also searched myself; but in vain. The interesting discourse of last Sunday, made me quite eager to hear a second. Thus, one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls were, I fear, without any public instruction to-day on the doctrine of salvation, except the few hundreds at the Protestant Church. In fact, the Sabbath, which should be "our delight, holy of the Lord and honourable," is lost on the Continent. When it is spoken of, it is called a fête or holy-day, indiscriminately with the Nativity or Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and these fêtes are the regular seasons of public processions, and celebrations. Nay, the newspapers, the theatres, &c., are actually suspended on St. Francis' day or the Feast of the Virgin; but on the Sunday are regularly carried on, and more eagerly followed than ever. The Sunday is, in short, the day for shows, amusements, dissipation, vicious pleasures of every kind.

There are, of course, thousands in the Protestant churches who keep sacred this holy day, and rejoice in its blessed services as much as the most devout Englishman can do. In the Catholic church also there are doubtless many, many real servants of Christ who do the same. But speaking generally, the Sabbath is utterly lost on the Continent—it is no longer the LORD'S DAY, but the day of the GOD OF THIS WORLD. A new reformation is wanted. The spirit of the martyrs of Lyon is extinct. May the same grace which formed that noble army in the early ages of Christianity, descend again on Lyon in these latter times! And may England avoid, as the most fatal of downfalls, the desecration of the holy Sabbath! Our Sunday travelling, Sunday visits, and above all, Sunday newspapers, terrify my mind. I cannot conceive how it is that the mere mask of loyalty and church principles, assumed by some of these demoralizing journals, should blind the judgment of any sincere Christian to their most pernicious tendency.—We have had

our two private services. My heart is at St. John's.

Monday, September 29th.—I have but little to say to-day; indeed, my letters must, of necessity, become dull and uninteresting now we are all stationary in a town. My eldest son and I have visited this morning the Public Library, which contains one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, the largest provincial collection in France. It occupies a fine building on the right bank of the Rhone. We saw a part of a bomb which, in 1793, had been thrown by the mad Revolutionists into the Library. It penetrated a large globe; the part of the bomb, as well as the hole it made, remain unaltered.

We went next to L'Hôtel Dieu, an immense hospital, one of the honours and ornaments of France. It was first founded in the sixth century; the chief rooms are divided into four compartments, with an altar in the middle, from which the prayers may be heard by all

the patients. There are eleven hundred beds, one hundred and fifty nurses, eight physicians, and a laboratory for medicines. The nurses are called "Les Sœurs de la Charité." They form a religious order, and entirely devote themselves to attendance on the sick in the hospital. They wear a dress of brown stuff—their crucifix hangs low from the neck—their whole appearance is clean and respectable. This is a religious body, like that at Great St. Bernard, really useful to the community; and it gives me sincere pleasure to recognize the fact. Would to God there were more such institutions as "the salt of the earth," amidst the corrupt mass of Popish errors! The front of the hospital facing the Rhone is magnificent, and is now nearly completed. The bedsteads of the patients are of iron, and every thing had the appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

The Hospice de la Charité next attracted our curiosity; it is quite a separate thing from the former. It is a religious establishment, consisting of fifty sisters, and twenty brethren,

de la Charité; these superintend the house, which receives three or four hundred old persons above the age of seventy, who are entirely supported, clothed, and fed in the Hospice. It maintains also seven or eight thousand foundlings or orphan children, chiefly at nurseries in the country. It admits also *des filles enceintes*, for their lying-in. This part of the plan fills me with great apprehension as to its moral tendency. It seems to me to be a premium upon vice. The fearful numbers of exposed or foundling children is a mournful proof of degenerated morals; one thousand three hundred and eighty have been here received this year, that is in nine months; a large proportion, I should think, of all the births at Lyon.*

* The moral state of the population of Paris is not better. I observe in the statistical tables of that city, that out of 27,070 births in the year 1823, 9,806 were of natural children, being rather more than a THIRD part of the total number. The union of misery with vice may be inferred from the fact, that as nearly as possible, the same proportion of persons died in the public hospitals of that city; i. e. 8,227 out of a total of 24,500.

I am quite sure that the licensing and raising taxes from gambling-houses, and other places of a profligate character, must directly tend to countenance and increase fatal immoralities. How infinitely preferable is the honest integrity of our English laws, which connive at no species of vice, much less attempt to raise taxes from the commission of gross crimes against society. The whole system must be rotten to the core to admit of this recognition and encouragement of the very worst evils. It is a still viler practice to suffer wretches stationed within houses of the most abandoned description, to be inviting passengers to enter, with a loud voice, and in the middle of the day. What a falling off, since the noble spirit of piety in this very town could induce so many thousands to die as martyrs for the name of the Lord Jesus! What a difference between the second and the nineteenth century! Then men were ready to suffer death rather than sin against God; now they tolerate the most open seductions to vice and iniquity.

Tuesday, One o'clock, Noon.—A respectable Protestant minister residing at Lyon, called on me yesterday. I had a long conversation with him, in which he endeavoured to excuse, though he could not defend, the *règlement* at Geneva. This morning I went and breakfasted with him and his wife and family; all amiable, obliging;—but I should have rejoiced to have seen something more of the spirit of real Christianity. He had the finest collection of engravings of Swiss scenery that I have yet seen—and no wonder. When a youth, he ascended Mont Blanc with his father and M. De Saussure, in 1786. In the course of conversation he expressed great surprise at the state of Ireland—at our refusing the Catholics civil privileges—at our want of church room—at our neglect of the education of our poor—at the disturbances and riots in England. I made such answers as I could on these points. He informed me also of his intention of visiting London at the time of our great religious meetings. This is not the first occasion I have had to observe the many incidental but important

benefits of our public anniversaries. They attract the regard of foreigners; and are the means of encouraging or kindling a spirit of piety in those who attend them at first chiefly from curiosity!

Before I left him, he requested me to visit an English family in his neighbourhood which had just lost its father. I went. I found a widow and four grown-up daughters. What was my astonishment to discover, after a while, that it was a family who had lived in the very house in which I was born, in London! They have been three years at Lyon. They are extremely well spoken of. The father died yesterday afternoon. The visit, though short, seemed much to relieve them. Thus, in a foreign land, some little duties of charity present themselves to those who are willing to perform them. If God had pleased, the affliction and death might have been in my own house! My son Daniel is to attend the funeral for me to-morrow; for I am obliged to go off, for a few days, to Geneva, about Scott's

Bible. I should have gone last week, if my son's illness had not prevented me. My friends are waiting to hold the promised meeting. I intend rejoining my family on Tuesday at Dijon, on the way to Paris.

Geneva, 116 miles from Lyon, Wednesday Evening, Seven o'clock, Oct. 1, 1823.—I set off in the mail from Lyon at three yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at half-past three this afternoon. . This said mail coach is a heavy lumbering carriage, with an infinity of luggage, travelling four miles and three quarters in the hour. I was in the cabriolet, a sort of outside seat, in front of the carriage, with the prolonged roof of the coach to cover me, and a good leather to draw up in front; so that I paid the same as for an inside place (twenty-two francs, about seventeen shillings for 116 miles); the evening and night were warm and fine, and the morning was charming. The country which we passed before night-fall was beautiful, on the banks of the Rhone, which you remember flows from Geneva to Lyon.

We had supper at ten o'clock, at Pont d'Ain, and I actually dosed and slept all the night afterwards, and a good part of to-day.

We breakfasted at Bellegarde at eight, and walked to see what is called La Perte du Rhone—the Loss of the Rhone; a most curious phenomenon. The Rhone flows majestically from Geneva, in a bed of two or three hundred feet, till it reaches a defile between the mountains Jura and Vouache, where it has only from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet of width. The rocks then become narrower and narrower, till such huge and insuperable masses present themselves, that the river, unable to break through them, has made itself a passage underneath. The Rhone disappears for sixty feet. Its breadth at this point is about fifteen feet. It then rises again, and soon resumes its noble tide. I never saw any thing at all resembling it: you stand upon the bridge, and view on one side of it the fine river flowing along; and on the other side, where you expect it to continue its course, there is nothing

to be seen but a bed of rocks perfectly dry. The fact is, the river engulphs itself under the ruins of the masses fallen from the neighbouring mountains; so that you may go down by a ladder and examine the vast defile, the walls of which are 150 feet deep. At the point where the rocks first narrow themselves a strong fort is built, L'Ecluse, between the mountains Jura and Vouache, which Julius Cæsar described one thousand eight hundred years ago.* It is the only entrance into France from the French part of Switzerland.

As we drew near Geneva we passed Ferney, and I ran up to see the château where Voltaire lived, and the church which, in hypocrisy the most detestable, he built near it. The church is low and mean, the shelving roof reaching almost to the ground. It is inscribed to Almighty God. The usual sort of crucifix is within. Still it was something for

* Iter angustum et difficile inter Montem Jura et flumen Rhodanum, vix quâ singulares curri ducerentur. De Bell. Gall. l. i. c. 6.

Christianity to have forced such a man to acknowledge in any way her importance and truth.

One of the first effects of the revival of true religion, or even of sound learning, in France, I should think, would be to lower the credit of this profligate, crafty, superficial, ignorant, incorrect writer. What plea can the poignancy of wit, or the force of satire, or the talent of ridicule, or the possession of a fascinating style, or the power of brilliant description, or an extensive superficial knowledge of sciences, or an affected humanity on a few popular occasions, form, in a Christian country, for a man who employed them all, with a bitterness and ferocity of mind amounting almost to madness, against the Christian religion and the person of the Saviour? It is an unhappy circumstance that the present French Government has mingled party politics with his name, and thus attached a new popularity to his impious works. Twenty years ago he was comparatively forgotten. No new edition of his

writings was thought of. At the restoration, in 1814, his tomb was disturbed, and indignities offered to his remains. The consequence of this ill-judged and petty revenge has been, that ten or more large editions of his works have been sold since—some of them in the form of small pamphlets, by a weekly publication, for the cottages of the poor.*

* When I arrived at Paris, one of the first things I heard was, that a BIBLE SOCIETY had been formed at Ferney, chiefly by the aid of the Baron de Stael. What a noble triumph for Christianity over the most daring infidelity!

It is delightful for me to be able to add, that a PROTESTANT CHURCH is about to be built at Ferney; and that so little have the principles of Voltaire succeeded in permanently effacing the memory of Christianity from the minds of men, even in his own village, that a contest is likely to arise amongst the two great bodies of Christians in France, as to which shall have the honour of raising a second edifice there for the purposes of public worship in the name of JESUS CHRIST THE LORD. I give the following extract with peculiar feelings of joy. The patronage of the French Government is a most gratifying circumstance indeed.

“ It is intended to erect a Protestant church at Ferney, which will be at the same time a monument of the triumph of Christian principles, and of the progress of religious liberty. The French government has granted one hundred Napoleons for that purpose. The King of the Netherlands

I am now at Geneva, for the purpose of inquiring after the translation of Scott. It is quite painful to me to be thus separated so often from my dear family ; but circumstances of duty render it indispensable. Before I finish to-night, tired as I am, I must tell you what peculiarly agreeable companions I had on the road ; a Professor of Divinity at Lausanne, a great friend of the Bible Society, and his family. We soon became acquainted, and had a great deal of interesting conversation—I tried to do some good to a pious, but apparently timid man. It was an occasion, which I endeavoured to use to the very best of my

has given a donation of fifty Napoleons, to promote the object.

“ Since it has been announced that a Protestant church is in progress, the Roman Catholics have determined to erect a splendid structure there ; and it is greatly to be feared that the completion of the Catholic church will reproach the tardiness and indifference of Protestants in affording the means of completing the yet unfinished erection designed for the Protestant worship.”*

judgment, especially in the way of removing prejudice and stimulating to zeal. I could not but observe the marked respect which he paid to our English Episcopal Church. Indeed I have often noticed that the most enlightened and best informed ministers of the foreign Reformed Churches, have no dislike to the Episcopal model; but, on the contrary, prefer it to their own, as more scriptural in itself, and as clearly supported by antiquity from the very age of the Apostles. One most pious minister told me, that he believed if Calvin and Beza had adopted the wise and moderate course of our English Reformers on these points, the whole of France would have been Protestant. In fact, I think it is now admitted generally by the most competent judges, that the violent rejection of the ancient ecclesiastical government by bishops, and an eager interference in secular disputes and affairs appertaining to the state, were amongst the chief external hindrances to the progress of the Reformation. But I must really wish you good night.

Geneva, Thursday, Oct. 2, Three o'clock.---

Thank God I slept twelve hours last night.---
This morning I have been walking about the town, partly on the affair of the translation, and partly to obtain further information as to the moral and religious habits of the town. In passing along the streets, I observed a procession of Catholic priests, and followed them into the Catholic church. They were celebrating mass for the repose of the soul of the late Pope. An immense kind of tomb was erected in the middle of the church, with inscriptions on each side, and bougies lighted all around. Printed papers were given about in the church, with a copy of the inscriptions, and an extract from an artful seductive letter, of the late Pope, relative to the Genevese.

One of the inscriptions was the famous text, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;"—quite forgetting, or perverting, the whole scope of the passage;—for every candid reader sees that our Lord spoke of

Peter, not personally, but instrumentally, as confessing the deity and mediation of Christ, and about to preach this for the conversion of mankind; and that those can claim the promise, and those only, in each succeeding age, who answer to the character to which it was made. But any thing serves for a pretext where the Holy Scriptures are unknown. What most struck me was, to see this in the heart and centre of a Protestant city. It was, however, the French who first compelled the Genevese to admit the Catholics.

In coming from Lyon to Geneva, I noticed, that the postillions and common people rather ridiculed the priests than otherwise. At dinner to-day, at the table-d'hôte, I met three French gentlemen, pretty well informed; Bonaparte was the topic of their admiration; they also much praised England for the unity which animated it the moment any common danger threatened; this formed, in their view, the greatness of our nation.—The environs of Geneva are very fine. I walked to-day, on the

bastion, or promenade of the Rhone; at the end of which there is a charming view of the Lake and adjoining country. La Treille is another beautiful promenade of a similar kind. But the town itself is crowded and mean, except the upper streets and buildings on the summit of the hill, which are noble and handsome. The weather is cold—a good deal of snow fell last night on the Jura, over which I passed on Tuesday; and on Mount St. Bernard, I understand, it lies four feet deep, with so strong a wind as almost to carry away the traveller.

Eight o'clock.—I have had a meeting with the translators of Scott, and have been delighted. All is going on well. The chief translator has a secretary to copy the manuscript—every thing promises that St. Matthew will be ready for the press in a few months. I was introduced to a French minister of Hamburgh, of rare talents, and as rare piety, who will, I trust, help me. I shall, however, have enough to do, both here and at Paris, to arrange de-

tails. As I went to the meeting, I called on a gentleman to whom I had an introduction. I was grieved at the spirit of prejudice and bigotry which he showed against all sorts of evangelical truth—a harsh, violent, unpracticable man—confessedly a Socinian in principle. He really frightened me by his fierce attack on spiritual religion. What a blessing to have been educated in sounder views of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and to have some hope that we know and love that Saviour in sincerity of heart! If any thing can be wrong, it must be that unrelenting proud spirit which aims at dishonouring the Lord Jesus—to exalt whom, in his deity and atonement, was the great scope of the apostolic writers.

I forgot to say, that my friend, the Professor of Lausanne, told me that he had distributed near eight thousand Bibles in his Canton, and finds that six thousand more will be wanted, in order to supply the whole deficiency; he has also nearly raised a fund, the interest of

which will supply the poor of the Canton de Vaud with Bibles in perpetuity. How much solid good may one man do, and a man who, in some respects, may be deemed too fearful; and what a public benefit is the Bible Society, to present a suitable object to such a man; and what a seed of future blessings does the permanent circulation of Bibles in a whole canton, cast in the earth, as it were, and leave there to vegetate, and to produce, by the grace of God, in after years, an abundant harvest!

Friday Evening, half-past Nine, Oct. 3.—

This morning, at nine, I accompanied some pious friends to Satigny, about six miles from Geneva. The morning was wet; but the ride was through a fine country. Satigny contains about one thousand two hundred souls; towards whom the minister I went to visit is a true shepherd. We had a little committee for four hours on the affair of Scott's Bible. My friend from Hamburgh has agreed to undertake the translation of Milner's Church His-

tory, and thus relieve my chief translator of a work for which he was engaged, and leave him at liberty to devote himself to Scott.

We returned from Satigny about four; and as soon as I had dined, I went to hear an excellent minister, who was some time since removed from his office in the college at Geneva on account of his evangelical sentiments. I was pleased. His manner was so pathetic, so calm, so persuasive, and his matter, upon the whole, so edifying, that I have scarcely heard any thing like it since I left London. He is a valuable man, a deeply pious, spiritually-minded Christian, and a preacher of first-rate powers: there is an inexpressible unction in all he delivers. Still his doctrine is a little too high, in my opinion, to be quite scriptural or safe in the long run; he does not sufficiently unite the preceptive and cautionary parts of Holy Writ with the consolatory and elevating—a fault not important in a single discourse, but momentous as extending over the whole system of a minister's instructions;

and more especially if he stand almost alone, or be watched and suspected by his superiors in the church, or attract particular observation on account of the difficulties of his situation.

It is one thing to preach the fall of man, his impotency and ruin, justification by faith only, adoption, salvation by grace, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the joy and comfort of communion with our heavenly Father, the merciful will of God in our election and in the power and grace which preserves to everlasting life—in connection with the warnings, alarms, cautions, threatenings, precepts, and general commands of God, as they lie in Holy Scripture: and to preach these doctrines without such authoritative and indispensable accompaniments. The two things are quite distinct. The one produces the real fruits of holy consistent love and obedience; the other is most defective in this important respect, as well as in many others. In short, the one is scriptural, unerring truth; the other a human, fallible system. I am sure the Reformers well

understood this distinction. It is quite surprising to observe the wisdom and moderation of their writings. It was not their manner to push any one particular doctrine to excess, much less to exclude the practical parts of Christianity. Let any one read the publications of Luther or Melancthon, Calvin or Beza, Zuingle or Bullinger, Cranmer or Jewel—especially let him peruse the Book of Homilies of the Church of England, and he will be convinced of what I say. In fact, one of the sorest causes of grief to these holy men was the appearance, from time to time, of indiscreet and unscriptural teachers in the Protestant bodies, who “drew away disciples after them.”

Still the sermon, which has drawn forth all these remarks, did me good. I passed over what I thought less scriptural; and was edified, animated, cheered by the general tenor of the address. Whilst I was with my friend and translator, I looked for a minute into Milner's History, and found, to my delight,

that the martyrs at Lyon were amongst the most holy of the primitive Christians. I now look back on Lyon, its amphitheatre, its subterraneous church, &c. with double interest.

I forgot to say that the King of the Netherlands has begun to appoint the ministers to the Protestant churches, when they are vacant; because the dissensions and animosities occasioned by the elections threw the towns into confusion. This right the King has just claimed, as I am informed, without asking any one's leave. Our King's prerogative of nominating bishops and deans was derived from a different source. The Reformation placed it in his hands when the supremacy of Rome was disavowed. But the chapters of cathedrals, I suppose, originally lost the choice from similar mischiefs. Popular elections in the church are the worst of all evils. In England all these appointments pass through the hands of the known and responsible ministers of the crown, which secures many of the ends of a free election without its attendant incon-

veniences. May the grace of God descend on our happy country, and sway public opinion more and more on matters of religion; and our sees will be proportionally adorned with primitive and apostolical pastors.

I observe everywhere a certain jealousy of England in the breasts of the people abroad, and even of some good people. This feeling probably would not exist to the degree it does, if English travellers conducted themselves with sound judgment, discretion, and Christian affection. Even now there are many thousand continental Christians who feel and express the sincerest love and the strongest attachment to their British brethren. Still I shall need much prudence in managing the translation of Scott, and obtaining an entrance for it amongst the great body of Protestants all over the continent who speak or read French—for my object is nothing less. The English and French languages divide the civilized world. I see clearly that the project could only be safely trusted to private hands; a public society

would not only spoil the work as a literary performance, but excite additional distrust and suspicion under the present circumstances of the continent.

Saturday Evening, Nine o'clock, Oct. 4.—

I have had a very long, interesting, and instructive day. I have been out ten hours visiting the town. The views from Geneva—for here I must begin my story—are most beautiful. From the fortifications, you behold on all sides a fruitful and variegated country; with the Alps and nearer foreground of mountains covered with snow. I sat for a minute on a bench, about three o'clock, just out of the town, and I could not help quite breaking out into exclamations of surprise at the enchanting prospect around me. I took a boat afterwards, and rowed (for the last time) on this lovely Lake. I was more delighted, if possible, than ever. But I must really cease to talk of my impressions of Swiss scenery. I am, perhaps, more enthusiastic on this subject just now, because I have seen to-day an admirable

model of the greater part of my Swiss tour. It was twenty-six feet long by eighteen. The scale was small, Mont Blanc being only eleven inches high, instead of fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty feet; but it was quite sufficient to recal all my feelings of pleasure. It included Geneva on one side, and the Grimsel, Furca, Lucern, &c. on the others. I believe I told you that I saw a similar model of the centre of Switzerland, at Lucern, by General Pfyffer.

The next object I must mention is the Cathedral, a fine, spacious, unadorned building, with benches only (like all the Reformed churches), and the names of each proprietor pasted on the back of his seat. It contains the tomb of Henry, Duc de Rohan the chief of the Protestant party in France, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the time of the Romans, a Temple of the Sun stood on the spot. The noble reformers and divines of Geneva who had preached there two or three centuries back, came forcibly to, my recollection, as I

walked through the solemn aisles—Farell—Viret—Calvin—Beza—Turretin, &c. For after all, it is not the buildings, but the men who filled them, and preached the Gospel of Christ to a lost world, which gives the real interest, and excites the warmest and most grateful associations of thought, in such visits.

I visited after this the public Library of fifty thousand volumes, which is open to all the city. It is curious to learn that haberdashers, tailors, watchmakers, pastry-cooks, carpenters, porters, journeymen, citizens of every class, flock every Tuesday to receive or change their books—four hundred persons of the common people on an average; and that they take out, not merely books of amusement, but of history, philosophy, theology. Accordingly most persons here are *savans*. Indeed, ever since the period of the Reformation, the sciences, the arts and industry have flourished here exceedingly. There is no city in Europe which has produced so great a number of illustrious writers, in proportion to its po-

pulation; there is none where ease and independence have so much reigned; and where knowledge has been so generally diffused. Even now extraordinary care is paid to education; and though its incorporation with France for sixteen years must, in various ways, have been injurious to it, yet it retains still the habits of a small and free town. The effect of all this on real religion and on the moral habits of the people; especially since the infection of infidel principles has tainted it; cannot be doubted—the pride of half-learning is a most dangerous thing in every view, and most of all as it respects a real submission of the understanding and heart to the doctrines and grace of the Gospel.—I speak of course generally.

Amongst the curiosities of the Library, I give the first place to Calvin's Sermons and Letters, which I venerated, though I could not decipher his hand-writing—it is the most perplexed of any I have seen; that of Farell and Viret, his fellow-reformers, is much more intelligible. I forgot to say that I saw

the spot where these reformers first preached at Geneva. A Letter of our Sir Isaac Newton pleased me in another view. There were collections also of the Letters of Beza and Bullinger. A volume of St. Austin's Homilies on papyrus, of the sixth century, was curious. A copy of Cicero de Officiis, printed at Mentz, in 1465, just after the invention of printing, had a notice at the end, boasting that the work had not been done with the pen, nor with ink, but accomplished by a certain *magnificent art newly discovered*. What immense progress has that art since made—what an engine of good and of evil is the press become in every free state! A noble copy of the Vulgate of the eighth century contained the disputed passage, 1 John v. 8, 9. A book of Philip le Bel, of the year 1314, was on boards of wood, covered with black wax, and written with a stylus or iron pen.

Let me now mention some of the persons whom I have seen to-day. I have been introduced to several of the professors and pastors.

One allowed me to talk with him freely. He was complaining of the new Dissidents from the National Genevese Church. I told him, the only way to keep a church united was to preach plainly and simply the Gospel of Christ; that if this was not done at Geneva, the dissensions would increase more and more. He replied, that during the last century, Voltaire was read by every shop-boy; and that the clergy, to keep the people Christians, confined themselves to moral topics merely; now, however, the clergy were beginning to preach the Gospel, because the times required it. I observed upon this, that the Gospel was the same in every age, and that truth and duty, not fashion, were the rule of a minister's conduct. I added, that though I did not myself, in every particular, agree with Calvin, yet on the points of the proper and supreme deity of Christ, the propitiation of his death, the fall of man, justification by faith, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and good works as the fruit of faith, I fully ac-

corded with him; and that the first men in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and all the English clergy (twelve thousand or more in number), agreed with me in the main as to these doctrines, though many would, undoubtedly, differ from me as to the particular manner of preaching and applying them. He received all I said with perfect good temper.

I have not time to-night (for it is half-past ten) to tell you of several other interviews. I will only say, I sat an hour in the evening with my friend from **Hamburgh**, who delighted me with an account of the revival of religion at that place—an impression made in the town—numbers converted—several young ministers raised up. My heart was rejoiced. The Gospel, wherever it is truly preached, is still “the power of God to salvation.” Let us pray more fervently for the attendant grace of the Holy Spirit, and ministers will not be wanting to preach, nor congregations to hear and receive this blessed revelation of mercy.

Sunday Afternoon, Three o'clock, Oct. 5.—

I went this morning at ten, to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I was grieved. Talent mis-employed, zeal wasted, arguments false or insufficient—all fundamentally wrong. A sermon on affliction, leaving out almost all the main topics, and grossly mistaking others. The church was full—congregation attentive—delivery good—matter ably arranged—all right, except the entire doctrine of the discourse. This was far more deficiently and erroneously treated than in the Catholic sermons at Martigny and Lyon. A Socinian might have preached it. After the sermon, I had a conference with a pious, amiable, aged minister, who mourns over the state of religion here, and prays and hopes for a gradual improvement in the body of pastors. He tells me, that subscription to the Helvetic Confession, which resembles our Thirty-nine Articles, was abolished about a hundred years since, by the Council of State, in consequence of the vehement disputes of the pastors

amongst themselves; that the Catechism was set aside in 1788; and that the Règlement followed in 1817.*

At twelve o'clock, I went to the Hospital, and heard an excellent sermon from an English clergyman. It did me good. The matter of it was as much superior to that which I had heard earlier in the morning, as the manner, composition, and delivery, were inferior. The contrast was striking: the French sermon, able, well-arranged, forcible—delivered with the whole soul of the preacher; the English, feeble, unimpressive—delivered with the indifference of a school-boy. I am far from supposing my fellow-countryman was aware of this; indeed I am persuaded he was not; but I state the impression as it was made on my mind at the time. The minister of the Gospel has not only to deliver certain truths, but to deliver them with the solemnity, the earnest-

* See the Notice concerning the Règlement at the end of this Letter, p. 233.

ness, the affection, the force necessary to arrest the consciences and touch the hearts of men. Sermons carelessly or tamely delivered will never arouse a sleeping world.

At two o'clock, I attended another of the pastors—a pleasing sermon, on the omniscience and omnipresence of God; nothing contrary to sound doctrine—rather agreeable to it. Thus far, then, have I gone in my sixteenth silent Sunday. My dear family arrived, as I hope, at Dijon from Lyon, last night; there I shall rejoice to meet them on Tuesday, that we may proceed on to Paris together, and return to dear, dear England.

Sunday Evening, Ten o'clock.—I have spent a most delightful evening at one of the Professors' of the University. We had family devotion. During the course of it arrived a French Protestant minister, from the Cevennes Mountains, in the department of the Garde, remarkable as the retreat of the Protestants in

the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the persecution of Louis XIV. Our host, when he had ended his own prayer, asked his new guest to pray, and then me; so that a minister of the Swiss, French, and English churches, prayed in succession. I trust it was truly in the spirit of what our creed calls, "The communion of saints." We had then an hour and a half of most edifying conversation—quite delightful. The French minister complained loudly of the indiscretion of friends in England, in addressing, a few years ago, circular letters to the Protestant ministers of La Garde, to inquire whether they were persecuted, &c. The Préfet of his parish was extremely angry, and asked, what the English would have said if French priests had sent circular letters to the Catholics of Ireland, with similar inquiries?

He told me a circumstance that is very interesting: at the revocation of the Edict

of Nantes, in 1685, when Louis XIV. persecuted the Protestants of the Cevennes with his Dragonnades, he pulled down their churches to build forts; and now within a few years (since Bonaparte gave liberty to the Protestants), some of these forts have been destroyed, in return, to build churches. Surely a retributive Providence rules the world, and is at times visibly apparent; persecution, especially, seems to be visited and avenged by the righteous dispensations of the Most High. This French minister from the sequestered mountains of Cevennes charmed me—such piety, talent, vivacity, simplicity, joined with an original creative genius, that he quite arrested me. He has left that same sort of powerful impression on my mind, which my dear friends, the French minister at Franckfort, and M. Wytenbach at Bern, in different ways, did. But I must absolutely close—the coach starts at half-past four in the morning. Adieu.

Monday Morning, half-past Four.—At Geneva still, just going off for Dijon. Farewell Switzerland! Morning cold, dark, and miserable.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

NOTICE

On the Règlement of Geneva.*

This Règlement of the Church of Geneva, which was issued in May 1817, and which prohibits the clergy from inculcating fully and explicitly the Divinity of Christ, Original Sin, Grace, and Predestination, is one of the most afflictive circumstances which has occurred in any Protestant church since the Reformation. The open persecution at Lausanne I have already ventured to notice with the indignation which I conceive it merits. There, however, the great articles of Christian truth are not directly attacked. The doctrine of the church remains untouched—the confession, the liturgy, the other formularies of the Reformation survive. The sword of intolerance is, indeed, absurdly and wickedly drawn against those who infringe on the ecclesiastical discipline of

* Referred to page 228.

the canton. But the true faith may be preached without interruption within the pale of that establishment. No doctrines are there proscribed. But at Geneva, persecution is united with an open departure in the Church itself, from the first principles of the Gospel; the very foundations of Christianity are dug up,—the wells of salvation corrupted and poisoned.

A laboured apology for the *Règlement* has been attempted by M. Simond, in his late acute and able work on Switzerland.* He does not, indeed, scruple to regret that it was issued; but the main purport of his remarks is to show, that it was necessary to preserve the peace of the church, and that the ministers of Geneva have done right in not prolonging fruitless debates after fourteen centuries of contention.

This apology is exactly agreeable to the indifference as to religious opinions, which is so fashionable in the present day. But the

* *Voyage en Suisse*. Paris, 1822, p. 353—363.

real question is, whether any body of ministers have a right to alter, conceal, or check the full and fair development of the great truths of revelation, on the plea of preserving peace. Are not the doctrines of the deity and propitiation of the Son of God, of the lost and fallen condition of man, of the necessity of efficacious grace to the conversion of the heart from sin to holiness, and of the ascription of all we receive and hope for to the mercy of God, the very sum and substance of the Christian religion? And though the doctrine of the divine will in predestination be not a tenet equally fundamental, yet it is confessedly found in the Holy Scriptures, and is avowed and expounded in most of the Protestant confessions. The Seventeenth Article of the English Church is expressly on this topic. As to the other three prohibited doctrines, I would ask, What is the great mystery of godliness, but “God manifest in the flesh?” What the great proclamation of the Gospel itself, but that “God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself?” What the great charge brought

against the human race, but that “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,” that “by one man sin entered into the world,” that we “are all by nature children of wrath,” and that it is “God that worketh in us to will, and to do of his good pleasure?” What is the main summary of the whole scheme of revelation, but that “by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast; for ye are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that ye should walk in them?” And what was the chief glory of the Reformation, but to have brought again these truths to light, and made them the subjects of public instruction?

It is true, disputes and controversies have, through the infirmity of man, arisen in various ages, on questions connected with these sublime mysteries. But are there not abundant remedies for such evils provided in the precepts and narratives of the New Testament, and especially in the Epistles of St. Paul? Was it ever

imagined, that the remedy of such debates was the annihilation of the whole Gospel itself? Did St. Paul, on account of the dissensions at Corinth, cease to preach “Jesus Christ, and him crucified?” When the Galatians disputed so as even to “devour one another,” did he not the more solemnly inculcate the Gospel which he had first delivered? And with regard to peace in the particular church of Geneva, did not the *Règlement* of June 1, 1725, as M. Simond acknowledges, require the Moderator to charge those who were admitted into the sacred ministry “not to treat in the pulpit of any curious and useless topics, which might disturb the peace of the church;” whilst he nevertheless engaged them to “maintain the doctrine of the holy Apostles and Prophets, as it is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament, of which doctrine they had a summary in their Catechism?” Why was this formula, which was stripped of its last clause in 1788, not restored, as the most natural and authoritative expedient for preserving peace?

M. Simond says, with a sort of triumph, that the ministers are only forbidden to preach on these four proscribed topics controversially. But were the excellent discourses of the Regent, in 1818, on *The Fall of the Faithful*, and on *The Faith which saves*, controversial? Can any discourses be more simple, more practical, more solid, more affecting? Why then were the pulpits of Geneva closed against him? Or were the private instructions he gave the children of his class polemical, or contrary to the peace of the church? Why then was he dismissed arbitrarily from his office, and cast with his wife and children upon the wide world?

M. Simond draws an extravagant portrait of the sentiments which he is pleased to denominate methodistical, as maintained at Geneva. It is not my province to defend every particular sentiment or proceeding into which pious persons, under an unjust and intolerant inquisition, may have fallen. Nothing can be

more unfair than to lay hold on the mistakes or infirmities of those who are the objects of persecution, as a palliation of such persecution itself. Supposing these errors to be tenfold greater than they have been alleged to be by their bitterest enemies, no reasonable man can doubt that the pious Regent above referred to, and the other students at Geneva, were silenced and deprived of their rights, not on account of those indiscretions, but because they held the doctrines of Farell, and Viret, and Calvin, and Beza, and all the Reformers on the fundamental tenets of the glorious Gospel; because they believed and professed the mystery of the Eternal Trinity, the divinity and atonement of the Son of God, the fall and corruption of man, and his incapacity for any thing spiritually good without the operation of divine grace; and the ascription of salvation from first to last to the undeserved mercy of God in Christ Jesus—those mysteries within which all the truth, and holiness, and consolation of genuine Christianity lie, and which, when they are excluded, no single instance

can be produced of any real progress made in Christian piety and virtue.

But M. Simond enumerates, with much complacency, the doctrines which the ministers of Geneva are still allowed to preach—the providence of God, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the necessity of a divine revelation, &c. &c.; and concludes by assuring us, that it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of theology to make revealed, agree with natural religion—the very Deism this, coloured over with Christianity, which marks the fatal fall which I am deploring in the church of Geneva. For what are these doctrines, if separated from the great sacrifice of an Incarnate Saviour, and the efficacious operations of the Eternal Spirit, but a mockery of man's misery? Where is pardon, where adoption, where peace of conscience, where regeneration and conversion, where holy love to a dying and glorified Saviour, where the influences of grace, where the springs of obedience and mortification of sin, which are all necessary in order to meet with

comfort this awful resurrection and the judgment of the last day? Better, far better that the delusive peace of the Genevese church should be troubled, than that all the souls committed to its care should perish in ignorance of the life-giving truths of salvation. Indeed real peace in a church can be obtained by no such methods. The way to that great blessing is, by the humble, faithful preaching of the Gospel in all its fulness, as it was delivered to us by the Apostles and Evangelists, and reasserted by the Reformers and Martyrs—then would a meek and docile temper be framed, and all the holy fruits of obedience cultivated, in those who received the grace of the Saviour; and thus peace would flourish and abound.

I speak the more warmly on this subject, because Geneva furnishes many of the Protestant churches in every part of Europe with young pastors. The doctrines of her once celebrated university are preached at Paris and Lyon, at Brussels and Hamburgh, at London and St. Petersburg. Let us pray then that

divine truth may again revive amongst her ministers, pastors, and professors. Voltaire and Rousseau have passed away. The mischievous and poisonous influence of their writings is rapidly diminishing. They live no longer to feed a prurient curiosity with a succession of impious and licentious productions. Let us hope, then, that sound learning and sound theology may gradually revive. Surely the pastors of Geneva must hear sometimes of the grief and consternation which fill Protestant Europe at their fall—Surely they must feel the cutting reproaches of Roman Catholics, and even of Infidels, on their inconsistent and unmanly conduct as professors of the religion of Christ—Surely they must

* M. Simond quotes Rousseau as saying, with much truth, “ People ask the ministers of the church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ is God. They dare not reply. A philosopher casts a rapid look on them. He penetrates them, he sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he says this, with the idea of doing them honour. Immediately they assemble in alarm and terror, they discuss, they are agitated, they know not on what saint to call, and after a variety of consultations, deliberations, conferences, all ends in an equivocal in which they neither say yes nor no. O

observe in the incipient dissenting bodies springing up in the bosom of their republic, and which will probably increase till the true doctrine is again preached in the churches, that neither peace nor unity can be attained on their present plan—Surely that part at least of the ministers and students whose prejudices are less fixed, must see, in the daily accounts of the progress of religion in every part of the world by the name of the Lord Jesus, that there is a reality in the Gospel, a power, an efficacy from on high, which attends the humble preaching of the doctrines of grace, to which no other scheme of religion can pretend.

May the time be hastened, when Geneva, having “repented and done her first works,” shall again resume her rank amongst the Reformed Churches, and become once more the

Genevese, your ministers are truly singular persons; people know not what they believe, nor what they do not believe. One knows not even what they pretend to believe; their only manner of establishing their faith is by attacking that of others.”

favourite university of continental Europe! The small number of her pastors* may make a return comparatively easy. Already some favourable appearances present themselves. I had the pleasure of seeing myself several pastors who were imbued with the genuine love of a crucified Saviour, and I heard of others who still "hold the HEAD." In the meantime, let it be the care of those who are "suffering for righteousness' sake" to walk circumspectly, to study the meek and passive character of the primitive Christians when under persecution, to imbibe the eminent spirit of wisdom and humility which adorned the Reformers of the Swiss churches, and which was more remarkable than even their fortitude or zeal; and, above all, to "take heed to THE DOCTRINE" which they preach, that it be "sound speech that cannot be condemned"—that they dwell chiefly on great and necessary truths—that they avoid matters of confessed difficulty or inferior moment, however scriptural, in their

* About thirty or forty

view, they may be;—or that, at all events, they treat such points with the reserve which the Apostles constantly exhibit—and that thus they “show themselves to be workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.”*

* I am happy, truly happy, to be able to say, from my last accounts from Switzerland (March 1825), that the spirit of persecution appears to be much declining at Geneva—that the pious Regent above referred to is allowed to preach and exercise his ministry in a separate meeting-house without molestation; and that some hope may be entertained of a gradual approximation once more to the truth of the Gospel, on the part of the ministers and inhabitants of the city and canton.

LETTER XVII.

Poligny, October 7, 1823.—Paris, October 11, 1823.

Nyon—Calvin and Fletcher—Catholic Lady—Conversation on Popery—Geneva—Prohibited Books—Auxonne—Irish Catholics—Dijon—Miraculous Image of Virgin—Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy—Bossuet—Waggon—Auxerre—Joigny—Cardinal de Retz—Fontainebleau—Apartments of the Pope—Bonaparte's Abdication—Place of Madrid—Character of Bonaparte—Sens—St. Bernard—Manners of People—Catholics receiving Tracts—Arrival at Paris.

Dôle, Department of the Jura, 110 miles from Geneva, about 2522 miles from London by my route, Tuesday Morning, October 7, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

So far have I come in this tiresome diligence. We left Geneva at half-past four yesterday. The day soon broke out beautifully.

We drove along the Lake to Nyon, which I just named to you as I was first passing to Geneva six weeks back.* It is an agreeable town, of eighteen hundred souls, supposed to be the Roman Novodunum, about eleven miles from Geneva. Marble urns, inscriptions, and other antiquities are still found in its neighbourhood. It is endeared to Englishmen as having given birth to Fletcher of Madeley—a name connected with all that is pure and exalted in piety, and amiable and disinterested in benevolence—nothing, I think, in modern times has equalled the habitual spirituality of mind, the holy and ardent love, the utter abstraction from worldly things, the unaffected humility, the self-denying and tender compassion for souls, that distinguished this eminent minister. Had the Great Reformer of Geneva, two centuries previous, united the lovely and seraphic qualities of Fletcher, with his own prodigious grasp of intellect, the Reformation would have gained incalculably. The sweetness and de-

* Vol. i. Ap. 292.

votion of the one, joined to the penetrating judgment and vast intellect of the other, would have formed a character of surpassing excellence.* But I have no time to enlarge.

After passing Nyon, we ascended the Dôle mountain, the highest of the chain of the Jura; five thousand eight hundred and fifty feet—insufferably cold. We supped at St. Laurent; and at half-past four this morning, we arrived at Poligny, having performed eighty-three miles in twenty-four hours, i. e. not quite three miles and a half in the hour. The road across the Jura was surrounded with rude, magnificent scenery, and in some places was sublime and beautiful. Snow lay scattered here and there, and on the summit pretty thickly. Posts are erected at short intervals, to mark its depth in the winter. One set of

* Mr. Fletcher's name was properly Jean Guillaume de la Fléchère. He was born at Nyon, September 12th, 1729; and died August 14th, 1785. Calvin, whose name originally was Jean Chauvin or Cauvin, was a native of Picardy, but spent the greater part of his life at the celebrated city of Geneva. He was born July 10, 1509, and died May 27, 1564.

miserable horses drew us forty-four miles, three stages. The drivers managed this, by making them rest while we supped, and whilst our luggage was searched, which was only three times in nine hours! Dôle, where we are about to breakfast, is a town of eight thousand five hundred souls, on the river Doube, the Dubis of Cæsar, and formerly the capital of Franche-compté; in a tract which, from its fertility and beauty, has received the name of the *Val d'Amour*. It contains some ruins of a Roman amphitheatre and of two aqueducts.

I have two English gentlemen as my companions, who are very agreeable; and one Italian lady, who speaks good French. She talks fast on all sorts of subjects, and amongst other questions asked me this morning, if I was a Catholic. This led to a long conversation. The point I insisted upon was, that the Church of Rome had gradually lost the simple and scriptural meaning of each separate part of the Christian religion, and had substituted

for it a gross external sense, just suited to the ignorance and corruption of the human heart. Thus, for the spiritual invisible church, it had substituted the outward church of Rome, and for Christ its head, the Pope; for feeding by faith on the body and blood of Christ, transubstantiation; for repentance, penance; for contrition and lowliness of heart, lacerations and pilgrimages; for confession of sins before God, auricular confession to a priest; for prayer to God from the heart, endless repetitions of Paternosters; for reverence and honour to the Virgin Mary and the saints, religious and, in fact, idolatrous worship; for secret holy love to the Saviour, images and crucifixes; for reliance on the satisfaction and atonement of Christ only, the sacrifice of the mass, prostrations, scourgings, lacerations, merits of saints, indulgences, purgatory, &c.; for the influence of the Holy Spirit, merit of congruity, a mere external and formal routine of ceremonies, man's unassisted efforts, incense, lights ever burning &c.; and so of all the rest!

She confessed, that in her heart she preferred the Protestant religion, as the most pure and unadorned; but that having been brought up a Catholic, she did not feel at liberty to change. I could make no impression on her. She said she had been once present at the Protestant service at Paris, and was charmed with the simplicity of the prayers; and above all with the clear and manly exposition of the Gospel given by the minister in his sermon. I found I could not supply what was wanting in her state of mind—a deep conviction of the value of the soul—a right sense of sin as committed against God—a holy dread of giving that honour to creatures, which the almighty Jehovah claims for himself—and, above all, a living faith in the all-sufficient atonement of that divine Saviour, whose sacrifice is in effect made void by the superstitions and human merits of Popery. I thought it at last most advisable to urge her to read the New Testament, and to attend earnestly to the main essentials of religion, as

she found them there enforced ; repentance for sin, faith in the merits of our Saviour Christ, love to God and man, and obedience to the divine law, as flowing from these principles. This advice did not irritate her. She admitted the propriety of complying with it ; and we continued excellent friends during the remainder of our journey.

The country, since we have descended the Jura, is tolerably pleasant, but not fine. The villages are rather miserable. The women wear wooden shoes without stockings. The lands are not well cultivated : there are vineyards occasionally.

As the breakfast is not ready, I may as well inform you that the ministers of Geneva (for I tell you things as they come to my recollection) have the unfavourable habit of perpetually changing duties with each other : a printed paper being published in the town every Saturday, with a list of the preachers for the week. Besides this, they have months of re-

pose, alternately with months of preaching; the consequence, I conceive, must be, that the pastoral feelings must be weakened, as well as the habits of painful diligence which become the minister of Christ. But it is all of a piece. The religion of too many of the Genevese, and indeed of the Swiss generally, seems at present to have woefully degenerated from the dedication of the heart to God, and the pervading influence of Christian principles through the whole life, to a formal preparation for the first communion and an attendance on the three or four annual festivals. Surely this is greatly to mistake the nature of true religion, and must bring down on them the marked displeasure of the Divine Head of the Church, who “ holds the stars in his right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks.”*

There is, however, much sincere and simple devotion amongst many individuals at

* Rev. ii. 1.

Geneva, notwithstanding the general state of the church. One lady, the mother of a large family, charmed me with her humble and yet ardent spirit of piety. It is said that her deeds of charity may be counted not merely by the days, but by the hours of her life. She maintains in the most admirable order two orphan schools almost at her own charge. Her love to her Saviour, her delight in prayer, her meekness, her humility and teachableness, her zeal in every good work, delighted me, even on the short acquaintance I had the opportunity of forming. I trust there are many, many such in every class of society, and that the number will increase—for I hope my remarks, though apparently severe, are consistent with the most genuine charity—I wish them to be so—sometimes I half retract what I am writing, lest I should overstep the limits of that tenderness and love, which Christ our Lord enjoins, and which his Gospel breathes throughout. I can sincerely declare that the unfavourable reports I send you, are most reluctantly made.

Prohibited books are introduced into the Continental States in a curious way: the title-page and contents of Blair's Sermons, for example, are printed and inserted for those of O'Meara's Bonaparte, and thus the fraud is concealed. A patriotic spirit is a good deal cherished amongst the youth; the students of all the different colleges and academies meet once a year, at a central spot in Switzerland, to encourage a love to their country; about six hundred are meeting this week, at Zofingen.

Dijon, Capital of ancient Burgundy, eight o'clock, Tuesday Night. — Thank God, I am safely arrived, after a journey of one hundred and eighty-two miles from Geneva, performed in thirty-eight weary hours. I left Dôle at twelve, in another coach which met us from Besançon, and which consisted of three parts, a front chariot and two bodies of coaches, most awkwardly united and placed on the same wheels (something like our double coaches in England), and holding fifteen persons inside

altogether. I was seated in the chariot, which they call *Le coupé*. We had five horses, and our pace improved so astonishingly, that we went five miles and a half the hour! We passed through a fortified town, named Auxonne, where Bonaparte is said to have studied in the School of Artillery. I had a companion in the coupé, who was descended of Irish parents. He was a sensible, well-informed, communicative man, a Catholic. You may judge what was the subject of our discourse—the conduct of our government to the Irish Catholics. In fact, during the whole course of our tour, nothing has been so frequently objected to me as this topic. Whatever observations an Englishman makes on the laws or usages of the continental nations, the constant answer is, Look to your own treatment of the Catholics of Ireland. I replied to my companion as mildly as I could, vindicating our government very much on the ground of the violent prejudices and party-spirit which have prevented any fair judgment from being formed, and any impartial public measures

being carried, on such an irritated question ; at the same time observing to him that foreigners often had a very incorrect and inadequate notion of the real situation of the Irish Roman Catholics ; and that in a free country like England, the government could adopt no general arrangements with respect to them, without the concurrence of Parliament, and the support of public opinion. I told him I was myself far from joining in the indiscriminate hostility against all further change in the restrictive laws, which animated too many of my countrymen ; but was, on the contrary, rather inclined to the opinion that additional civil privileges might be gradually granted the Catholics, in proportion as their loyalty and general good conduct should seem to entitle them to them. I added, that as a zealous Protestant, I conceived the more we could mix the Irish with the rest of the subjects of the British crown, and fairly increase their stake in the blessings of the British constitution, the more we should loosen the bands of priestcraft, and separate them from their present

guides. In reply, he assured me that it was his firm opinion that a conscientious Catholic might be a most loyal and faithful subject of a Protestant prince—the power of the Pope had for a long time been so 'purely spiritual, or rather ecclesiastical and formal—nothing, he thought, but a violent party-spirit could in any way make it dangerous. I give you the conversation exactly as it occurred. I am far from dogmatizing, as you know, on so complicated and difficult a point. Popery I hate from the bottom of my heart. But the obvious ill effects of the system now acted upon in Ireland, and the anomalous, inconsistent state of the laws affecting the Catholics, together with the uniform practice of the 'continental governments, seem to advise the trial of new and more lenient proceedings.

I found my dearest Mrs. W. and my daughter here pretty well. They arrived from Lyon on Saturday, at noon. The dear boys set off, in one of the carriages, for Paris, on Monday morning, because the eldest is called to Ox-

ford, by the commencement of the University term. Thus has it pleased God to preserve and bless us. We follow my sons to-morrow to Paris. Adieu.

Maison Neuve, Department of Cote d'Or, 43 Miles from Dijon, on the Auxerre and Fontainebleau road to Paris, Wednesday Evening, Seven o'clock, Oct. 8.—Such is the place from which I date my letter to-night. We all retired to rest last evening, at Dijon, between eight and nine. I slept quite well till six, and then rose to visit the town of Dijon—the birth-place of Bossuet—before we set off. I first went to the church of St. Benigne, the spire of which has an elevation of three hundred and seventy feet. It is one of the most elegant I have ever seen; the spires of Coventry and Worcester are the only ones to which I can compare it. As I walked along, I happened to observe on all the churches an immense placard. I stopped from mere curiosity to see what it was. It was an advertisement of a new edition of the History of the miraculous

Image of Nôtre Dame at Dijon. I thought this quite piquant; I hurried to the church, and looked all around: a gaudy, embellished building, filled with altars, and pictures; and statues; but no image, that I could discover. I was determined not to be disappointed; and, going out I met an elderly lady apparently approaching the church door, and inquired of her if that was the church of the miraculous Image. She replied with a manifest feeling of pleasure, that it was; and immediately took me up to an altar in the church, on which was the statue of the Virgin, resembling that of a blackamoor, and decked out with tawdry ornaments.

I afterwards bought the book: positively it asserts the various miracles performed by this wretched figure. Nay more, indulgences are granted to all who worship this image, and a society is formed to celebrate feasts to her honour. As the image is black, the author attempts to prove, very gravely, that the Virgin Mary was of a swarthy complexion,

and applies to her the mystical words of the Canticles, “ I am black, but comely.” He supposes the image to be of the eleventh century. He affirms, that it is not only “ *the object of the confidence of the inhabitants of Dijon, but that all the province invokes it.*” This is the language he uses. The alleged miracles are, like all the Popish ones, more than dubious. For instance, the Swiss besieged Dijon in 1513—they were about to storm the city—the whole town betook itself to pray to the image of the Virgin—the enemies relented, and the siege was raised. In such an event, supposing it to be true, every one sees there is not even a pretence to that broad, direct, and palpable suspension of the powers of nature, open to the view of mankind, which distinguishes the miracles of the Gospel. I have brought the book with me to England. What can one hope for, when such mummeries are obtruded upon France, in the nineteenth century, and after the attacks made by infidelity on our common Christianity?

Two-thirds of the churches of Dijon are shut up and used as storehouses and granaries. The Place Royale is in the form of a horse-shoe, and contains the Provincial Palace and the ancient house of assembly of the parliament of Burgundy. The Palace of the old Dukes of Burgundy is now occupied by a police office, museum, and library. One of the magnificent staircases is used as a bookseller's shop; the arcades are built up, and used as shops likewise. Such are the transformations which a few years make in the mansions of the great. Dijon was the seat of one of the ancient parliaments, and contains now twenty-two thousand souls. The Protestants are considered by some of the common people to be Jews, or rather, as I hope, confounded with them, just as they were at Dunkirk; for I cannot imagine any persons actually to believe the Protestants to be Jews.

But you will be anxious for me to come to the great Bossuet—I inquired of several per-

sons where he lived ; but was surprised to find no one knew any thing about him. At Lichfield every child would have pointed out to me the house where our great English moralist* was born. At last I discovered the street which bears his name, Rue de Bossuet. It still took me some time to ascertain the spot of his birth. I went from house to house ; not a creature could give me any information : with great difficulty I at length found the place, a bookseller's shop. The bookseller himself was hardly aware of the distinguished person who had formerly inhabited his dwelling. Two hundred years had, in fact, effaced almost all traces of this prodigious genius, except his small chapel. I entered it, and examined every part, not without veneration. The house itself has undergone so many alterations, as to contain only a few rooms of the original building. Bossuet is undoubtedly the first writer whom the French possess ; but he is not one of my greatest favourites. I cannot divest my mind of his harsh treatment of the

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

amiable Fénélon. His haughty domineering spirit, also, as he acquired weight in the councils of France, and the share which I cannot but think he took, notwithstanding the apologies of his biographer, Bausset, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have left an unfavourable impression on my mind as to his whole character.

But his sermons, which were not prepared for publication, and are the first effusions of his heart in his early life, when his piety seems to have been really fervent and sincere, are admirable. They were published after his death. I prefer them to those of Massillon and Bourdaloue. There is quite as much of religious truth in them, with more of nature, force, energy, surprising thoughts, and an overpowering eloquence, negligent of exact form, and quite bearing away the mind of the reader. The finest trait in his conduct at court was his writing to his royal master when at the camp in Flanders, to remonstrate with him, in the most respectful but firm manner,

on the scandal of his connexion with Madame de Montespan—and then his going out to meet the king when he was returning from the campaign, and alighting from his carriage, and placing himself in the midst of the road, by which his majesty was about to pass, in order to entreat and urge him to a change of conduct, and a conversion to God. This was noble, and as became a Christian bishop, especially towards an imperious tyrant like Louis XIV.

But I must not enlarge. The city of Dijon is one of the finest in France: the streets are wide and open, and the buildings handsome. It stands on the river Ouche. I met a young Catholic student at a bookseller's. He seemed tolerably well informed. The University here is amongst the most celebrated in France. We left Dijon at half-past nine, and came to this village (Maison Neuve), where, finding no horses, we have taken up our abode for the night. We have had beautiful weather, and good roads; but the horses and postillions

are so indifferent, that we have been eight hours going forty-three miles.

We have met a great many waggons to-day of rather a curious construction. They are small carriages, on four wheels, without bodies; the merchandize being packed with straw, on two trunks of trees, which form the bottom of the waggon. The whole is covered with a wrapper of white clean cloth, and kept close with cords. One horse draws the carriage. A train of ten or twenty of them follow each other, and there is one man to about five. Goods are transported in this way all across France. The horse has an enormous collar, and a cloth over the harness. We met numbers of these waggons in many parts of Switzerland. Sometimes the pole of them rises many feet above the horse's head, in the most awkward way imaginable, and then it has two chains joining it to the harness of the animal. In fact, so far as I can judge, France is, in most respects, much behind our happy country. You see scarcely any fields, barns,

and farm-houses, in this part of the Côte d'Or—all is one common. The country through which we have passed to-day has been far from fine—but I must prepare for retiring to rest; it is past eight o'clock. The dear boys, I hope, arrived at Paris this afternoon; we are about one hundred and seventy-five miles off. We hope to sleep to-morrow night at Joigny, Friday at Fontainebleau, and Saturday at Paris.

Joigny, Thursday Evening, half-past Six.—Through God's goodness we have arrived safely in this town, after a journey of seventy-seven English miles. The chief things which have pleased us to-day are Avallon and Auxerre. Avallon is a romantic town on the river Cousin: the celebrated Theodore Beza is said to have been born in the neighbourhood. We stopped to take some refreshment, and in the salle à manger found a priest who was eating a solitary meal. He seemed depressed and abject, his attire was mean, and his whole appearance opposite to the general air of the

priests whom we saw at Domo D'Ossola and Milan. France and Italy are clearly two different places as it respects ecclesiastical domination.

Auxerre is one of the most beautifully situated cities which I have seen since I left England. It is the chief town of the Department of the Yonne, and stands on the river of that name; it has twelve thousand souls. A gentle hill gives the place a lovely appearance from a distance. As you approach the view is remarkably fine. The foreground is covered with vineyards; then the river presents itself; above is the town, on the rising ground, crowned with fertile hills and meadows. The sides are bounded by trees and pastures on the one hand, and the fine bridge leading to the town on the other. Whilst we were changing horses, I ran up with my little Eliza to see the Cathedral, which is a noble, lofty structure. We have been passing to-day through some of the finest vineyards of this part of France. The vintage is not yet begun.

The vin ordinaire, included in the dinners, is now excellent.

Friday Evening, October 10th, half-past Six, Fontainebleau, Department of Seine and Marne, 40 miles from Paris.—Again a day of goodness and mercy from our Heavenly Father. My dear Ann and Eliza are now sitting by me happy and comfortable, after the hasty dinner of which we have just partaken. They are not over-fatigued. I seem now to be at home; we are so near to Paris. We have come sixty-one miles to-day from Joigny; and our road and horses have been so good, that we were somewhat less than nine hours upon the route.

This morning I rose soon after five, and was out by six visiting the town of Joigny. I was not aware of it; but really we have advanced so far into the autumn, that I could hardly see my way about. The evenings seem yet more drawn in. At half-past six yesterday, when we arrived at Joigny, it was rather

later and darker than we could have wished. Joigny is a small town, in Champagne, of five thousand souls, beautifully situated on the river Yonne. It has a long handsome quay along the river. The culture of the vine is the principal object of trade. The chief part of the town is, like Auxerre, on the ascent of a steep hill; on the summit of which stands a ruined château, built by Père de Gondy, father of the too celebrated Cardinal de Retz. I walked through the dilapidated rooms, half-enlightened by the obscure dawn, with a feeling of melancholy on considering the vanity of human grandeur. How many instances have we seen of the monuments of proud ambition and magnificent vice all laid in ruin! Moral triumphs and the praises of real and exalted virtue are, after all, the only ones that are enduring, even in this world. The ambitious conqueror, the demagogue, the leader of factions, the heresiarch, sink into neglect with the glare of prosperity—their palaces fade with their fame. The flower of the field drops not so quickly. But the true benefactors of man-

kind live in the memories of men ; their praise takes root, and spreads around and flourishes in perpetual bloom—and if truly Christian principles have guided their conduct, the love of their fellow-creatures is crowned by the favour and approbation of God.

But the most striking lesson I have received on this subject is in the superb château of Fontainebleau, where we now are. As soon as we arrived here (at four this afternoon), I went to visit this celebrated palace. All Europe is familiar with it by name ; it is an immense mass of buildings, containing five squares or courts ; almost like a town. It is mentioned in history as a royal palace ever since the thirteenth century ; but it is indebted for its chief extension and improvement to Francis I. It was a favourite residence of Francis I. Henry IV. Louis XIV. and Bonaparte, just the four persons most celebrated in French history. There is a spot where Henry IV. is said to have held his secret councils. The Pope, who is just dead, was

imprisoned here by Bonaparte for a year and a half. The conscientious resistance which he made to the demands of the Usurper, cast a splendor around his character. We walked through the suite of apartments, and saw his library, chapel, saloon, &c. The altar of the room which he used as his chapel is now set aside and marked by an inscription. The Count d'Artois (now King) makes use of the same rooms, and had left them only the day before yesterday: he comes to hunt in the forest, of thirty-four thousand acres (twelve leagues), surrounding the château.

But I hasten to mention, what was the most affecting circumstance, that I saw the very table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, April, 1814, in the very room where he sat, and adjoining the very bed-room in which he slept. Fontainebleau was his favourite palace. Now all his pictures are removed, and every trace of him effaced—what a lesson! I was struck with a large model of the city of Madrid placed in the ball-room, which Bona-

parte ordered to be begun in 1802, and which took the architect six years to finish. The very source of his overthrow seems to have been a darling object, years before his first invasion of Spain in 1808!

History will soon sit in judgment on this extraordinary man. His scepticism as to all religious truth, his unbounded ambition, the fury of his passions, his waste of human life and happiness in the prosecution of his projects, the injustice and treachery of his invasions, the iron yoke which he imposed on the subject nations, his unmitigated hatred of England, his many individual acts of cruelty and blood, are points now generally admitted. But it is impossible to travel on the Continent without being compelled to witness the proofs of his admirable policy, and of his zeal to promote, in many respects, the welfare and intellectual advancement of the people over whom he reigned. Not to dwell on the liberty of public worship which he nobly granted, from whatever motive, to the Protestants of

every confession: there is something so splendid in his national works, there are so many monuments of his legislative wisdom, so many traits of grandeur in his projects, and such a hardihood and perseverance manifest in all his great enterprises, that you do not wonder that his name is still everywhere revered. Then the diversity and extent of his knowledge, and the unbounded range of the objects of his attention, increase one's surprise. War, commerce, the arts, science, literature, the adorning of cities and towns, the education of youth, religion itself as an instrument of government, every thing seemed to be within his grasp, or to subserve his ruling purposes. He brought, in fact, royalty and talent into such close contact, that there was some danger of men beginning to estimate the value of a sceptre by the mere ability of the hand that wielded it.

The unfavourable tendency of this seductive union of splendid vice and successful ambition. on the public morals and the religious

habits of Europe, is obvious—it debases the best principles of the heart. Of Bonaparte, as an unconscious instrument of Divine Providence for scourging guilty nations, for shaking the papacy to its base, and arousing those dormant energies in the mass of the population of Europe, which may probably issue in the general diffusion of a reasonable liberty, and of all the blessings of the glorious Gospel of Christ, I will not trust myself to speak. This view, though correct perhaps, has been too exclusively taken already by religious persons. They have allowed their horror of individual crime, and even their sense of personal responsibility to be lessened, by mingling this question with the supposed purposes of the Divine Providence—a mistake infinitely pernicious. A humble reference, indeed, of every event after it has occurred and the issue is known, to the sovereign and mysterious government of God, is a clearly scriptural duty; but to applaud or extenuate the guilt of man, and help on a course of criminal ambition, on the ground of its conceived agreement with

the order of prophecy and the secret will of God, is a presumptuous and fatal error. But I check myself.

The country through which we have passed to-day has been tolerably fine ; but as we are now travelling North, just at the turn of the year, we feel excessively cold. As we passed through Sens, we looked up with interest to the Cathedral where the pious and devotional Bernard, the last of the Fathers of the Church, refuted, in 1140, the doctrines of Abelard. This celebrated heretic, you may remember, had challenged St. Bernard to the conference. The saint went to it in Christian meekness and fear. As soon as the extracts from Abelard's writings had been read before the audience (where the King of France, Louis VII. was present, with his nobles, and the prelates and clergy of the diocese), Abelard was overwhelmed with confusion, at being thus confronted with his own writings, and suddenly left the assembly. His errors were then unanimously condemned. There is something

gratifying in visiting the spot where seven centuries before, the name and grace of our Lord Jesus were thus triumphant. Many similar cases are recorded of the daring leaders of heresies being confuted and struck dumb, as it were, at the simple exposition of their own tenets, in the presence of the holy and humble disciples of Christ, armed with the Sacred Scriptures only.

We have now passed through about sixty miles of vineyards. The vines are short, planted in rows, and supported by sticks; not by treillises and arbours as in Italy. As the vintage is approaching, persons are set to guard the grapes. They are chiefly red in this part of the country. The costume of the women is not remarkable: no bonnets are worn on any part of the Continent, except by the higher classes. The female peasants here wear a coloured handkerchief wrapped round the head in the form of a turban, often of a red or scarlet colour. The men affect a dirty, shabby, finery; a beggar comes up to you with

a military cocked hat; a stable-boy has a pig-tail, and perhaps powdered hair, ear-rings, and generally a dirty night-cap; the boots of the postillions are of enormous and lumbering size; some to-day were ribbed with iron, and actually made the feet of the poor rider swing about, instead of his being able to guide them; then an undressed sheep's-skin with all its wool, enveloping the knees, is a further addition to his burden.

•The agriculture still appears wretched. Almost all one common land. A horse, a mule, an ass, draw the same plough, which a woman drives, whilst a man guides the plough-share. On the roads, too, you meet a waggon heavily laden, with four large fine horses like ours in England, and then an ass in front, leader of the train; and this ass, a mean, half-starved creature. The fact is, the proprietors bring out every animal they possess of every species, when they have goods to transport from place to place. The number of beggars is shocking; their diseased, distorted appear-

ance is often such, that I am obliged to give them something before we can get out of the carriage. The dirt, untidiness, misery, in the private habits of the innkeepers and ordinary inhabitants of the Continent, German, Swiss, Italian, French, are not to be described on paper: one cannot account for it: if you go into their rooms, their kitchens, their pantries, you are quite disgusted with the ill savour. The interior of the abodes of the nobility and gentry is often neat and elegant, and I have been in private houses quite as comfortable as any in England; and generally, perhaps, things are gradually more and more arranged on the plan of English cleanliness and simplicity. But I speak of the inns and houses we meet with in travelling.

To many of these inconveniences, however, one soon becomes accustomed; others are avoided in the better lodgings and inns; the rest you submit to from dire necessity. The freedom of the manners of the people, and their notions of equality with you, at first seem

repulsive, but afterwards appear so clearly to spring from mere simplicity, that you forgive it. I am happy to say, that I have found the Catholic peasants willing enough to receive our religious tracts; and that when I talk with them, they admit what I say on the foundations of Christianity.* You may judge from this interminable letter at so late an hour, that I am not over-fatigued with my journey. Adieu.

*Paris, Hotel de Bristol, Place Vendôme,
half-past Two, Saturday, October 11, about
2772 miles from London by our route.†—*

* As we were changing horses at a village on our way to Boulogne, Oct. 29, the carriage was, in three minutes, literally surrounded with villagers, who had heard we had tracts. At least thirty or forty of the separate homilies in French, of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, are now diligently read, as I trust, by these poor people. Some of them asked Mrs. W. if the tracts were good for Catholics: she replied, they were particularly suited for them. The scene was really quite affecting. I forget the name of the village. It was not far from Paris. The swiftness with which the news of our having tracts spread from the persons to whom we first gave them, was surprising.

† The direct route from London to Paris is about 300 miles.

Through God's goodness we are safe at Paris. We arrived here at half-past one o'clock. We left Fontainebleau a little before eight, and performed the journey of forty miles in less than six hours. The day has been rather wet; but as we approached Paris it cleared up, and we had a fine view of that noble city as we drove through it. We are at the Place Vendôme, a charming situation, close to the gardens of the Thuilleries. We found our dear boys, and my brother who is here, quite well. My son will bring this letter with him, which will most probably close this series of journal-like epistles, which I had no idea would ever have extended to such a length. If they have gratified my dear and excellent aged mother and yourself; in any degree proportioned to the interest I have gradually felt in writing them, I shall most truly rejoice. Whatever can lessen the pain of separation to a parent so dear to me, affords me a double pleasure. May it please God, to permit me to rejoin you in England in peace, and to retain the recollection of the many important lessons

I have learned during my tour, together with that sense of gratitude which the uninterrupted blessings I have received during the course of it, should so deeply impress upon my heart.

I am your affectionate

D. W.

LETTER XVIII.

Brighton, April 14, 1824.

Paris Bible Society—Deaf and Dumb Institution—French Preachers—King's Almoner—Nobleman—Translation of Scott—Friends to whom Author was introduced—Baron de Sacy—Count D'Hauterive—Marquis de Jaucourt—Reflections on the whole Tour: 1. Supreme Providence of God—2. Opposite Evils of Superstition and Infidelity—3. Scenes of Reformers' labours—Luther—Beza—Bucer—Ecolampadius—Bullinger—Authenticity of 1 John v. 7, 8.—4. Duty of advancing the Age of CHARITY—5. Importance of every Traveller being active—Advice to Invalids—Anecdotes—6. Gratitude to God—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—Origin of Vaudois—Expulsion from Valleys—Return—Need of Aid—7. Prayer for Grace of HOLY SPIRIT.

Brighton, Sussex, April 14, 1824.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I AT length begin the Letter which you were so anxious I should have written to

you from Paris. I was so hurried during my stay in that city, that it was impossible for me to do it; and, indeed, I may perhaps attempt it with greater advantage now, because the interval of a few months will enable me to add some general reflections upon my tour on the Continent, and to supply an incident or two of which I omitted to inform you at the proper moment.

Of Paris itself I need not say much; every one knows something of the splendour of its public buildings, and of its various attractions, in point of art and taste, to travellers of every description. I was naturally most interested by its moral and religious state. But I have no intention of entering at large even on this topic. A stranger has but slight opportunities of forming a correct judgment; and Paris is too important a place, and too near to England, for me to venture a hasty opinion.

I know, however, that you will expect me to notice a few particulars. In the first place,

then, I was gratified, and even affected, at attending the Committees of the Paris Protestant Bible Society. I could not but reflect on the efforts made in the very same spot by the enemies, or rather conspirators against Christianity, under Voltaire and D'Alembert, during the preceding century. These, aided by the extraordinary profusion and folly of the French Court, by the derangement of the national finances, and the corruption of general morals, paved the way for the horrors of the Revolution and the military sway of Bonaparte. The zeal and superstition of the degenerate ecclesiastics, so far from preventing, joined in hastening the overthrow. Surely, then, the peaceful and holy distribution of **THE BOOK**, in the city where it had been so long despised, is a real triumph of Christianity, and the best omen of future blessings. About 50,000 copies of the Scriptures have been issued by means of the Paris Bible Society in the last four years—about two or three hundred auxiliary institutions and associations have been established in different parts of France—and a

general revival of religion seems to be beginning. The vivacity of the French character, if once directed and sanctified by a principle of pure religion, is capable of the greatest and most beneficial efforts. It is lamentable to think that the Catholics frown on this Society, and that the government is contracting its privileges, and even refusing it the liberty of holding its annual assemblies, wherever it dares. The present French ministry seem to desire nothing more than to be able to suppress this and all similar undertakings. Such, however, is the spirit of Popery almost everywhere.

I must next give you some account of the celebrated institution for 'the relief and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which is really one of the most interesting things in Paris. I took all the pains I was able, to be present at a lesson at the late Abbé Sicard's schools; but I was unsuccessful. I can, however, fully make up to you for this disappointment, by the kind communication of an excellent friend who visited it only the year be-

fore, and from whose notes, taken at the time, I select the following. There are about eighty children. They are taught gradually to associate with the objects of sight, certain signs by drawing and writing. The quickness and acuteness of the children are so surprising, that their ideas on most subjects soon become accurate and clear. The following is the prayer used before lesson :

“ O come, most Holy Spirit, and cause a ray of thy light to shine upon us! Come, Father of the poor ! Come, source of grace ! Come, light of the soul ! O God, who has taught the hearts of thy faithful people by the light of thy Holy Spirit, grant us that Holy Spirit, which may dispose us to choose and love what is right, and may shed abroad in us its consolation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The prayer after lesson is equally beautiful. “ O Lord, we entreat Thee to inspire all our actions by thy Holy Spirit, and to conduct

them by the continual assistance of thy grace : so that all our prayers and all our works may proceed from Thee as their author, and refer to Thee as their only end, through Jesus. Christ our Lord. Amen.” ,

Surely such prayers are the genuine dictates of pure Christianity, and testify the deep piety of many of our Catholic brethren. My heart rejoices to recognize such sentiments, and honours those who entertain them.

The children rise slowly and gradually from the simplest to the most abstract and complex ideas, as their age and abilities permit; and are divided into several classes accordingly. At the lesson at which my friend was present, a gentleman wished to ask one of the upper classes, what Love was? The master told him first to make the sign for interrogation, by holding up the fore-finger, and then to press his hand strongly upon his heart. This was understood, and several boys wrote the word love. On being told to define it, one

wrote (for they neither speak nor hear, as you will take care to bear in mind), " Love is a sentiment of the mind, by which we incline to what appears to us good, useful, beautiful; it is the approbation of some object that pleases us." Another wrote, " There are many sorts of love; first, the love of God, which is the highest of all; then the love of men, the love of friends."

They next were asked, what was the difference between expectation, hope, desire, and enjoyment? A lad about fifteen wrote, " Expectation is like the branches of the apple-tree; desire is like the leaves; hope is like the blossom; and enjoyment is like the fruit."

After this they were asked, What is time? One replied, " A succession of moments, a point of eternity, a measure of eternity." What is eternity? " A day without morning or evening, a mysterious duration which finite beings can neither define nor comprehend "

The following question was then proposed, Is speech the gift of God or the invention of men? "Speech that is the language of men, is the gift of God; but that of the deaf and dumb is only a human invention."

On the direct subject of religion, they were asked, Whose existence comprehends all time? Massieu, an elderly man, who has been twenty years in the institution, and is lately gone to conduct a school at Bordeaux,* wrote in answer, "God; God is the creator of the earth and of heaven, and of all that they contain. He is the Lord of all things, the Author of nature, the Governor of the universe."—Who is Christ? "It is He who is the new Adam; He was made man by a mi-

* This extraordinary man, when he was asked at another lesson, Whether God reasons? wrote in reply, "Reasoning is a process in order to find out truth; but God knows all truth: therefore, I should think God does not reason." The same person defined gratitude to be the memory of the heart; hope, the fire of love; and difficulty, possibility with obstacle.

race, for our salvation ; He is the bruiser of the serpent's head, the repairer of the human race, and He knows even our most secret thoughts."—What is faith ? " Faith is a supernatural light, leading the soul to believe what it may not fully comprehend."—What is conscience ? " It is the voice of truth."—Have all men power to do their duty ? " Yes, with grace and good habits."—Is man more inclined to good than evil ? " Man needs the grace of God to keep him from evil ; by evil passions men deprive themselves of the grace of God ; passions are above human power."—From whence comes grace ? " In my opinion, it flows from the infinite and unmeasurable goodness of a merciful God."—May all men have grace ? " Yes, by means of frequent prayer." Was a revelation necessary to man ? " Yes, I believe it was, and it contains all that is necessary to salvation."

There is to me something inexpressibly delightful in these scriptural, enlightened, and judicious replies, made, not only by Catholics,

but by Catholic children who are deaf and dumb.

The present master is M. Paulmier, who takes a parental interest in the children. He had been chief assistant to the Abbé Sicard for nineteen years. The boys are taught some art, trade, or learned profession, as their genius or choice seem to direct. There is a class who copy busts, draw heads, &c.; and another where boxes and measuring rules, &c. are made. They all appeared as happy as they were intelligent. Really humanity and religion triumph at such a benevolent institution. One may exclaim, in a qualified sense, considering God as' the first author of every such blessing, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." And this pleasure is heightened by the pure principles of morals and religion which seem to form the basis of their education. No Protestant could have given much more simple elementary instruction in the Christian faith, than these children have

received. It is most painful to add, that the Bishop of Hermopolis, since he has been placed at the head of education in France, is said to discourage even this incomparable school, and that M. Paulmier is removed, or about to be removed, from his situation. Thus the best institutions connected with the Roman Catholic Church, are not fostered and encouraged by the leading authorities, as the seeds of future improvement, but opposed and rejected, as disturbing the repose, and contrary to the interests and tendencies, of the dominant religion.

You will, perhaps, next wish me to say something about the French preachers. I was grieved to find, that there were only three public services* on the Sunday at Paris, for a

* May I not add, that, considering the numerous English who are resident in Paris, it would be becoming the wealth and piety of our nation to build an English church there? There are several French churches in London.*

Since the above note was written, I am informed that an English service has been instituted in the *Salon* of a

population of nearly 30,000 Protestants of the two confessions; and these services so arranged as not to allow the same persons to attend conveniently at more than one. But this is not all: in the sermons which I heard, I wanted more of the sound, orthodox, scriptural divinity of the old French Protestant school, who reared its early churches, and nourished the first Hugonots in the faith of the Gospel, and became an example and guide to reformed Europe. I wanted more of the close reasoning and manly appeals of CLAUDE, the author, as you may know, of the *Treatise on the Composition of a Sermon*, and of the *Defence of the Reformation*, and the worthy antagonist of Bossuet at the celebrated conference in 1682. I wanted more of the force and vigorous address of DUBOSC, in his able and most evangelical work on the *Epistle to the Ephesians*—of whom Louis XIV. said, that he was the first speaker in France. I wanted

clergyman resident at Paris, the Rev. Lewis Way, with a liberality and dignity which mark all the proceedings of that excellent person.

more of the piety and unction of DRELINCOURT, whose book against the fear of death is current in England, and is indeed in almost every one's hands.

I was moreover much distressed to observe, that in the use of the liturgical prayers (which are at best, as I have already told you, extremely brief) the most evangelical parts were actually left out by some of the ministers. For instance, in the confession of sin, which at Bern and Lausanne was read entire, the deeper expressions of original corruption and guilt were several times omitted at Paris. So also in the longer prayer after sermon, the best parts were not read. Thank God for the FIXED Liturgy Articles, and Homilies of the Church of England. The Lutheran church at Paris I was not able to attend; my observations regard the Reformed only.

I must say, however, in fairness, that the discourses at the Protestant churches were incomparably superior to a most florid and

unsatisfactory charity sermon which I heard on a week-day from the king's almoner, at the chapel of a benevolent asylum for aged and destitute persons of family. I never shall forget the scene that day; nearly all the French court was present. The Duchesses of Angoulême and Berry, the Pope's Legate, the Archbishop of Paris, the public ministers of state, among whom I noticed M. Chateaubriand; ladies of quality without end; two of whom, splendidly attired, received the collection, as we went out, in velvet bags. I was most courteously received at the chapel by a French nobleman, who entered into a pretty long conversation with me on the state of England and France. I was of course very inadequate to give him a just account of many things which he inquired about, in a political point of view. He seemed to have a high admiration of the sentiments and conduct of our beloved monarch since his accession to the throne. He classed together the French Liberaux and the English Radicals. But to come to the sermon—such a vain tirade of

compliment and extravagant attempt at eloquence, I never heard—without one genuine emotion, one affecting sentiment, one address to the heart—a fine voice and pure enunciation were every thing—the only idea I will quote from the discourse is, “Charity makes those who exercise it *as gods!*” O, where are the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, the Massillons, or even the De la Rues, and Terrassous of the French church? I understand that M. Fré-synous, the present Bishop of Hermopolis, gave, some years back, most interesting lectures to the young on the Evidences of Christianity. Now even this kind of instruction is wanting. I could hear of no one energetic and able Catholic preacher, who took the ground of our common Christianity, and commended the Gospel to the conscience and good sense of mankind. Infidelity or superstition reign supreme. True religion is met with indifference or ridicule.

But I turn to another topic. I must not omit to tell you, that I spent a large part of

my time at Paris in arranging the translation of Scott's Comment on the Scriptures. I found a competent and pious minister, to whom I promised aid for preparing an accurate text of the Gospel itself, verifying the references, revising the translation for the last time, correcting the proofs, and carrying St. Matthew through the press. I formed also a committee for settling terms with the printer, drawing up a prospectus, and inspecting the due circulation of the work. I found that I should be obliged to advance all the expenses for printing St. Matthew; and it was agreed upon, to send round this Gospel pretty freely to the chief Protestant ministers of the Continent, gratis, with the terms of subscription for the continuance of the work; and to be guided by the success of such subscriptions, as to the further translation of the Comment or not. Since my return home, the revision and preparation for the press have been unremittingly carried on, and the conditions with the printer and paper-maker nearly settled. Some months must, however, elapse before the

Gospel can be published. A literary undertaking of such importance is continually impeded by unexpected difficulties. It is not like the translation of a temporary pamphlet—every thing demands the utmost care—not only is a thorough knowledge required of the language *from* which, and of that *into* which, the translation is to be made: but an acquaintance with theology in all its branches, an aptitude at discovering suitable idioms, a faculty of expressing new and foreign ideas, a readiness to imitate the style and manner of the original writer, and the talent of giving an interest and life to the whole style of the translation.*

* It is now nearly three years since the above was written, and the gospel of St. Matthew is not yet published. The fact is, that after the first imperfect sketch of a translation had been revised and completed, M. F. Monod fils, who had undertaken to superintend the work at Paris, was seized with illness, and a twelvemonth elapsed before he was able to resume his exertions. In May 1826 however the first sheet was printed off, and the gospel has been regularly proceeding ever since. The work however is still slow in its progress, because the correction of the translation is found to be extremely laborious—each sheet costing twelve or sometimes eighteen hours of close application. Half the gospel, or about fifteen

The translation of Milner's History is, I hope, going on at Brussels.—I forwarded a copy of the original work immediately upon my return home. I consider this undertaking only second in importance to that of Scott.

I cannot quit the subject of Paris without mentioning the pleasure which I derived from becoming acquainted, however slightly, with some persons who are its distinguished ornaments. I place first amongst these the Baron de Sacy, almost the last of the distinguished Jansenist body, and perhaps the most accomplished oriental scholar in Europe; and the Count de Hauterive of the Foreign Department, whose knowledge of political economy is so highly, and I believe justly esteemed; he was an élève of the Duc de Choiseul, and knew, as he easily might, the history of our own country better than myself; for the minute particulars of history soon fade from the memory. He, as well as M. de Sacy, are warm friends

sheets (120 pages) are now finished. *See Postscript to this Letter, page 355.*

of the Bible Society. M. de Hauterive conversed with me much on subjects connected with religion. I was struck with the warmth with which he condemned our conduct towards the Irish Catholics, and at the admiration he expressed of the religious spirit of the English nation. He professed a high respect for our National Protestant Church, on account of our tolerant principles and our regard to ecclesiastical order. Amongst a variety of other questions, he asked me why so eager a dispute should have arisen between the Catholics and Protestants about the Eucharist: for, added he, do you not believe that our Saviour is really, though invisibly, present in it? I replied, Yes. And do you not hold, he continued, that it is by faith this is discerned, and the benefits of it received? Certainly, was my answer. And we believe, he rejoined quickly, nothing more than this. Upon this I told him, that if the Catholic Doctors had been half as moderate upon this subject, and had only abstained from the adoration of the host, and other usages which Protestants deem

superstitious and idolatrous, the separation on this topic would not have been so wide between the two churches as it is.*

I may mention, also, that I made the acquaintance of the amiable 'Catholic Bishop Grégoire, a truly liberal and respectable prelate, both as it regards his sentiments and conduct. He seems to spend his life in attempting to lessen the differences and heal the dissensions between Catholics and Protestants, and in promoting the interests of religion and humanity. He is a warm advocate for the abolition of the slave-trade. I cannot omit the name also of the Marquis de Jaucourt, a Protestant nobleman, and a direct

* I just insert here the article of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. on this point, to show the actual errors of the Roman Catholic Church, so different from the charitable construction of individual laymen, however distinguished or well-informed. "I profess, that in the most holy sacrifice of the Eucharist, there is really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which conversion the Catholic Church calls transubstantiation."

descendant from the celebrated Philip de Mornay, the great Protestant friend and counsellor of Henry the Fourth, and the man who openly protested against that monarch's abjuration of the Reformed religion, and who during a long life invariably maintained and defended the evangelical doctrine, in the faith of which he died with holy triumph. He ranks, perhaps, next to Coligny and Sully. The Marquis de Jaucourt, with a peculiar propriety, is president of the Paris Bible Society. The Bar^{on} de Staël I was so unfortunate as not to find in Paris. I had the pleasure however of meeting him in London upon my return home. I do not enumerate other distinguished persons—my old friends Kieffer, Stapffer, &c. Nor should I have mentioned so many as I have, except with the design of recording my affectionate gratitude to some of the many leading personages who honoured me with their esteem. The names I have given you include some of the best men in France, and those on whom the hope of great future good rests.

I have found far more to say concerning Paris than I expected ; but I must quit the subject, that I may proceed to supply a few incidents, and make some general reflections, as it respects the whole of my long journey.

1. Perhaps the strongest impression which has been left upon my mind, is of THE UNFATHOMABLE WISDOM OF GOD IN HIS PROVIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF MEN. I could not but observe continually his exuberant goodness, on the one hand, in the frame and order of the creation ; and his inscrutable judgments, on the other, in the infliction of great and overwhelming calamities. These truths strike one less forcibly at home ; but they revive in their full energy in foreign lands, where all is new, and curiosity never slumbers. In passing through different regions, and observing their widely, varying habits, usages, laws, constitutions, governments, and religious advantages—in retracing the chief changes and revolutions which in different ages have marked the history of

each country—in contemplating the consequences of remote and, at first, trifling causes—in calling to mind the wonderful deliverances afforded in times of danger, and the present political, moral, and religious state, in which so many events have ended—the mind is led to adore that mysterious PROVIDENCE, which, unseen, guides and directs all the events of this lower world, and overrules even the passions of men to accomplish its own purposes. As we travel from place to place, history is localized, as it were, to the mind. Our contracted views become insensibly enlarged, and we acquire a firmer faith in the unfailing goodness of God towards those who fear him.

And surely, these feelings are aided by the contemplation of the sublime and grand features of the Divine MAJESTY which we trace in His works of creation—the profuse bounty scattered at every footstep—the loveliness, the variety, the simplicity, and the magnificence, which continually burst upon us. I can truly

say, the chief natural wonders in our tour along the Rhine and through Switzerland have scarcely ever been absent from my mind since I first witnessed them.

Nor are the traces of God's WRATH less awakening. I think I never was more affected than in hearing the tragic story of Goldau and the Dranse—in riding over the remains of whole villages, and reflecting that under the very feet of my mule lay the bodies of my fellow-creatures, crushed by an instantaneous ruin.

And here I am reminded of a still more awful destruction which occurred near the Grisons about two centuries ago, and which I ought to have mentioned in a former Letter. The town of Piuri or Pleurs, two or three miles from Chavennes, was totally overwhelmed in 1618. On the 4th September of that year, an inhabitant came in haste and urged the people to escape without delay, for he had seen the adjoining Alp actually cleaving asun-

ler. His warning, for some reason which does not appear, was neglected. The same evening, an immense fragment of the mountain fell in a moment, and buried the whole town, so that not a soul escaped except three persons who were absent, and the individual who had given the alarm; even the daughter of this last person, returning for an instant to lock up the door of a cabinet, was buried with the rest. Two thousand four hundred and thirty persons perished, and the channel of the river was so filled, that the first tidings which the inhabitants of Chavennes received of the calamity, was by the failing of their river. I mention this case the rather, because the town was given up to voluptuousness and vice—filled with mansions and palaces,—the favourite summer resort of the most wealthy persons in Italy. The Protestant minister there had often warned the people of the terrible consequences of their sins, and of the judgment of God, which he believed would suddenly break out upon them.

Similar, though less extensive, calamities are perpetually occurring in Switzerland, and add exceedingly to the impression which a stranger receives from a journey through that wonderful country. He will be cautious indeed of presuming to interpret the Divine judgments in particular instances: but he will not fail to derive from them the solemn and general instruction inculcated by our Saviour; “Think ye that those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

2. I pass on to make a second reflection on THE LAMENTABLE, THOUGH OPPOSITE, EVILS OF SUPERSTITION AND INDIFFERENCE, which met us every where on our tour. It quite astonished me, in passing through the Netherlands, to witness, for the first time, the multiplied and unscriptural pomp and idolatry of

* Luke xiii. 4, 5.

the Church of Rome. The surprise was lessened, but not the grief and shame, as I prosecuted my tour. One would think it incredible, that men professing to believe in the New Testament should venture to impose such burdens, or that the people should submit to them. The various and open invasions which Popery has made in all ages on the liberties and peace of mankind, are recorded in every history.

One of its most fearful attempts, for instance, to stop all reformation, and bind people in the galling chains of superstition, occurred in Switzerland at the time when Zuingli and the other Reformers were awakening and persuading the minds of the free and generous inhabitants of the different cantons. Those which remained Popish passed laws, that it should be capital to any to change ~~their~~ religion; and that, on a set day in every year, they should all go to mass, and the masters of families swear to continue true to the state, and firm in their religion to their lives' end.

Afterwards they punished those who fell into what they called heresy, with death and confiscation of goods, on the pretence of its being a violation of the faith thus solemnly sworn to their country.

It is very observable, that where Popery is now reviving in its influence, after the French revolutionary struggles or the iron laws of Bonaparte, it returns with all its folly about it. It is not learning a lesson of wisdom, and silently following its Borroméos, and Pascals, and Fénelons, and dropping some of its grosser corruptions; but it re-assumes all its arts, its impositions, its ceremonies, its incense, its processions, its pilgrimages, its image worship, its exclusive claims, its domination over the conscience, its traditions, its opposition to the Bible, its hatred of scriptural education, its resistance to all the first principles and blessings of genuine liberty—in short, its united tyranny, superstition, and idolatry—and this in the full face of day

and in the nineteenth century, and with infidelity watching for objections to Christianity generally.*

And what is the general moral effect of this system? It neither sanctifies nor saves. The poison of vice, glossed over with outward forms of decency, eats as doth a canker. The whole attention of man is directed to superstitious ceremonies as a substitute for spiritual obedience. Morality is compromised

* The Pope has lately issued two Bulls, one to denounce and proscribe the BIBLE—the other to appoint the present year to be observed as a JUBILEE, and promising remission of sins to such as should, in the course of it, make a pilgrimage to Rome!

• “ These two documents should be circulated throughout the whole Christian world. From beginning to end, they demonstrate that Popery is, at this moment, as utterly opposed as it ever was to all freedom of conscience and intelligent use of the Scriptures; and that all hope of its having been, as a system, improved or meliorated, by the course of events and the advancement of knowledge, is at an end. It is fit that scriptural Christians all over the world should settle it in their minds, that Popery, as a system, never has departed, and seems never likely to depart, from that which is its predicted characteristic—BLASPHEMOUS USURPATION OF THE PLACE OF GOD! *Miss. Reg. Jan. 1825.*

and exchanged for an adherence to ecclesiastical rites. Voluptuousness, impurity, dishonesty, cunning, hypocrisy, every vice, prevails and is connived at, just as Popery has the more complete sway. The dreadful profanation of the Sabbath 'by prescription' becomes fixed. All the holy ends of it are forgotten, unknown, obliterated. It is the habitual season of unrestrained pleasure. I speak of effects generally; for there are multitudes of individual Catholics, who serve God in sincerity and truth; and who, disregarding the accumulations heaped on the foundation of the faith, build on Jesus Christ and him crucified.

There is, indeed, one class of persons in Catholic countries, which I compassionate from my heart. They are not sunk in superstition, and yet they have not imbibed the piety of true disciples of Christ; but having been educated during the Revolution, have acquired a general boldness and liberality of sentiment; see through much of the mummary of Popery;

detect the spirit and aims of a worldly-minded priesthood; are disgusted at the revival of the Jesuits, the opposition to the Bible Society, the resistance to education, the disturbance and removal of the most pious and worthy masters and professors, and the persecution of the Protestants. And yet they are not in earnest enough about religion to take a decided part; the objections of Infidels dwell upon their minds—they shrink from ridicule—the fear of reproach prevents their quitting the Roman communion—there is nothing in the Protestantism they are acquainted with, to show them a “more excellent way.” The value of the soul and the paramount duty of seeking their own salvation, are considerations which do not enough rouse their minds. Thus they glide down the fatal stream with others, dissatisfied and yet unconverted. These are persons to be won by the friendly conversation of true Christians, to be invited to read suitable books on the evidences and nature of true Christianity, and to be encouraged to seek, and to follow and obey the truth.

But I turn to the Protestantism which we have met with in our tour; and alas, I see deism, infidelity, indifference, a secret contempt of religion, too widely diffused in many quarters. I observe a cold celebration of a few great festivals: but the Sabbath desecrated—holiness of life too little exemplified—the principles of grace, from which only it can spring, forgotten—the Reformation, with its glorious truths, corrupted and obscured. I see a vain human philosophy—scepticism—political views—the interests of a corrupt literature—levity and inconstancy as to the faith of the Gospel, too prevalent. I see persecution itself, the most odious part of Popery, transplanted to some Protestant bodies, and an open defection from the Gospel avowed in the city which was once the praise of the churches.*

* The tendency of dominant churches to impose on the consciences of others has appeared even amongst the most pious and orthodox. About 150 years since, this very church of Geneva united with those of Bern and Zurich, in condemning all persons who held the universal extent of our Lord's death; with whom they strangely joined those who

Still, after all, we must thank God, that things are in many places greatly improving both amongst Catholics and Protestants—that the opened Bible, the spirit of free inquiry after truth, the power of conscience, the intercourse of different Protestant states, the operations of various religious societies, the judgments of God which have been abroad in the earth, and, above all, the Divine mercy visiting and subduing the hearts of men, are producing a wonderful change. In some quarters the purity of the Gospel has flourished without interruption or decay. But taking a view of the present state of the Con-

impugned the power and authority of the Hebrew vowel points! I need not say, that the paramount authority of these vowel points has long been given up by every scholar; and that the doctrine of Christ having given “himself a ransom for all,” is now generally admitted as an undoubted verity of the New Testament. Such is the folly of excess in religious legislation, to say nothing of the danger of revulsion—of opening the door to such regulations as that of 1817. It was observed by a member of the House of Commons last sessions, from Lord Clarendon, that “he had observed in his progress through life, that of all classes of men, the clergy took the worst measure of human affairs.” An acute and poignant remark.

tinent generally, in its two great families of Catholics and Protestants, the Christian traveller cannot but be affected even to depression with the prevailing degeneracy.

3. But let me turn to a more pleasing topic, and one that may cheer us with THE PROSPECT OF THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION. For who raised up the Reformers in the sixteenth century? Were they not men of “like passions with ourselves?” Cannot a similar race of men be again formed by the mercy of God now? Nay, are there not reasonable hopes that such will be the case? For a visit to the Continent leads the traveller over those scenes where the Reformers began their blessed labours. And this is the third observation which I wish to offer. Nothing afforded me, I think, such unmixed pleasure, as entering the very towns, visiting the houses, and reading the letters of those great and able men. I did not penetrate far enough into Germany to see Eisenach, Wittemberg, or Worms, where the magnanimous Luther met his papal antago-

nists ; but I was at Geneva, where Beza, after the death of Luther and Calvin, so admirably led the Reformation.

It was Beza who conducted the discussions of Poissy in 1561, where in the presence of the king of France, (Charles IX.) the King of Navarre, (afterwards Henry IV.) the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the French court, he almost effected the reception of the reformed doctrines in that vast kingdom. The Reformed Church in France had then reached its widest limits. The Protestants had two thousand one hundred and fifty churches, some of which contained ten thousand members. In fact, nearly half of France was Protestant in the 16th century; whilst in the present, the 19th, not more than a thirtieth part follows the reformed doctrines. The valuable MS. of the Gospel which bears the name of Beza (Codex Bezae), was his gift to the University of Cambridge. He died in 1605, aged 86.

I was also at Strasburg, where Martin Bucer, for twenty-six years, was a model of evangelical holiness. Our great Cranmer brought him over with Fagius in 1549, and fixed him in the University of Cambridge, where he read lectures with infinite applause; on St. John's Gospel. He died in 1551, and was buried with the utmost respect, in the University Church, the Vice Chancellor and the members of all the colleges attending.

I saw at Basle, the cathedral, and school, and library, where Ecolampadius, from 1515 to his death in 1531, laboured in establishing, with equal acuteness and moderation, the reformed doctrines. He was joined with Erasmus in composing the annotations on the New Testament, which so much aided the infant cause of truth. His name was indicative of his character; he was indeed Ecolampadius, 'the lamp of the house,' a burning and a shining light in the Temple of the Lord.

I visited likewise the abode of Bullinger, who, after the death of Zuingle, was for above forty years at the head of the churches at Zurich.* I walked in the streets, I saw the churches, I entered the college, I was in the very house, I saw the hand-writing of this blessed man, who, in 1538, received with affectionate hospitality some noble Englishmen, and wrote, at their request, to our Henry VIII., in support of the perfection and authority of the Scriptures; and in 1554, in the

* Bishop Burnet mentions that he saw at Zurich a Latin MS. of the New Testament of the ninth century, in which a preface of St. Jerome prefixed to the Catholic Epistles, stated that "he had been more exact in that translation, that he might discover the fraud of the Arians, who had struck out that passage (viz. 1 John v. 7, 8.) concerning the Trinity." If this be correct, it seems to confirm the arguments in favour of the authenticity of the passage. Surely Jerome, who was born in A.D. 331, and lived for nearly a century, must be a competent witness to such a FACT. The present Bishop of Salisbury's Tracts on the authenticity of this Text, are entitled on all accounts to the attention of the Biblical student. He informs us that Walafrid Strabo, Erasmus, Socinus, Le Clerc, Sir Isaac Newton, Mill, and Dorchout, consider that the prologue above referred to was Jerome's; and that it proves the existence, in his time, of the Greek text of the seventh verse.—See Bishop BURGESS'S Vindication, 1823, p. 46, &c.

reign of the atrocious Queen Mary, welcomed Jewel, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York, and others; gave them lodgings in the Cathedral-Close; and when Elizabeth ascended the throne, continued a constant correspondence with them till his death, in 1575. Few measures in our English Reformation were taken without his advice.

All this I should have mentioned to you before. I have, indeed, alluded frequently to the names of some of these Reformers. But I ought to have dwelt more on their piety and talents, their wisdom and courage, their zeal and disinterestedness. For my mind is deeply penetrated with the conviction that the best hope of a GENERAL REVIVAL of religion now, is by studying and imitating such bright examples. Men like these, wise, holy, ardent, devoted to God, raised above a spirit of party in religion, purified from petty passions, separated from the politics of this world, thoroughly grounded in the doctrine of Holy Scripture,

and working by genuine humility and lowliness, rather than by heat and obstilacy—men, animated above all with the ardent love of “Christ and him crucified”—such persons would soon be the means of restoring decayed religion in the Popish and Protestant churches. To produce such men, the silent circulation of the Bible seems the first step. Of all inventions the noble idea of giving throughout the world the inspired Volume of Revelation appears to me the most happy, the most pure, and the most important. It is like the works of nature, as simple as it is majestic and efficacious. It has the impress of God. I do not wonder at the open and violent opposition which the Bible Society has provoked. This might be expected, if I am right in the immense importance which I attach to it. The Pope and the Church of Rome know that the Bible is against them. They act in character in the Bulls issued against it. The opposition of some Protestants would be much more painful and mysterious, if we did not remember the effects of misrepresentation and

controversy, in perverting the judgment of men in spite of their better principles. Let only the friends of the Bible institutions persevere in that meek and peaceable temper which has hitherto so much distinguished them. They are invulnerable so long as the spirit of love goes on to preside over their proceedings and conduct. There is nothing which I do not expect ultimately by their means. Wherever the Bible meets with characters like those of Leander Van Ess or the Pastor Henhöfer, it works its way with irresistible might; or wherever the grace of God makes it the means of first training such characters, it soon leads to like results. Truth, in the very words dictated by the Holy Ghost, enters the mind, and sheds its own glory there. And it is impossible to say in how many hearts that process is actually going on—how many latent Luthers, Melancthons, Calvins, Zuingle, Bucers, Ecolampadiuses, and Bullingers, are now preparing, by a painful study of the Bible, for future usefulness.

4. The example of those Protestant churches which have the widest influence, may also have a great effect, under the blessing of God, to produce and help forward such a revival. Let us aid the inquiring. Let us embody and exhibit the Christianity of which they read in their Bibles. LET US ENDEAVOUR TO ADVANCE THE AGE OF TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARITY, founded on the doctrines of the grace of Christ. This is my fourth remark. I entreat my countrymen, and especially the ministers of religion, to cultivate both at home and in their visits to the Continent, the spirit of forbearance, wisdom, moderation, and love, which marked the Reformers. Our books are read abroad, our sentiments have a considerable influence. England is the hope of the world. Let then the law of Christian kindness be apparent in all we write and teach. We have had in the Church the ages of SUPERSTITION—thirteen centuries have witnessed the fatal effects of this on true religion. We have seen, since the revival of letters, our ages of DARING INQUIRY, human reasoning, contro-

versy ; and we have tasted the bitter fruits which they have produced. Surely at length it is time for THE AGE OF CHARITY, of the love of God and man, to begin—love which receives and uses to their proper end, all the great mysteries of redemption : which dwells on every doctrine and duty in a holy, practical manner ; which assimilates every thing to its own pure and heavenly temper ; which conforms us to the divine image, and unites us to God himself. The scheme of reducing all men to one confession is vain and hopeless. On minor questions, the best course is to hold with moderation and firmness our own sentiments, whilst we respect those of others. To meet men in anger, and attempt to subdue them by controversy, is the way to augment, instead of lessening, existing evils. Love, then, is the truest wisdom. The few commanding doctrines and duties of Christianity may be best recommended in this spirit. Where these are received and practised, remaining disagreements will lose half their mischief, by being deprived of all their asperity. Differ-

ences of judgment are the infirmity of the MILITANT Church. If all men could be brought to one mind, the world would be in a state not to need the new law of charity which our Saviour left us, as the badge of his followers, and the healing medicine of their feverish heats and irritations. I can truly say that if I have erred against the law of peace in any thing I have said in my series of Letters, I heartily retract it. My intention and my prayer is to unite TRUTH with CHARITY.

5. But I must not dwell on these topics. I just mention a further thought in connexion with them, which frequently occurred to me on my journey---THE IMPORTANCE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER, WHETHER MINISTER OR NOT, CORDIALLY CO-OPERATING, IN SOME WAY OR OTHER, IN THIS GREAT WORK. Let not the beauties of nature withdraw his mind from the duties, unostentatious but important, which he may connect so easily, so agreeably with them. Let not the hurry of his movements, the novelty of his circumstances, the

imperfection of his knowledge of the Continental tongues, the infirmity of his health,*

* I would here offer a remark or two to invalids. I found in my own instance, that whilst I was moving gently from place to place, my health, which had been undermined by a long series of over-exercition, was sensibly improved. The fine air, the changes of scene, the freedom from ordinary cares and duties, the conversation of my family, the curiosity awakened at every turn, my inquiries, wherever I came, into the moral and religious state of the different towns and countries, my interviews with pious ministers and professors, and especially the mountain tours, all contributed, under God's blessing, to my recovery. When I arrived at Lyon in September, after a journey of three months and about two thousand five hundred miles, I was not like the same person as when I quitted England. The over-hurry of the few last weeks of my tour was the first thing that injured me, so far as I can judge. I travelled, in consequence of my son's illness, too rapidly to Geneva the last time. Again, when I arrived at Paris, I was not enough on my guard. I saw too many friends, and attended too many societies. The hours also were late, compared with what I had been accustomed to. The consequence was, that when I arrived in England, and returned to my usual clerical duties, I soon found myself indisposed. The extremely wet weather on my first arrival added to my complaints; and in three weeks I was totally laid by, with all the indisposition, in an aggravated form, from which I had suffered before I entered upon my tour. I mention my own case thus at length as a caution to others. I would especially recommend them to avoid hurry towards the close of their journey, to return at a season when the weather is

deter him from attempting a little. Such labour for the good of souls elevates and sanctifies a tour undertaken for health or instruction. A conversation with a peasant on the road, a visit to a poor or sick family, the gift of a suitable tract or a New Testament, a word dropped at a table-d'hôte, the encouraging of the more candid and pious clergy, the assisting of Bible and Missionary Societies, the consecration of the Sabbath, the daily devotions of the family, are duties neither

likely to be fine, to watch over the first effects of the change of climate and food, and to resume laborious and anxious duties slowly and gradually. This subject leads me to suggest to pious travellers to take with them some tracts suitable to the sick and dying. So many English become ill abroad, that many a tour begun in vanity, may end, under God's blessing, in seriousness and piety, by the aid of a striking tract, or a copy of the New Testament. It is possible even that the last solemn scenes of life may be cheered by the doctrine of repentance and remission of sins in the name of Christ, thus conveyed. I should perhaps add, that we found great difficulty in having our English prescriptions made up abroad. I explained to a druggist at Spa a very simple one, which he assured me he understood, adding that he had continually made up similar ones. The medicine, however, was so different from what we had been used to, that I could not venture to let Mrs. W. take it.

difficult nor rare. Examples continually occur of the good thus produced.

A gentleman of Scotland, almost unacquainted with French, came to Geneva, about seven years since, and in a few months, by simply dwelling on the authority and manifest truths of the New Testament, was the means of attracting the attention and regard of a whole circle of young students, and imbuing their minds with its evangelical doctrine.

An American merchant, settled some time since at Paris, became the centre of really most extensive good, by kindness, piety, liberality, fearlessness, simplicity of heart; though he knew French very imperfectly. The multitude of tracts he gave away was incredible.

Again, an English lady at Lausanne was the means of inconceivable benefit, by occupying every moment of a pretty long residence.

in aiding the cause of her God and Saviour, though in no way at all inconsistent with the modesty and humility of her sex.

Another lady was at Montanvert, on the way to the Mer de Glace, a few years since. She wrote in her guide's book the usual attestation to his attention and skill; and then added, " You have often said to me, Lean upon me, follow my steps, and fear nothing. This is what I say to you as to our true Guide and Saviour Jesus Christ. Lean upon Him, follow his steps, and fear nothing. He will conduct you safely in the road, yet more difficult, of eternal life."* This advice gratified the man beyond conception; and several years after it was written, he showed it with undiminished pleasure to a visitor, who copied it out, and furnished me with a transcript.

* Vous m'avez souvent dit, Appuyez sur moi, suivez mes pas, et ne craignez rien. C'est ce que je vous dis touchant notre véritable Guide et Sauveur Jesus Christ. Appuyez-vous sur lui, suivez ses pas, et ne craignez rien. Il vous conduira en sûreté dans le chemin, encore plus difficile, de la vie éternelle.

Once more, one of my friends at Rome showed a passage in the New Testament to an Italian gentleman—it was a consolatory chapter under afflictions—he was struck even to admiration, and entreated the loan of the sacred book ; adding, that his own Bible was in thirty or more volumes, so that he could scarcely find the text amidst the overwhelming notes.

I only add, that an Englishman of high family opened his hotel, during a tour on the Continent, for the celebration of Divine service on Sundays. He engaged, from time to time, some clergyman to preach, and sent cards of invitation to all the persons to whom he had access at the towns where he rested. The curiosity excited was prodigious. In many of the chief places in Italy, his salon was crowded. The Catholics were astonished at an English nobleman appearing to be really in earnest about religion.

But in all these attempts to do good, the charity which I have just been recommending,

must reign. Benevolence is an universal language. Those who may not at first understand your sentiments, can feel and appreciate your kindness. All airs of superiority must be avoided, all boasting of England's liberty, riches, power; all intermeddling in politics, all controversy about different churches—I had almost said about different doctrines. Love must be the key to open the heart—Christian love, which delights in truths common to all churches, and interesting to every soul of man, and which knows how to make large allowances for dulness, prejudices of education, early habits, and slow obedience to truth.

If any should doubt the obligation of our thus carrying our religion wherever we travel, let him learn it from the word of God, which demands the dedication of all we have, and under all circumstances, to his service. I need only quote one or two declarations from the New Testament to recal this point to the mind of the pious reader. “Whatsoever ye

do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, and especially to them that are of the household of faith." "For ye are not your own, but ye are bought with a price; wherefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are God's."*

These, and similar passages, are quite decisive. I know the objections which are raised by timid and worldly-minded persons against this introduction of religion into the ordinary concerns of life. I know the charges of enthusiasm which they advance. I know that ridicule—irresistible ridicule—is the weapon they constantly employ—and that they do all this on the plea of not degrading religion and exposing it to contempt—but I also know that

* Col. iii. 17. 1 Cor. x. 31. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

these same kinds of objections have been made in all ages against every holy effort of truly sincere Christians in benefitting their fellow-creatures. Such objections commonly amount to nothing. Similar ones might be raised against any grave and zealous undertaking in the usual pursuits of mankind. Errors against taste should be avoided indeed, where they can; but such errors furnish no argument against the commanding duties of "loving our neighbour as ourselves," and of "going about" like our Saviour, "doing good." The immensely important concerns of eternity are not to be governed by such trifling considerations. It only requires a ray of holy illumination from above, to discern and feel something of the claim which our divine Lord has upon all our love, all our efforts, all our time, all our influence. Nothing is so truly rational and dignified—nothing so elevated, and in the highest degree philanthropic and philosophical, as the benevolent endeavour to raise and purify the minds and habits of our fellow-men. In doing this we claim no miraculous powers,

we assert no infallibility of judgment, we presume on no immediate or peculiar care of the Divine Providence, we supersede no just use of prudence and foresight, we advance no pretences to an interpretation of the mysterious scheme of the government of God, we lessen no motive to activity in ordinary duties—but we plainly maintain that the Bible reveals a religion founded on the sacrifice of Christ and the operations of the Holy Spirit—that this religion is to change the whole moral bias of the affections; and that when the heart is thus renewed, man feels the imperious obligation of labouring to glorify God in every project and every action of his life. The honour of God and the good of men are his object, his passion, his joy. He takes a far warmer interest in this high pursuit, than the scholar, the artist, the warrior, the statesman do in theirs—is more sure of the value of the good he communicates, and more persuaded of the ultimate success which will crown his labours—for he reposes on the ever-present providence of that God who “ clothes the

grass of the field;" without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground;" and who has condescended to say, that the "very hairs of our head are all numbered."

6. But GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR THE BLESSINGS WHICH WE ENJOY IN ENGLAND, is a further general sentiment powerfully awakened by a foreign tour. Never was I so impressed with thankfulness to God for the moral, religious, free, prosperous, happy state of my own country, as when I had the opportunity of comparing it with that of the nations of the Continent. At home murmurs, objections, difficulties, are sometimes heard and propagated. Men are restless and discontented. But let any one travel abroad, and he must be ungrateful indeed if his complaints are not changed into admiration. I am far from denying the errors of our rulers, or the imperfections still adhering to our legislation and system of laws—this is human. I am still further from denying, that in our public religious conduct, as a nation, there is, abstractedly

speaking, very much evil to deplore. I would be the last to dissemble the many sins amongst us which provoke the anger of God, and which are the more criminal in proportion to our knowledge and ample means of instruction—the luxury, the pride, the sad mixture of infidelity and contempt of the Gospel; the departure of too many of our clergy from the reformed doctrines; the low standard of moral and religious feeling in our senate; our divisions and party-spirit on every question; our neglect of adequate means of education for our poor, and of accommodation for the public worship of God; our encouragement of the sale of pernicious liquors; our licentious and blasphemous press; the scandalous disorder of our public places of amusement; our Sunday newspapers, Sunday dissipation and Sunday travelling; our apathy at the oppression of the innocent African in our West India Islands—these and other public evils no one is more sensible of than myself. No doubt we have cause to look at home. Still, thank God, England is on the whole as superior to other lands in the

practice of morals, as in the extent and success of her commerce and her arms. Her faults are not of the peculiar malignity which mark Popish countries—we do not shut up the Bible—we do not corrupt religion with open idolatry and superstition—we do not oppose the traditions of men to the inspired Word of God—we do not tyrannize over the conscience—we do not crush the civil and religious liberty of mankind. There never was a time when England stood more free from these darker shades of guilt. As a country, notwithstanding all I have just been saying, every thing moral and religious is advancing. The abolition of the trade in slaves—the renunciation of Sunday drilling—the mitigation of our criminal code—the relinquishment of lotteries—the improvement of prison discipline—the establishments for national education—the grants for missions abroad and for erecting new churches at home—the parliamentary committees for investigating various abuses—the honourable discharge of our pledges and engagements to other states, are all so

many proofs of the high religious feeling of England, compared with the continental nations.

Especially the religious freedom of our beloved country ought to excite our warmest gratitude to the Giver of all good. We are too apt to forget our actual blessings, in this respect. But if we recal the past circumstances of Protestant Europe, or even reflect on her present situation, we shall receive a deeper impression of our own advantages. Consider, for example, the sufferings of the Protestants of France the century before last, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes—tens, yea hundreds of thousands of fugitives escaping with the loss of every thing, to England, Holland, and Switzerland,—so that in the small town of Lausanne only, in the year 1685, there were 2000 of the laity and more than 200 ministers, whom some even of the Catholic cantons joined the Protestant in succouring. But these exiles were happy compared with their brethren who were detained

in their own country. The cruelties of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. were so much beyond all the common measures of persecution, that Bishop Burnet, who witnessed them in his travels, declares there never was such a violation of all that is sacred, either with relation to God or man.

But why should I speak of times that are past, in order to awaken our thankfulness to God for the actual state of things in England? Consider the present situation of the churches in the Valleys of Piedmont—18 or 19,000 of the most humble, industrious, hospitable, kind-hearted, simple, obedient, and pious persons of Christendom under the iron yoke of oppression. Every one knows the history of these churches of the Waldenses or Vaudois, possibly founded by the Apostle Paul; and, in all probability, the primitive Christians of the West, as the Syrian Christians are of the East? Who has not read, almost with tears, the heart-rending story of the cruelties they endured from the Papal see during the dark

ages?*

I just mentioned the names of these sufferers to you when writing from Turin. But I dwell a moment on their history to awaken us to gratitude. The truth is, that when Christianity was almost lost under the Roman Catholic corruptions, it remained in much purity amongst these beloved people, who had spread themselves before the sixteenth century, from the borders of Spain, throughout the south of France, amongst and below the Alps, along the Rhine on both sides of its course, even to Bohemia. They reached also to Bulgaria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Hungary; communicated their doctrine as far as England; and in Italy stretched down to Calabria. They num-

* In the fourteenth century 80,000 were martyred in Bohemia only. I add here a single trait of their deep piety, as an example not unsuitable to ourselves. It is recorded by an enemy. Before they go to meat, the elder amongst the company says, "God, who blessed the five barley loaves and two fishes before his disciples in the wilderness, bless this table and that which is set upon it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And after meat he says, "The God which has given us bodily food, grant us his spiritual life; and may God be with us, and we always with Him!"—See *Milner* in loc.

bered, about the year 1530, above 800,000 souls.

It was at the accursed revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, that Louis XIV. engaged the court of Turin to attempt their utter extermination from the Valleys of Piedmont. The Vaudois fled their country in bodies of five or six hundred, some to the Palatinate, others to Brandenburg, others to different parts of Switzerland, desiring only a little bread at different towns to carry them on their way. A few years afterwards, a band of 900 under one of their ministers, reconquered their native valleys; and from this handful of Christian heroes, the present Vaudois sprung. From the year of their return in 1689, till they became the subjects of France, in 1800, they endured with all long-suffering, the cruel oppressions of the Sardinian government. Bonaparte first granted them religious liberty—this was his policy everywhere; he placed all his subjects on the same footing; at Paris he granted the Protestants the use of four of

the Catholic churches; three of which they occupy still:* so in the other cities of France, Rouen, &c.

Will it be believed, that when the late Victor Emmanuel reascended the throne of Sardinia in 1814, his first measure was to re-enact all the persecuting edicts against this unoffending people. They are now again compelled to desist from work on Catholic festivals, forbidden to exercise the profession of physician or surgeon, prohibited from purchasing land, required to take off their hats when the host is carried about, denied a printing press, and were refused for several years even the liberty of building an hospital for their sick; whilst their public schools, in which the Bible was taught, were put down, and their children often stolen from them in order to be educated in Popery. In the meantime, the support of their ministers, which was chiefly derived from England, has of late very much failed;

* Those of Sainte Marie, L'Oratoire, and Les Billettes.

and the royal bounty, begun by Queen Mary, has been withheld since the year 1797.

But I am drawn on too far. I dwell on the circumstances of these churches, not only to excite our thankfulness to God, who has made us in England so much to differ, but also to take occasion to point out the obligation which we are under, to give a proof of that gratitude, by our aid to our suffering brethren. I found as I passed through Brussels, an excellent Christian friend, who spent five months amongst them a year or two since, and who revisited them last summer in company with a pious and amiable clergyman, who had been there about ten years before. The inquiries of these friends will probably soon be laid before the British public, and their benevolent assistance solicited—an appeal, which, I am sure, cannot be made in vain.

* Already ~~was~~ 120*l.* been collected for their relief amongst the English at Rome, after a sermon by the Rev.

It seems to me, that the returns which the continental sovereigns have in too many instances made to Almighty Goodness for the restoration of peace, by persecution, cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and opposition to scriptural light and knowledge, must assuredly incur the wrath of the Most High. May England be ever preserved from copying the tyranny and spirit of persecution which in all ages have marked the Church of Rome! May she keep as far as possible from relapsing into that bitter, merciless temper, which the glorious

Lewis Way. Something has also been begun by friends in England.

Since the appearance of the second edition of this work, the Rev. W. S. Gilly has published a most interesting narrative of his Visit to the Vaudois. He has given a very lively description of the manners and present circumstances of that extraordinary people. Some parts of his narrative are really most affecting. I trust the benevolent designs of the able writer will be seconded by the liberality of the English government and people. A handsome private subscription has been begun, at the head of which are the names of His Majesty the King, and of the Bishops of London and Durham. The banking houses of Messrs. Glyn, Messrs. Bosanquet, and Messrs. Masterman, are appointed for receiving donations.

Reformation tended to extinguish, but which is ever apt to revive under some disguise or another, unless jealously watched and repressed. The danger of all dominant churches, though ever so pure in their principles, is formality and pride—a secular spirit—false dignity—decay as to spiritual religion—eagerness in pressing matters of external discipline—the loss of the true spirit of the Gospel, and a haughty oppressive intolerance substituted in its place.*

I will only add, that I was exceedingly grieved to be unable to visit myself these devoted and persecuted Vaudois. At one point of our excursion to Turin, we were within twenty-four miles of their valleys, and this

* I add a thrilling caution from the pen of our great practical Commentator.

“It may also be very well worth inquiring whether there be not some remains of the Papal superstition and corruption even in Protestant churches: and how far they whose grand object it seems to be to contend *most*, and *most vehemently*, not to say *virulently*, for that which admits of the *least* scriptural proof, or no scriptural proof, keep at a distance from this tremendous woe.” *Scott's Commentary.*†

† Rev. xiv. 9--11.

has led me to speak of them ; but other indispensable duties made it impracticable for me to devote the time which such a visit would have demanded.

7. I mention as my seventh and last general reflection upon my journey, the duty of exciting ourselves and others, at home and abroad, to FERVENT AND PERSEVERING PRAYER FOR THE EFFUSION OF THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT ON THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH. The experience of every thoughtful tourist confirms that of the servants of God in all ages, that man can do nothing of himself; the torrent of human corruption rolls too wide and too strong for his puny arm to stop its course. After all the means we can use, superstition and infidelity—or, in the words of Scripture, “the minding of the flesh”—will carry away the various petty boundaries which can be reared against them. God alone has the key of the human heart—Our Lord Christ was “manifested to destroy the works of the devil”—The Divine Spirit is “the Lord and Giver of Life.”

What we want is a LARGER GIFT OF THE INFLUENCES OF GRACE. I speak not of the miraculous powers of the Spirit of God; these ceased by the close of the third century. We renounce all pretensions to them. I speak not of dreams or visions, or sensible influxes, or direct inspirations, or new and extraordinary revelations. All these we utterly disclaim. I speak of the ordinary, secret, sanctifying work of God the Spirit, in illuminating, converting, and consoling fallen man; that work which unlocks the understanding, which liberates the will, which purifies the affections, which unites the whole soul to Christ in faith, love, and obedience. The gifts of this blessed agent have been bestowed from time to time in a peculiar manner on the Church.

Such a period was that of St. Augustine in the fifth century, to whose conversion I have already referred. Again, under Claudius of Turin, in the ninth century, and Peter Waldo, of Lyon, in the twelfth, a considerable light burst forth, and the followers of Christ, under

the name of the Waldenses, were planted throughout Europe. The era of grace and truth returned at the glorious Reformation. Gradually weakened and obscured by human darkness since, it is again needed as much as ever in the present day. Nay, may I not say it has commenced?

Are there not blessed indications that the grace of the Spirit is revisiting the churches? Does not the revival of the doctrines of St. Austin and of the Reformation, or rather of the BIBLE, mark this? Does not the present general acknowledgment of the doctrine of the HOLY GHOST, and the wide circulation of THAT BOOK which He inspired and never fails to bless, indicate it? Do not the increasing number of awakened and converted clergymen in every communion, the diffusion of religious feeling and interest in the higher ranks of society in our own country, the rise and astonishing progress of our religious institutions, mark this? Especially, does not the blessed temper of LOVE AND CHARITY which is

so much prevailing, denote it? Do not the favour and aid afforded to pious efforts by our own and other governments, the eagerness of mankind to welcome the benefits we offer them, the men raised up suited for various difficult duties, the translation of the Scriptures into all the languages of the earth, the dispersion of missionaries amongst the heathen and Mohammedan nations, betoken this? Does not the surprising success of the Bible Society in the world generally, and of the various Missionary bodies in their particular labours in Western Africa, in the South Seas, in the East and West Indies, and in Caffraria, lead to the same conclusion?

It is true, there is much remaining to be done—we overrate, perhaps, the comparative amount of what is performed. Deduct as much as you please on this account; I take the remainder, and then ask, whether there is not still enough confessedly accomplished, to assure us that a new era of grace has begun, and to encourage us to fervent prayer for that

LARGER EFFUSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT which can effect every thing we yet desire? Already has the attention of the Protestant churches been called to this momentous subject. In many parts of England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, America, treatises have been widely circulated, courses of sermons preached, and meetings for prayer instituted, to excite attention to the importance of this great blessing. Were it once granted, it would include every other. And surely the position of the spiritual Church, especially in England, in parts of Germany, and in America; the feverish state of many of the nations of the Continent; the open and surprising successes in Greece and the Southern Americas; the commotions and discontent throughout Spain and Italy; the rapid diffusion of literature and of religious knowledge over the world; the general strain of divine prophecy; the spirit of inquiry excited among the Jews; and the impenetrable obstinacy and corruption of the Eastern and Western Apostacies, as connected with the near flowing out of the three prophetic synchronical

periods of 1260 years—surely all this may lead us to “lift up our heads because our redemption draweth nigh.” For the three great events of the fall of Papal Antichrist, the overthrow of the Mohammedan imposture, and the conversion and return of the houses of Israel and Judah, are considered by most Protestant expositors—Joseph Mede, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishops Newton, Hurd and Horsley; Mr. Scott, Mr. Faber, &c.—as approaching, yea, AS AT THE DOORS.

But to leave this general view of the subject, I observe that prayer for the Holy Ghost would, at all events, tend to sanctify and bless our own hearts, our families, our houses, our children, our projects, our labours amongst others. It would thus make us a blessing wherever we travelled. I know not that any reflection was more frequently excited in my mind during my tour than this, of the necessity of prayer for DIVINE GRACE. What I could myself actually do, was little; but where I could not help by my efforts, I could pray.

Many painful scenes of superstition or infidelity, I could only lament over—but God I knew could bring the remedy for them. The divine doctrines which I wished to hear from Christian pulpits, I could not supply—but the Holy Spirit, I believed, could implant them in the heart, and pour them from the tongue of every individual minister. The moral chains of thousands and tens of thousands I could not break—but I was assured the blessed Spirit could dissolve them gradually, or even at once, by his secret power. The miseries, and sufferings, and persecutions, which I saw around me, I could not alleviate—but the Holy Ghost, I doubted not, could effectually arrest and heal them.

Prayer, therefore, for God's Spirit, is the duty, the interest, the happiness of every Christian, both at home and abroad. If Englishmen travel in this temper, the more intercourse they have with the Continent the better; they will benefit all whom they visit—a fragrance, so to speak, yea, “the savour of

the knowledge of Christ" will be diffused around them, and incalculable good be communicated and received. In any other temper than that of prayer, let no one venture on a ground which must be to him sown with dangers and temptations. He will injure, instead of assisting, both himself and others. The prejudices against the Protestant doctrine and evangelical truth, which the ill conduct of Englishmen abroad have implanted or confirmed, are deplorable: whilst the mischiefs which many young Protestants have brought home with them, as to moral and religious habits, are perhaps still more to be lamented. I cannot, therefore, conclude this series of Letters more suitably, than by saying that, if the Christian needs the support of prayer and the grace of the Blessed Spirit at home, where he is surrounded with pious friends, aided by habit, and stimulated to his duty by abundant means of grace; much more will he require this assistance abroad, where, many of his usual safe-guards being removed, and numberless dis-

tractions and snares presenting themselves, he will often find that his only effectual means of safety are the solitude of his closet, meditation of Holy Scripture, and prayer for the sacred Spirit of God.

I am,

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

The delay in the publication of the French Translation of Mr. Scott's Comment on St. Matthew has not only arisen from the causes stated in the note, (p. 299): but from the necessity of each sheet being sent to London, and the impracticability of finding type sufficient to allow of this journey, without intervals in the progress of the work. Four sheets are set up together (the type required for which is immense) and the proofs are worked off on their return to Paris as quickly as possible, and the type released for the subsequent parts of the copy. But still about six weeks elapse between the printing of a first proof and the final working of it off. A portion of this delay arises from the numerous corrections in each sheet, demanding twenty or thirty hours of intense application.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the meantime, what is done, is, I have every reason to believe, **WELL DONE**; and in a work of so much importance, I have preferred the inconvenience of delay to the ruin of the whole enterprize by an inaccurate translation. Half the gospel, or nearly so, is now printed off, and the subscribers may rely on no exertion being spared on my part to see this first division of the work—the gospel of St. Matthew, actually published this summer.

I have thought it right, in the meantime, to place this undertaking under the care of a public society with a responsible Committee. The **SPANISH AND FRENCH TRANSLATION SOCIETY**, (instituted in 1825, and of which the monthly meetings are held for the present at No. 13, Guildford Street), has now the disposal of the funds in hand and conducts the design.

Whether the gospel when published will excite public attention and be attended with any considerable benefit, must depend on the Divine Mercy which alone can produce such an effect.

POSTSCRIPT.

But I have a confidence that great good may be expected ultimately to follow from it. The inconsiderate objections raised on the ground of the levity of the French character, and the solid, ponderous qualities of Mr. Scott's writings, have little weight. It is not for the nation of France or its general readers that any comment would be designed; but for the ministers and Pastors of churches, for the serious and inquiring scholars and students, for the sedate and pious heads of families. And does any one who is at all acquainted with the writings of Mestrezat, Faucheur, Dubose, Drelincourt and others of the French Protestant school, doubt whether long and grave discourses on religion can fix the attention of French Protestants and engage their esteem? Or can any one, who looks into the mass of comment in De Sacy or Calnet—the one in 32 thick 8vo. volumes, of 8 or 900 pages each, the other in 9 folios, and both of them unwieldly compilations of mystical and feeble and inapplicable religious glosses, without any approach to an evangelical, manly, sensible, clear exposition of

POSTSCRIPT.

the mind of the Spirit throughout the Holy Scriptures,—doubt of the success of a work not by any means so heavy in its form, and in its matter so incomparably superior? A revival of religion is a revival of seriousness, of solidity of character, of readiness to study, and solemnity of mind to examine, the Holy Word. The frivolity of Voltaire is the frivolity of irreligion. But I need not enlarge—the deliberate opinion of all the leading scholars and ministers whom I have met with in France and Switzerland, and the 500 subscribers already obtained to this first publication, are at the least a sufficient authority for the essay, the trial, the experiment of circulating throughout every part of the world where the French language is spoken, the best practical comment which has appeared in these later ages of the Christian Church.

The proposed Translation of Milner's Church History into French, has, I am sorry to say, been suspended by the ~~continued~~ inroads of illness and pressure of engagements on the friend

POSTSCRIPT.

who had undertaken the work at Brussels. But into the Spanish language the first volume is already translated by the Society which I have just mentioned, for the benefit of the Spanish Americans; and the French Translation will be prosecuted as the funds may allow, and suitable translators present themselves.*

As I am giving these explanations, I will just add that the state of the German Protestant Churches to which I have alluded in my account of Francfort (vol i. 68) has been fully developed, since the publication of the third edition of this Tour, by a masterly work from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Rose of Horsham. I had no conception, from the brief remarks which my valuable Francfort friend made to me, of the extent and inveteracy of the evil. What a

* The Prospectus of the Spanish and French Translation Society may be had of Hatchard, Seely, Nisbet, or the Publisher of these volumes. The Annual Sermon and general meetings of the Society is at St John's, Bedford Row, on the second Wednesday in May. The Secretary is the Rev. W. Marshall, M. A., Newington Green near Islington.

portentous defection from the faith! What a feeble, corrupt, wayward thing is the human mind, when it once leaves the plain rule of the divine word! I rejoice to hear that things are on the whole again improving. In the meantime, let no young Christian be moved in his faith by these pretended discoveries of a spurious philosophy in **THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE**, any more than the Reformers were three centuries back, by the pretended discoveries of a spurious religion as to **THE RULE OF FAITH AND THE AUTHORITY OF TRADITION**. Scepticism and Superstition are but two diseases of the same fallen heart. To explain away by sophistry the obvious meaning of the Scriptures—and to forbid the reading of them by a claim of authority over the conscience, are evils of a kindred nature. Satan our great enemy works by the folly of human learning now, as he did by the folly of human ignorance three or four centuries back. The **PRIMARY TEACHER** will guide sincere and humble souls through the mazes of each kind of error, to the truth and blessedness of redemption in the divine person

POSTSCRIPT.

and sufferings of the Son of God, and the mighty transforming operations of his grace.

I may as well add, on the subject of the Waldenses mentioned p. 344 of this second volume, that a valuable work* just published by the Rev. T. Sims will give the reader the latest accounts of these important churches. The renewal of the Royal grant, the endowment of an hospital, the establishment of schools, and the supply of Books, are all benefits of the very last moment, obtained for them by the exertions of the Committee to which I have referred p. 344 of this volume—the amount of subscription is between £4000 and £5000. The excellent volume of the Rev. J. Scott in continuation of Milner's Church History, gives a most interesting summary of the History of the Vaudois at the time of the Reformation.

* “An historical defence of the Waldenses or Vaudois, inhabitants of the Valley of Piedmont, by Jean Rodolphe Peyran, late pastor of Pomaret and Moderator of the Waldensian Church, with an Introduction and Appendixes by the Rev. Thomas Sims, M.A. Rivingtons. 1826.”

POSTSCRIPT.

If I were to say any thing further before I conclude this postscript, it would be to express my regret if any expressions in the course of the work have unnecessarily wounded the feelings of individuals. I have endeavoured to guard against any reproach on this score by omitting such circumstances as would lead to the fixing of any of my remarks on particular persons. But it is possible that some reflections when read in the circles where they are supposed to be most applicable, may still be regarded as personal and severe. I can only therefore thus in general testify my sorrow if I have unintentionally laid myself open to such misinterpretations. My desire has been to speak, frankly indeed, and honestly, without disguise or concealment, but still with the consideration due to the just feelings of every individual with whom I had the pleasure of any intercourse when abroad. Perhaps the language which I have occasionally used on the subject of the Roman Catholic superstitions may, after all, be thought the most liable to objection—as being both too general and too strong. After an in-

POSTSCRIPT.

terval of nearly four years, I will confess that I think such an objection is not without its force. At the same time, truth is truth; and the warmth of a description flowing from the heart, at the first witnessing of the corruptions of the great Apostate Church, is perhaps excusable, so far as the motive is concerned. And possibly the very strong language used in the Divine Revelations of St. John, as to this portentous defection from the faith, may warrant much of that language of abhorrence which might otherwise be excessive, or harsh and unkind. But in this, as well as in every thing else, the candid reader will judge.

Islington, March, 1827.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- 12 3, note, *for* no, *read* scarcely any.
- 18, 7, *after* The nuns, *insert*, or rather les Sœurs de la charité.
- 21, 17, *for* Villeforte, *read* Vilvorde.
- 23, 20, *after* fine, *insert* containing.
- 27, 14, dele, de.
- 38, 5, *for* aquæ, *read* aquis.
- 41, 6, *after* opposite, *read* it is said that some of.
- 47, 9, *for* Alsace, *read* Baden.
- 58, 12, *for* 1st January, *read* Janvier 1er.
- 63, 20, *for* as, *read* which.
- 21, dele, and all our princes.
- 67, note, *for* 48, *read* 47.
- 77, 6, *for* Grand Duke of Baden, *read* Electors Palatine.
- 86, 8, *for* child or a niece, *read* relative.
- 102, 22, *for* and Hungary, *read* Hungary and Turkey.
- 105, 9, *for* of the Swiss Cantons, *read* part of the Swiss
 Territories. •
- 124, 19, *for* 1581, *read* 1518.
- 149, 16, *for* Rincius, *read* Bâldenstein.
- 17, *for* Baldenstein Basili ensium, *read* Bâle.
- 152, 7, of note, *for* Augustus, *read* Augusti.
- 252, 16, note, *after* united, *insert* with.

VOL. II.

| Page. | Line. |
|-------|--|
| 22, | 13, <i>for</i> Monks, <i>read</i> , Chanoines. |
| 23, | 24, <i>for</i> was, <i>read</i> were. |
| 27, | 10, <i>after</i> Provost, <i>insert</i> or Superieur. |
| 32, | 3, note, <i>for</i> Italian, <i>read</i> Italien. |
| 38, | 3, <i>for</i> 70, <i>read</i> , about 50. |
| 39, | 5, <i>for</i> After leaving, <i>read</i> As we approached. |
| 59, | 4, <i>for</i> form, <i>read</i> principles. |
| 96, | 1, note, <i>for</i> may possibly be, <i>read</i> are. |
| 102, | 3, <i>for</i> before, <i>read</i> after. |
| 105, | 22, <i>after</i> Piedmont, <i>insert</i> , and of the kingdom of Sardinia. |
| 128, | 2, <i>for</i> Cardinal, <i>read</i> Saint Carlo. |
| 132, | 8, <i>dele</i> lawn. |
| 154, | 1, <i>after</i> her, <i>insert</i> that. |
| 230, | 16, <i>for</i> parish, <i>read</i> department. |
| 262, | 7, <i>for</i> old Dukes, <i>read</i> Governor Generals. |
| 297, | 10, <i>for</i> Frésynous, <i>read</i> Frayssinous. |
| 317, | 7, <i>dele</i> , afterwards Henry IV. |
| 328, | 3. and 4, <i>for</i> almost unacquainted with, <i>read</i> who had a good deal forgotten his. |
| 353, | 10, <i>for</i> have, <i>read</i> has. |

LETTER XV.

Pont-beau-voisin, Sep. 20.—Lyon, Sep. 28, 1823.

Chamberry — A Bookseller — Pont-beau-voisin — Roads — Bishop Berkeley — Sunday at Lyon — Catholic Sermon — Gibbon — Rivers Saone and Rhone — Fourvière — Hotel de Ville — Revolutionary Horrors at Lyon — Speech of Emperor Claudius — Roman Amphitheatre — Martyrs of Lyon — Cimetière — Arsenal — Death of Rev. S. Arnott — Chamberry Peasant — Notice of Martyrs in Second Century.

*Lyon, Capital of the department of the Rhone,
Saturday Night, Sept. 20th, 1823, about
789 miles out from Lausanne, and about
2302 from London, by our route.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

CHAMBERRY, which we left this morning, contains nearly twelve thousand souls. It is the capital of the duchy of Savoy, situ-

ated in a fruitful valley on the borders of Dauphiny, at the conflux of the rivers L'Aisse and D'Albans. It has a cathedral and three other churches, two convents, and about one hundred priests. I went this morning into the cathedral; it is dirty and mean, both within and without. I observed in it three boxes for charity; one of them for souls in purgatory (I give it word for word); the second for repairing the church; the third for offerings, without specifying the object—no box for the poor. I asked a person who called himself a bookseller (who, by the bye, was the only one in the town, and actually had only one book to sell, a Code of French laws) about the different institutions for religion. The man's wife, who was standing by, replied, they had an Archbishop, who had been simply bishop in Bonaparte's time, but who was now Archbishop of Chamberry, and *Prince Bishop of Geneva!* I stared. She said he was Bishop of the Christians at Geneva. I asked her what she called the twenty-five thousand Protestants who inhabited that town? She answered, they

were not Christians. I told her, then I was not one myself; she begged pardon, and said she meant Apostolical Roman Christians. I told her I believed in the Holy Scriptures, and in Jesus Christ our Lord, and in the doctrine of the Apostles, and therefore I was a good Apostolical Christian, though not a Papist.

I give this as a trait of character in a bettermost sort of person. It is the natural effect of the doctrine which excludes from everlasting salvation all who belong not to the Church of Rome. Bigotry and persecution follow as matters of course. I must say, however, that I have met with many Roman Catholics during my tour, who expressly assured me that they disbelieved this uncharitable tenet. One lady told me she had informed her priest in confession, that she never could receive it. Let only the holy doctrines and holy lives of Protestants be more and more known by the Catholics, and charity must and will overthrow so fatal a dogma. Indeed, if the Holy Scriptures are

once generally read, this and other doctrines of Popery must by degrees fall, in spite of Popes and councils.* We left Chamberry a quarter before eight.

We have now come seventy-two miles, to this ancient and noble city of Lyon.† We entered France at twelve, at Pont-beau-voisin. We had amazing difficulty in getting through the custom-house. I had left some necessary papers at Lausanne. The officers were however civil, and after hearing my story, at length allowed us to proceed. I believe we were detained four hours. Travellers cannot be too particular in carrying their papers with them wherever they go. The road was, in two parts of it, perhaps as fine as any thing we have seen. The passages of Les Echelles and of La Chaille are most terrific, from the immense rocks through which they have been made, and the fine scenery which surrounds

* See Notice at the end of this Letter.

† I observe it is generally spelt Lyons; but in the town itself they carefully omit the final s.

them. These roads were begun by a former Duke of Savoy in 1670, and at three different times resumed by Bonaparte without being completed. The present King of Sardinia has this last year or two just accomplished the whole; in fact, this Mount Cenis road, in general, seems to have been a work gradually carried on from the days of Augustus, that is, during eighteen centuries—a space of time sufficiently long. It is but a few years ago, that three or four oxen were regularly yoked to every carriage to aid the horses in the ascent of Les Echelles.

I remember Bishop Berkeley gives a frightful account of his passage on New Year's Day, 1714. He says he was carried in an open chair by men used to scale these craggy and dangerous rocks, and that his life often depended on a single step. Bonaparte put an end to this by making a tunnel, nine hundred and fifty feet, directly through the opposing rock. At another part of the route, the travellers were let down in a kind of sledge, at a most fearful rate. Much even now remains

to be done between Lyon and Turin; as the road for many stages is exceedingly bad. The towns and villages in Dauphiny are very miserable. The priests have mocked, as it were, this misery, by building in one or two of the market-places, splendid gilt crucifixes, which are in deep contrast with the poverty and wretchedness of every house within view.

Sunday, One o'clock at Noon.—I have had to-day the singular pleasure of attending a Protestant French Church. It was really quite delightful to hear the reader begin the worship of God by reading distinctly two chapters of the New Testament in French, so as to be understood by all the people. The singing; the Ten Commandments, word for word as they are in the Bible; the Summary of the Law, exactly as it is in Matt. xxii. 37—39; a Public Baptism; the confession of sins; the prayer; the sermon, all charmed me as the spiritual, reasonable, and instructive worship of God. Especially the reading of the Scriptures was so simple, so authoritative, so majes-

tic, so edifying; I do not wonder the Reformers laid so much stress on it. Indeed, I cannot express the striking difference between this simple Protestant worship and the farce, show, and mummerly of Popery at Martigny and Milan. All minor differences between Protestant churches, agreeing in the faith and love of our Lord Jesus Christ, sink into nothing before the frightful idolatry and superstition of Popery. Disputes about circumstantialia are impertinent -- divisions odious -- love should unite every heart, where main and necessary Scripture truth is felt and acknowledged. Indeed, one great reason of my hurrying on to Lyon against to-day, was to enjoy once more the unspeakable blessing of the pure public worship of Almighty God.

The sermon was, so far as I could hear (for I sat at a distance, and the church was crowded), pretty good, on an important topic, death; with many striking parts. I regret extremely to add, that there is but one service here on the Sunday, instead of three, or at the least,

two, which there surely ought to be, in an immense city like this. In walking to church, also, we were distressed to see the shops all half or a third part open, and customers going in and out, with crowds of persons at the coffee-houses. At Milan, the shops were universally shut.

But allow me, my dear sister, to turn to another, and to me, more solemn topic; this day twenty-two years, I was admitted into the sacred ministry of Christ's Church. What reflections crowd upon my mind! May I have grace to remember more and more the vows I then made; the duties to my Saviour and to his flock, which I then undertook; the unnumbered errors and defects of which, alas, I am too conscious (especially, as Archbishop Usher said on his dying bed, my sins of omission); the ceaseless mercies which I have received; and the short time which remains for me to labour for my own salvation, and the salvation of others! Here I am, travelling for my health, in a foreign land: thanks

be to God, that health is wonderfully restored ; so wonderfully, that I am not like the same person. But then I have been silent now fourteen Sundays, and the future is all uncertain. May God enable me, if I am permitted to return home, to feel more lively compassion for my fellow-creatures, to be more dead to worldly things, and to labour more abundantly in the sacred vineyard ; and may he pour out his Holy Spirit upon my kind friends who are supplying my lack of service ; yea, upon the universal Church ! Time carries us away as a flood. Souls are passing into eternity. Judgment is near. All is mere trifling compared with eternal salvation.

Ten o'clock, Sunday Night.—My younger son has been suffering all day with cold in his teeth. There is no fever, no head-ache, nothing but a rheumatic affection of the front teeth ; still this is very painful to him, and very embarrassing to me, being without my dearest wife ; and thus, it comes to me as a chastisement and admonition from my Heavenly Fa-

ther. How many, many mercies have we received during our long journey, and how little grateful have we been for them! May this indisposition work in him and in me the “peaceable fruits of righteousness! And on every occasion of suffering, slight, as well as severe, may I ever be disposed to say, “It is the Lord, let him do what seemeth him good.”

At four this afternoon, I left my elder son to nurse his brother; and went to a Catholic church to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I placed myself close under the pulpit, so that I understood almost the whole of the sermon; it was an able, energetic, striking discourse; not one word of Popery, properly speaking (which was the case also, as I have said, at Martigny), but defective, general, unevangelical, and therefore unscriptural and dangerous. His subject was the happiness of Heaven; he drew a striking picture of the glory, power, happiness, honour, &c. of the heavenly state. His immediate point was to prove, from Scripture and experience, how

much glory, power, happiness, &c. God bestows on his servants, and even enemies, here on earth; and then to infer the infinitely superior glory of heaven. He cited admirably the cases of Moses, Abraham, Joshua, David, Peter, &c. What then (you say) were the defects? The heaven he described was without the Saviour, without pardon, without holiness; his heaven was an intellectual, poetical, sublime sort of paradise; he took for granted too, that all were in the right way to it. Thus, almost all the great ends of preaching were lost, and worse than lost.

Still the sermon did me good, because much of it was true, as far as it went; and I was glad to hear a priest stand on Protestant ground, and appeal to the Bible, and the Bible only. Besides, my long absence from home has disposed me to receive with candour and delight any thing that approaches the truth of the Gospel in any part of a discourse. What the Apostle calls "itching ears," are soon cured, when a man for three or four

months has scarcely met with a single edifying, solid, scriptural sermon. England, alas, too often undervalues and abuses her abundant privileges. The immense church was crowded to excess, and hung on the lips of the preacher. He preached from memory. His manner was serious, vehement, impassioned. He so affected the people, that, at the pauses, positively nearly the whole congregation were in tears. I really think we have much to learn at home as to our manner of preaching: the two Catholic sermons I have heard, were incomparably superior to most of our English ones, in careful preparation, intelligible arrangement, forcible application to the conscience, fervent and earnest delivery—in short, in the whole MANNER of the address.

Lyon, Tuesday, Sept. 23.—We are still here; my dear son, though much better, cannot travel. I have called in the first physician in the town; for there are no apothecaries here as in England. The ordinary fee is three francs a visit; but five or six are expected, my

banker tells me, of an Englishman. The physician writes prescriptions, which are made up at the druggist's or pastry-cook's—for half his medicines are syrups and sweetmeats. I have sent his brother by the diligence to Geneva, that he may go on to Lausanne and fetch the rest of the family to me. By returning this way home, they will go very little out of their route, and they will also see Lyon, the second city of France. I am obliged, however, by this plan, to break my engagements with my kind friends at Geneva, which I had fixed for Thursday the 25th; and I much regret that I shall not revisit Lausanne.

I omitted to see several things there; especially the house and library of Gibbon. My friends told me that the library was locked up—no bad thing for the world: and that the terrace and summer-house, where he completed his history in 1787, were falling into decay.* He left, like all other daring infidels,

* The manner in which he records the termination of his work would be more, interesting, if the associations

a refutation of his principles behind him in the pride, impurity, vanity, and extreme sel-

raised in the Christian's mind could be separated from the recollection of it.

“ It was on the day, or rather night, of the 27th of June, 1787, between the hours of eleven and twelve, that I wrote the last line of the last page, in a summer-house in my garden. After laying down my pen, I took several turns in a *berceau*, or covered walk of acacias, which commands a prospect of the country, the lake, and the mountains. The air was temperate, the sky was serene, the silver orb of the moon was reflected from the waters, and all nature was silent. I will not dissemble the first emotions of joy on recovery of my freedom, and perhaps, the establishment of my fame.”

This last point was, in his view, the great object of life. Hope beyond death, he had none. He reluctantly confesses in another place, that “ the abbreviation of time and the failure of hope, tinged with a browner shade the evening of life.” “ The present,” he elsewhere acknowledges, “ is a fleeting moment, the past is no more ; and our prospect of futurity is dark and doubtful.” His attempts to persuade himself that death was distant, are apparent from the following passage :—“ This day may possibly be my last ; but the laws of probability, so true in general, so fallacious in particular, still allow about fifteen years.”

He wrote this sentence some time in the year 1788 ; but instead of fifteen years of life, he expired almost suddenly on the 16th of January, 1794, after scarcely a third part of the expected time had elapsed—and this of a disease which he had studiously concealed from others, and, as far as he could, from himself, for thirty-three years. So

fishness of his moral character.—As to fidelity and trust-worthiness in his history, it has been demonstrated that his statements of facts cannot at all be relied on, where Christianity is concerned. After these fatal deductions, to admit that he had great talents and powers, is only to augment the melancholy impression with which a Christian adverts to the name of a man who has contributed so largely to corrupt the first sources of historical truth.

Wednesday.—My eldest son set off in the mail yesterday, at a quarter before three, for Geneva and Lausanne. I sit with my remaining sick boy, read to him, talk with him, amuse him, give him his medicines; and yet contrive to take one or two walks about the town and neighbourhood in the course of the day. I

little was he aware of his danger, that he jested with Lord Sheffield on the subject almost to the last; and even when life was expiring, he told a friend that he considered himself to be a good life for ten, twelve, or perhaps, twenty years—this was said just twenty hours before his death.

Such is infidelity—so cold, so dark, so hopeless, so vain, so self-deceiving—I was going to say, so childish and absurd.

can, however, at present give you only a very inadequate account of Lyon. It contains one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls. This is immense for a city not the capital of the country. It was founded by the Romans about forty-two years before the Christian æra, and was called Lugdunum. It is finely situated at the confluence of the Saone and the Rhone, which flow nearly parallel for some time before their junction, and afford room for this noble city to rise on the tongue of land enclosed between the two rivers as they approach. Their channels are nearly equal in breadth, but the Rhone contains the greater volume of water, and rolls on to the Mediterranean. It is not as if London had two rivers like the Thames, between which its chief buildings and streets were raised.

Over these rivers the Lyonese have erected nine bridges, from which there are fine views of the interior of the town. On the banks they have formed delightful quays and walks. This is an advantage peculiar to Lyon. You

never saw such beautiful promenades for a mile or two together, on the sides both of the Saone and the Rhone, as there are here. Some of them are bordered with rows of trees, and are little inferior to those of Paris. The spot is pointed out by the guides where Hannibal is supposed to have crossed the Rhone in his celebrated invasion of Italy. The body of the old town is dirty, narrow, dark, miserable; but the new parts are open, spacious, elegant. We are at the Hotel du Provence in the Rue de la Charité. On our right hand, we can see the Rhone; on our left, there is the noble square, or place of Belle Cour, which is amongst the finest in Europe; it has walks of Linden trees on one side, and the range of hills called La Fourvière, rising beyond.

This hill of Fourvière was the object of my walk yesterday. Its proper name is Fort Viel, Forum Vetus, on which the ancient city of Lyon, or Lugdunum, in the time of the Romans, was founded (about the time of the death

of Cæsar). The view which I there obtained of the whole neighbourhood was superb ; absolutely it was enchanting. The vast expanse of unimpeded prospect, the noble rivers, the bridges, the buildings, the quays, the churches, the hills surrounding the town on one side, and clothed with country-houses and vineyards, were all sketched in the magnificent landscape ; whilst the distant Alps, including, when the weather is clear, the vast Alp of Mont Blanc (which may at times be discerned from Dijon, and even Langres, above 180 miles distant from it in a direct line), in the farther ground formed, as it were, the frame of the picture. Indeed the neighbourhood of Lyon is considered as more beautiful, as well as more rich and populous, than the vicinity of Paris.

How painful to turn from all these beauties to the chapel of Notre Dâme, on this eminence, which was re-opened by Pope Pius VII. at his last journey through Lyon. The Virgin here has wrought wonderful miracles, and people come on pilgrimage to it ! Half the chapel was covered with votive tablets. I

think I speak within compass, when I say there were thousands of them. Is this the way to cure the infidelity of the French? When will a little common sense enter the heads of the priests? But I check myself—I must remember that Popery is “a strong delusion;” or, as the Apostle’s expression may perhaps be more literally rendered, “the energy of error!”

I was much pleased with three soldiers whom I met at Fourvière, and who, seeing I was a stranger, really loaded me with civilities, with a gaiety of manner quite surprising—and then positively refused to take any recompense.

The revolutionists in 1793 did infinite mischief at Lyon. The Jacobins hated it for its loyalty, its virtues, its commerce; but the Royalists had the ascendancy in the town, till the Convention at Paris ordered it to be besieged. The place was taken by storm, and unknown murders were committed. The statues of Louis the XIV., two fountains, and all the

public buildings in Belle Cour, were levelled to the earth. The machinery of the chief manufacturers was broken to pieces, their houses razed to the ground, and themselves led to execution. The guillotine being too tardy an instrument of death, whole parties were crowded into boats and sunk. The Convention even decreed the demolition of the entire city, and the extinction of its name. A monument is raised to two hundred and ten Lyonnese who were coolly shot after the siege. Such is liberty pushed to licentiousness and outrage, and casting off the government of law.

Thursday Morning, Sept. 25th.—Lyon quite charms me. It is increasing daily. Buildings are rising on every side. Commerce has been regularly improving since the peace of 1815. During the Revolution all was decaying. The looms for velvet, silk, and gauze, were diminished from 10,000 to 1600; and the hands employed in the hat manufactories from 8,000 to about the same number. The silk manufacture, which came originally

from Italy, is now transferred to England. Still trade here generally is reviving. The printing and bookselling of this place are next to Paris in importance. There is a large military, as well as civil power, in the town. The streets are always crowded with people.

Friday Morning, Sept. 26th, Nine o'clock.—

My dear son, thank God, is amending. Yesterday I went to see the Hotel de Ville, and the Palais des Arts. The Hotel de Ville is one of the finest in Europe. It is an immense pile in the form of a quadrangle, with a noble court in the midst. The mayor resides there, and has state apartments, as in our Mansion House. The great staircase is adorned with a painting of the burning of the city, in the first century, as described by Seneca. The large hall was occupied with a balloon and parachute, in which Mselle. Garnerin is about to ascend *next Sunday*, and which is now exhibiting gratis. The Palais des Arts was, before the Revolution, an Abbey of Benedic-

tine nuns (the Garde des Corps and Gens-d'armes have here occupied another convent). It contains a curious collection of Egyptian, Greek, and Roman antiquities. A model of a temple found at Pompeii pleased me extremely.

But the most interesting thing is part of the speech of the Emperor Claudius, when censor of Rome, on the question of first admitting into the Roman senate the great personages of the neighbourhood of Lyon. It is engraven on bronze, and is now fixed in the wall of the Museum, so as to be easily legible. It was found in 1528, in digging a canal through a hill near Lyon. It consists of two columns, and every word is perfectly legible. It is the more valuable because Tacitus, in the Eleventh Book of his Annals, gives this self-same speech, but so altered and embellished, as scarcely to retain a trace of the original—the line of argument is quite different. It thus may serve, perhaps, as some test of the

fidelity of the other speeches of Tacitus and Livy.

It is a triumphant reflection, that the evidences of the truth of Christianity have been uniformly, and without a single exception, confirmed by all the discoveries of historical monuments during eighteen centuries. I alluded to this source of proof when I was giving you an account of Avenches in Switzerland.* Medals, speeches, altars, pillars, chronicles, arches, found in all countries; and of all ages, have united to confirm the facts on which Christianity rests. May this Christianity be purified from superstition and idolatry, and be displayed more and more in its native efficacy on the hearts and lives of mankind! It is not so much evidence that we want, as grace, repentance, faith, charity, holiness, the influences of the Blessed Spirit, primitive Christianity embodied in the lives and tempers of Christians.

* See vol. i. p. 278.

Saturday, Sept. 27th.—My dearest John is now nearly well. I expect my dear family from Lausanne to-night, and then our domestic circle will again be complete. I had no spirits yesterday, to go and see any thing; but this morning I have visited St. Irenée, the site of the ancient city, though now only a suburb. I here visited the Roman baths at the Ursuline Monastery (formerly so, for all the monasteries and convents were abolished at the Revolution). These baths consist of a series of numerous dark vaults, communicating with each other, about twenty feet under ground; but no longer interesting, except from their antiquity. I then went to what was the Garden of the Minimes, and saw the remains of the Roman Amphitheatre, where the early Christians were exposed to the wild beasts. This scene affected me extremely. The form of the Amphitheatre remains, after a lapse of sixteen or seventeen centuries. Some traces may be discovered of the rising seats of turf, and several dilapidated brick vaults seem to indicate the places where the wild beasts, and

perhaps the holy martyrs, were guarded. It is capable of holding an immense assemblage ---perhaps 30 or 40,000 persons. A still more elevated range of seats, to which you ascend by decayed stone steps, seems to have been the place allotted for the magistrates and regulators of the barbarous shows. A peaceful vineyard now flourishes where these scenes of horror once reigned. The tender garden shrub springs in the seats and vaults. The undisturbed wild flowers perfume the air. A stranger now and then visits the spot, and calmly inquires if that was the Amphitheatre which once filled all Christendom with lamentation. What a monster is persecution, whether Pagan, Popish, or Protestant! And yet, till the beginning of the last century, it was hardly banished from the general habits of Europe. Would to God that even now it could be said to be utterly rooted out!

I visited, after this, the Church of St. Irenée, built in the time of the Romans, when the liberty of public worship was refused the Chris-

tians. It is subterraneous[†] and contains the bones of the many thousand Christians who were martyred in the year 202, under the Emperor Severus. It is of this noble army of martyrs that Milner gives such an affecting account. An inscription on the church states, that St. Pothinus was sent by Polycarp, and founded it; and was martyred under the Emperor Antoninus; that St. Irenæus succeeded him, and converted an infinite multitude of Pagans, and suffered martyrdom, together with nineteen thousand Christians, beside women and children, in the year 202; and that in the year 470, the church was beautified. I have not an exact recollection of what Milner says, and therefore may be wrong in giving credit to some of these particulars; but I have a strong impression that the main facts agree with the tradition on the spot; and I confess, I beheld the scene with veneration. I could almost forgive the processions which are twice in the year made to this sacred place,* if it were not

* See Notice of Martyrs of Lyon, p. 187.

for the excessive ignorance and superstition attending them.

Near to this church are some fine remains of a Roman aqueduct, for conveying water to the city, built at the time of Julius Cæsar. A convent of three hundred nuns has arisen since the peace, in the same place, of the order of St. Michel, where many younger daughters are sent from the best families, to be got out of the way, just the same as under the ancient regime. In saying this, I do not forget that the education in many of the convents is, in some respects, excellent, and that the larger number of young persons are placed there merely for a few years for that purpose. Still the whole system is decidedly bad, and unfriendly to the highest purposes of a generous education.

The cimetière, or public burial ground, is a fine spacious plot of five hundred feet by eight hundred, planted with trees, and guarded

from all outrage. It affords many an affecting, solemn, instructive lesson. One walks amongst the monuments of those who were once gay, and learned, and skilful, and eager, and successful as ourselves; and who thought as little of death as most of those do who stop to number their graves. A brief space of thirty years sweeps off an entire generation, and levels all the momentary distinctions of life. Happy they who so number their days, as to apply their hearts unto wisdom! As I returned to our hotel, I visited the remains of the arsenal, which was burnt down in the siege of 1793. Our physician tells me, the scenes of that period were terrific; he really trembled when he began to talk of it. No wonder Bonaparte was hailed as a deliverer from its horrors. I am struck in passing through the streets near the churches, to see women with stalls selling pictures as offerings to the Virgin; this marks the popular taste for superstition, which is reviving; and is a most unfavourable symptom.

Saturday Evening, Ten o'clock.—My dearest wife, with my son and daughter, arrived at eight o'clock this evening; all in perfect health, through God's great goodness: I never saw them look so well. Daniel reached Geneva at three o'clock on Wednesday; went the next day to Lausanne, settled every thing there, set off in our other voiture with post-horses on Friday (yesterday) morning, and arrived here safely this evening, after a journey of one hundred and thirty miles. It is quite delightful to me to see them all again in such health and comfort. Ann has brought me three letters from you; one dated July 9th, from Cologne; the second, August 21st; and the third, Sept. 8th: this makes the series complete. The varied information they contain interests me beyond expression.

The death of my dearest brother and friend Arnott* wounds me to the heart. What a loss

* The Rev. Samuel Arnott, perpetual curate of Eastbourne, near Midhurst.

to his family and his parishes! But what a happy Christian death! I am bereaved of a friend not to be replaced; a friend, whose advice, piety, and judgment, were only equalled by his sincerity and tenderness. His sudden departure overwhelms me. He was ten years younger than myself, and died, it seems, after an illness of only a few days. He had been, from his earliest childhood, remarkable for piety. His studies at the University were diligent and successful, and directed to the highest ends. During the time that he was curate at St. John's, his conscientious activity in every branch of his duties was most exemplary. He left me about ten years back, on obtaining a small living in Sussex. Here his wisdom, spirituality of mind, compassion to the poor, friendliness and devoted zeal, connected with the faithful preaching of the holy truths of the Gospel, gave him such an influence, that he was beloved and honored by all his parishioners. It had been his practice from his youth to read the entire Bible through every

year—an admirable trait, and quite characteristic of the man. The clergyman who attended his dying bed, has sent me a most interesting account of the last scenes. Undisturbed, calm, resigned, with a meek reliance on the merits of his Saviour, and anticipating with sacred pleasure the joy and holiness of heaven, he fell asleep in Christ.

Sunday Morning, Sept. 28th.—Thank God, we have all had a peaceful night. This is my fifteenth Sunday of entire silence and rest from the composition and delivery of sermons. I attribute my present change of health, under God, to this cessation from labour. But it is painful to me. My Sundays are my grief and burden. The sudden call of my dear Arnott fills me with solemn anticipations of my own account, so soon to be rendered at the bar of Christ my Saviour. I beg the earnest prayers of all my friends, that I may be enabled to “walk humbly with my God;” and at length “finish my

course with joy, and the ministry which I have received of the Lord Jesus." My gratitude in having all my dear family well and comfortable around me, is great.

Yours,

D W.

NOTICE

Of a Chamberry Peasant.*

As the impression I received of the religious state of Chamberry was unfavourable, I feel a peculiar pleasure in relating the following anecdote. Two English ladies were passing through a valley in the neighbourhood of Chamberry a year or two back. They met a female peasant of an interesting appearance, apparently between twenty and thirty years of age. They engaged in conversation with her, and found she was in service, and had by her industry saved money enough to buy a cow, which she had presented to her parents. Upon turning the conversation towards religion, she took out a book in which was the following paper sealed in it, which her priest had given her. I add, though it is scarcely worth while, a translation, as the lines happen to be short.

* Referred to p. 155.

| | |
|------------------------------|-----------------------------|
| Chrétien, souviens tu que tu | Christian, remember that |
| as aujourd'hui | thou hast to-day |
| Un Dieu à glorifier, | A God to glorify, |
| Un Christ à imiter, | A Christ to imitate, |
| Tous les anges à honorer, | All the angels to honor, |
| Une ame à sauver, | A soul to save, |
| Un corps à mortifier, | A body to mortify, |
| Des vertus à demander, | Virtues to implore, |
| Des péchés à pleurer, | Sins to weep over, |
| Un paradis à gagner, | A paradise to gain, |
| Un enfer à éviter, | A hell to avoid, |
| Une éternité à méditer, | An eternity to meditate on, |
| Un temps à ménager, | Time to husband, |
| Un prochain à édifier, | A neighbour to edify, |
| Un monde à appréhender | A world to fear, |
| Des démons à combattre, | Devils to combat, |
| Des passions à abattre, | Passions to subdue, |
| Et, peut-être, la mort à | And, perhaps, death to suf- |
| souffrir, | fer, |
| Et le jugement à subir. | And judgment to undergo. |

Upon further talking with her, she seemed really impressed with the importance of the truths contained in the paper, and to be endeavouring to practise them daily. I cannot describe the pleasure which such individual facts afford me. The load which weighs upon

my mind when I reflect on the system of Popery, is sensibly lightened when I find that by a happy inconsistency (which is not confined to the Roman Catholic communion) the hearts and lives of many are so much better than their creed would lead one to expect. May God increase the number!

NOTICE

Of Martyrs of Lyon.*

Upon looking carefully into Milner's Ecclesiastical History, since I came home, I find there were two early persecutions of the Christians at Vienne and Lyon (neighbouring French towns), one about the year of our Lord 169, under the Emperor Marcus Antoninus; the second under Septimus Severus, about the year 202. The first of these is best known, and the accounts in Milner refer to it. The scene of its cruel executions was the amphitheatre which I visited as I have above mentioned. The second is not so credibly attested, but at the same time may on the whole be believed to have taken place. The church of St. Irenée relates exclusively to it. Pothinus was Bishop of Lyon during the first cruelties; he had been a disciple of the blessed Polycarp, the contemporary of the Apostle

* Referred to p. 177.

John. He perished about the year 169, being upwards of ninety years of age: he had been sent, in all probability, by Polycarp from Smyrna to found these French churches; for the merchants of Smyrna and Lyon were the chief navigators of the Mediterranean sea. This could not be very long before the persecution burst out. He was accompanied in his apostolical labours by Irenæus, an Asiatic Greek also, who wrote the interesting and authentic account of the first acts of the martyrs, preserved by Eusebius, and given so well by Milner. Irenæus succeeded Pothinus as bishop, and suffered martyrdom in the persecution of 202.

In the first persecution of 169, the power of divine grace appeared little less than apostolical in the church of Lyon. The Christians were exposed not once only, but several times to the wild beasts in the very amphitheatre over which I walked—one day extraordinary of these brutal shows was given to the people, for the sake of exposing a greater number of

Christians. Some were previously led round the amphitheatre, a tablet being carried before them, simply with the words, "These are Christians;" for the term Christian was then used instead of arguments, just as the words Lollard, Puritan, Pietist, Methodist, Calvinist, Evangelical, Saint, &c. have since supplied its place. The Christians, if the beasts failed to destroy them, were placed in hot iron chairs. A most eminent female martyr, Blandina, was four several times tormented in the most savage manner. Once she was suspended from a stake in the form of a cross, and exposed as food to the wild beasts, none of whom however at that time touched her; on another day she was first scourged, then torn by the beasts in the amphitheatre, then placed in the scorching iron chair, and lastly, enclosed in a net and thrown to a bull, which having tossed her for some time, she breathed her last in the firm faith of Christ. Under all these sufferings the martyrs remained unmoved, yea, rejoiced in the name of the Lord Jesus, and were filled with the comforts of the Holy

Ghost, and the hopes of a blessed resurrection. I really cannot divest my mind of the associations awakened by these affecting circumstances, connected with my visit to the very spot where they occurred.

The second persecution took place when Irenæus was bishop, in the year 202, about thirty or forty years after the first, and under the Emperor Severus, who is generally thought to have been governor of Lyon during the preceding one. Our accounts of it are slender. Gregory of Tours and the ancient martyrologists inform us, "that after several torments Irenæus was put to death, and together with him almost all the Christians of that populous city, whose numbers could not be reckoned, so that the streets of Lyon flowed with the blood of Christians." Mr. Milner thinks this statement may be somewhat exaggerated; but he considers that there is no circumstance of improbability in the fact itself, and that the known cruelty of Severus, and his former connection with Lyon, gives to the persecu-

tion a strong degree of credibility. It is to this second persecution that the subterraneous church of St. Irenée, and the inscription concerning the nineteen thousand Christians, refers. Milner says nothing of the vestiges and records of these two fiery trials, still subsisting at Lyon. But I cannot help thinking they add some weight to facts already attested by the evidence which I have detailed. At least to my mind the connection is most instructive and affecting.

We find that about the year 250, the Gospel which had so gloriously begun in Lyon, was flourishing and diffusing itself in France. A bishop named Saturninus was then at Toulouse. Several other churches had been founded, as at Tours, Arles, Narbonne, and Paris. The bishops of Thoulouse and Paris afterwards suffered for the faith of Christ; but they left churches, in all probability, very flourishing in piety. And France in general was blessed with the light of salvation.

I say nothing here of Peter Waldo, the celebrated Reformer, of Lyon, because he did not flourish till the twelfth century. But I cannot altogether omit the name of Agobard, Archbishop of Lyon, in the ninth century, who wrote against the abuse of pictures and images, and boldly maintained that we ought not to worship any image of God, except that which is God himself, his eternal Son; and, that there is no other mediator between God and man, except Jesus Christ, both God and man—an early and clear testimony against Popish corruptions.

LETTER XVI.

Lyon, September 28.—Geneva, October 6th, 1823.

Second Sunday at Lyon—Library—Hôtel Dieu—Hôtel de la Charité—Sick Family—Journey to Geneva—Professor of Lausanne—Perte du Rhone—L'Ecluse—Ferney—Voltaire—Catholics at Geneva—Fine Walks—Translation of Scott—Satigny—Rejected Regent—Religious Doctrine—Plan of Central Switzerland—Cathedral—Library—English Clergy—Sunday at Geneva—Minister from Les Cevennes—Règlement—M. Simond's Defence answered.

*Lyon, September 28th, 1823,
Sunday Evening.*

MY DEAREST SISTER,

OUR sermon this morning, at the Protestant church was good; but not so simple and awakening as the vast concerns of eternity demand at the hand of the minister of the

Gospel. I spoke, after service, to a respectable gentleman near me, who turned out to be a minister, the former pastor of a French Protestant church; for it is a curious thing, that after a certain age the Protestant clergy, though in the possession of all their powers, and in tolerably good health, retire, as no longer capable of exciting that effect which depends on powerful and energetic voice and action. This is quite shocking. It makes preaching a sort of rhetorical declamation, instead of the simple and authoritative manifestation of the truth of the Gospel. It commends itself to the taste, rather than the consciences of men. It relies on "the enticing words of man's wisdom," rather than the grace and demonstration of the Holy Spirit. In short, it "makes the Cross of Christ of none effect." This minister informed me there were five or six thousand Protestants in and about Lyon; and yet only one church, and one service in that church. There is a Bible Society which he tells me is not very flourishing. The Government now is not favourable to the Protestants.

In the Catholic churches I could find out no sermon. I sent out a servant to inquire with much care; I also searched myself; but in vain. The interesting discourse of last Sunday, made me quite eager to hear a second. Thus, one hundred and seventy-five thousand souls were, I fear, without any public instruction to-day on the doctrine of salvation, except the few hundreds at the Protestant Church. In fact, the Sabbath, which should be "our delight, holy of the Lord and honourable," is lost on the Continent. When it is spoken of, it is called a fête or holy-day, indiscriminately with the Nativity or Assumption of the Virgin Mary; and these fêtes are the regular seasons of public processions, and celebrations. Nay, the newspapers, the theatres, &c., are actually suspended on St. Francis' day or the Feast of the Virgin; but on the Sunday are regularly carried on, and more eagerly followed than ever. The Sunday is, in short, the day for shows, amusements, dissipation, vicious pleasures of every kind.

There are, of course, thousands in the Protestant churches who keep sacred this holy day, and rejoice in its blessed services as much as the most devout Englishman can do. In the Catholic church also there are doubtless many, many real servants of Christ who do the same. But speaking generally, the Sabbath is utterly lost on the Continent—it is no longer the LORD'S DAY, but the day of the GOD OF THIS WORLD. A new reformation is wanted. The spirit of the martyrs of Lyon is extinct. May the same grace which formed that noble army in the early ages of Christianity, descend again on Lyon in these latter times! And may England avoid, as the most fatal of downfalls, the desecration of the holy Sabbath! Our Sunday travelling, Sunday visits, and above all, Sunday newspapers, terrify my mind. I cannot conceive how it is that the mere mask of loyalty and church principles, assumed by some of these demoralizing journals, should blind the judgment of any sincere Christian to their most pernicious tendency.—We have had

our two private services. My heart is at St. John's.

Monday, September 29th.—I have but little to say to-day; indeed, my letters must, of necessity, become dull and uninteresting now we are all stationary in a town. My eldest son and I have visited this morning the Public Library, which contains one hundred and twenty thousand volumes, the largest provincial collection in France. It occupies a fine building on the right bank of the Rhone. We saw a part of a bomb which, in 1793, had been thrown by the mad Revolutionists into the Library. It penetrated a large globe; the part of the bomb, as well as the hole it made, remain unaltered.

We went next to L'Hôtel Dieu, an immense hospital, one of the honours and ornaments of France. It was first founded in the sixth century; the chief rooms are divided into four compartments, with an altar in the middle, from which the prayers may be heard by all

the patients. There are eleven hundred beds, one hundred and fifty nurses, eight physicians, and a laboratory for medicines. The nurses are called "Les Sœurs de la Charité." They form a religious order, and entirely devote themselves to attendance on the sick in the hospital. They wear a dress of brown stuff—their crucifix hangs low from the neck—their whole appearance is clean and respectable. This is a religious body, like that at Great St. Bernard, really useful to the community; and it gives me sincere pleasure to recognize the fact. Would to God there were more such institutions as "the salt of the earth," amidst the corrupt mass of Popish errors! The front of the hospital facing the Rhone is magnificent, and is now nearly completed. The bedsteads of the patients are of iron, and every thing had the appearance of cleanliness and comfort.

The Hospice de la Charité next attracted our curiosity; it is quite a separate thing from the former. It is a religious establishment, consisting of fifty sisters, and twenty brethren,

de la Charité; these superintend the house, which receives three or four hundred old persons above the age of seventy, who are entirely supported, clothed, and fed in the Hospice. It maintains also seven or eight thousand foundlings or orphan children, chiefly at nurseries in the country. It admits also *des filles enceintes*, for their lying-in. This part of the plan fills me with great apprehension as to its moral tendency. It seems to me to be a premium upon vice. The fearful numbers of exposed or foundling children is a mournful proof of degenerated morals; one thousand three hundred and eighty have been here received this year, that is in nine months; a large proportion, I should think, of all the births at Lyon.*

* The moral state of the population of Paris is not better. I observe in the statistical tables of that city, that out of 27,070 births in the year 1823, 9,806 were of natural children, being rather more than a THIRD part of the total number. The union of misery with vice may be inferred from the fact, that as nearly as possible, the same proportion of persons died in the public hospitals of that city; i. e. 8,227 out of a total of 24,500.

I am quite sure that the licensing and raising taxes from gambling-houses, and other places of a profligate character, must directly tend to countenance and increase fatal immoralities. How infinitely preferable is the honest integrity of our English laws, which connive at no species of vice, much less attempt to raise taxes from the commission of gross crimes against society. The whole system must be rotten to the core to admit of this recognition and encouragement of the very worst evils. It is a still viler practice to suffer wretches stationed within houses of the most abandoned description, to be inviting passengers to enter, with a loud voice, and in the middle of the day. What a falling off, since the noble spirit of piety in this very town could induce so many thousands to die as martyrs for the name of the Lord Jesus! What a difference between the second and the nineteenth century! Then men were ready to suffer death rather than sin against God; now they tolerate the most open seductions to vice and iniquity.

Tuesday, One o'clock, Noon.—A respectable Protestant minister residing at Lyon, called on me yesterday. I had a long conversation with him, in which he endeavoured to excuse, though he could not defend, the *règlement* at Geneva. This morning I went and breakfasted with him and his wife and family; all amiable, obliging;—but I should have rejoiced to have seen something more of the spirit of real Christianity. He had the finest collection of engravings of Swiss scenery that I have yet seen—and no wonder. When a youth, he ascended Mont Blanc with his father and M. De Saussure, in 1786. In the course of conversation he expressed great surprise at the state of Ireland—at our refusing the Catholics civil privileges—at our want of church room—at our neglect of the education of our poor—at the disturbances and riots in England. I made such answers as I could on these points. He informed me also of his intention of visiting London at the time of our great religious meetings. This is not the first occasion I have had to observe the many incidental but important

benefits of our public anniversaries. They attract the regard of foreigners; and are the means of encouraging or kindling a spirit of piety in those who attend them at first chiefly from curiosity!

Before I left him, he requested me to visit an English family in his neighbourhood which had just lost its father. I went. I found a widow and four grown-up daughters. What was my astonishment to discover, after a while, that it was a family who had lived in the very house in which I was born, in London! They have been three years at Lyon. They are extremely well spoken of. The father died yesterday afternoon. The visit, though short, seemed much to relieve them. Thus, in a foreign land, some little duties of charity present themselves to those who are willing to perform them. If God had pleased, the affliction and death might have been in my own house! My son Daniel is to attend the funeral for me to-morrow; for I am obliged to go off, for a few days, to Geneva, about Scott's

Bible. I should have gone last week, if my son's illness had not prevented me. My friends are waiting to hold the promised meeting. I intend rejoining my family on Tuesday at Dijon, on the way to Paris.

Geneva, 116 miles from Lyon, Wednesday Evening, Seven o'clock, Oct. 1, 1823.—I set off in the mail from Lyon at three yesterday afternoon, and arrived here at half-past three this afternoon. . This said mail coach is a heavy lumbering carriage, with an infinity of luggage, travelling four miles and three quarters in the hour. I was in the cabriolet, a sort of outside seat, in-front of the carriage, with the prolonged roof of the coach to cover me, and a good leather to draw up in front; so that I paid the same as for an inside place (twenty-two francs, about seventeen shillings for 116 miles); the evening and night were warm and fine, and the morning was charming. The country which we passed before night-fall was beautiful, on the banks of the Rhone, which you remember flows from Geneva to Lyon.

We had supper at ten o'clock, at Pont d'Ain, and I actually dosed and slept all the night afterwards, and a good part of to-day.

We breakfasted at Bellegarde at eight, and walked to see what is called La Perte du Rhone—the Loss of the Rhone; a most curious phenomenon. The Rhone flows majestically from Geneva, in a bed of two or three hundred feet, till it reaches a defile between the mountains Jura and Vouache, where it has only from sixty to one hundred and twenty feet of width. The rocks then become narrower and narrower, till such huge and insuperable masses present themselves, that the river, unable to break through them, has made itself a passage underneath. The Rhone disappears for sixty feet. Its breadth at this point is about fifteen feet. It then rises again, and soon resumes its noble tide. I never saw any thing at all resembling it: you stand upon the bridge, and view on one side of it the fine river flowing along; and on the other side, where you expect it to continue its course, there is nothing

to be seen but a bed of rocks perfectly dry. The fact is, the river engulphs itself under the ruins of the masses fallen from the neighbouring mountains; so that you may go down by a ladder and examine the vast defile, the walls of which are 150 feet deep. At the point where the rocks first narrow themselves a strong fort is built, L'Ecluse, between the mountains Jura and Vouache, which Julius Cæsar described one thousand eight hundred years ago.* It is the only entrance into France from the French part of Switzerland.

As we drew near Geneva we passed Ferney, and I ran up to see the château where Voltaire lived, and the church which, in hypocrisy the most detestable, he built near it. The church is low and mean, the shelving roof reaching almost to the ground. It is inscribed to Almighty God. The usual sort of crucifix is within. Still it was something for

* Iter angustum et difficile inter Montem Jura et flumen Rhodanum, vix quâ singulares curri ducerentur. De Bell. Gall. l. i. c. 6.

Christianity to have forced such a man to acknowledge in any way her importance and truth.

One of the first effects of the revival of true religion, or even of sound learning, in France, I should think, would be to lower the credit of this profligate, crafty, superficial, ignorant, incorrect writer. What plea can the poignancy of wit, or the force of satire, or the talent of ridicule, or the possession of a fascinating style, or the power of brilliant description, or an extensive superficial knowledge of sciences, or an affected humanity on a few popular occasions, form, in a Christian country, for a man who employed them all, with a bitterness and ferocity of mind amounting almost to madness, against the Christian religion and the person of the Saviour? It is an unhappy circumstance that the present French Government has mingled party politics with his name, and thus attached a new popularity to his impious works. Twenty years ago he was comparatively forgotten. No new edition of his

writings was thought of. At the restoration, in 1814, his tomb was disturbed, and indignities offered to his remains. The consequence of this ill-judged and petty revenge has been, that ten or more large editions of his works have been sold since—some of them in the form of small pamphlets, by a weekly publication, for the cottages of the poor.*

* When I arrived at Paris, one of the first things I heard was, that a BIBLE SOCIETY had been formed at Ferney, chiefly by the aid of the Baron de Stael. What a noble triumph for Christianity over the most daring infidelity!

It is delightful for me to be able to add, that a PROTESTANT CHURCH is about to be built at Ferney; and that so little have the principles of Voltaire succeeded in permanently effacing the memory of Christianity from the minds of men, even in his own village, that a contest is likely to arise amongst the two great bodies of Christians in France, as to which shall have the honour of raising a second edifice there for the purposes of public worship in the name of JESUS CHRIST THE LORD. I give the following extract with peculiar feelings of joy. The patronage of the French Government is a most gratifying circumstance indeed.

“ It is intended to erect a Protestant church at Ferney, which will be at the same time a monument of the triumph of Christian principles, and of the progress of religious liberty. The French government has granted one hundred Napoleons for that purpose. The King of the Netherlands

I am now at Geneva, for the purpose of inquiring after the translation of Scott. It is quite painful to me to be thus separated so often from my dear family ; but circumstances of duty render it indispensable. Before I finish to-night, tired as I am, I must tell you what peculiarly agreeable companions I had on the road ; a Professor of Divinity at Lausanne, a great friend of the Bible Society, and his family. We soon became acquainted, and had a great deal of interesting conversation—I tried to do some good to a pious, but apparently timid man. It was an occasion, which I endeavoured to use to the very best of my

has given a donation of fifty Napoleons, to promote the object.

“ Since it has been announced that a Protestant church is in progress, the Roman Catholics have determined to erect a splendid structure there ; and it is greatly to be feared that the completion of the Catholic church will reproach the tardiness and indifference of Protestants in affording the means of completing the yet unfinished erection designed for the Protestant worship.”*

judgment, especially in the way of removing prejudice and stimulating to zeal. I could not but observe the marked respect which he paid to our English Episcopal Church. Indeed I have often noticed that the most enlightened and best informed ministers of the foreign Reformed Churches, have no dislike to the Episcopal model; but, on the contrary, prefer it to their own, as more scriptural in itself, and as clearly supported by antiquity from the very age of the Apostles. One most pious minister told me, that he believed if Calvin and Beza had adopted the wise and moderate course of our English Reformers on these points, the whole of France would have been Protestant. In fact, I think it is now admitted generally by the most competent judges, that the violent rejection of the ancient ecclesiastical government by bishops, and an eager interference in secular disputes and affairs appertaining to the state, were amongst the chief external hindrances to the progress of the Reformation. But I must really wish you good night.

Geneva, Thursday, Oct. 2, Three o'clock.---

Thank God I slept twelve hours last night.---
This morning I have been walking about the town, partly on the affair of the translation, and partly to obtain further information as to the moral and religious habits of the town. In passing along the streets, I observed a procession of Catholic priests, and followed them into the Catholic church. They were celebrating mass for the repose of the soul of the late Pope. An immense kind of tomb was erected in the middle of the church, with inscriptions on each side, and bougies lighted all around. Printed papers were given about in the church, with a copy of the inscriptions, and an extract from an artful seductive letter, of the late Pope, relative to the Genevese.

One of the inscriptions was the famous text, "Thou art Peter, and on this rock I will build my church, and the gates of hell shall not prevail against it;"—quite forgetting, or perverting, the whole scope of the passage;—for every candid reader sees that our Lord spoke of

Peter, not personally, but instrumentally, as confessing the deity and mediation of Christ, and about to preach this for the conversion of mankind; and that those can claim the promise, and those only, in each succeeding age, who answer to the character to which it was made. But any thing serves for a pretext where the Holy Scriptures are unknown. What most struck me was, to see this in the heart and centre of a Protestant city. It was, however, the French who first compelled the Genevese to admit the Catholics.

In coming from Lyon to Geneva, I noticed, that the postillions and common people rather ridiculed the priests than otherwise. At dinner to-day, at the table-d'hôte, I met three French gentlemen, pretty well informed; Bonaparte was the topic of their admiration; they also much praised England for the unity which animated it the moment any common danger threatened; this formed, in their view, the greatness of our nation.—The environs of Geneva are very fine. I walked to-day, on the

bastion, or promenade of the Rhone; at the end of which there is a charming view of the Lake and adjoining country. La Treille is another beautiful promenade of a similar kind. But the town itself is crowded and mean, except the upper streets and buildings on the summit of the hill, which are noble and handsome. The weather is cold—a good deal of snow fell last night on the Jura, over which I passed on Tuesday; and on Mount St. Bernard, I understand, it lies four feet deep, with so strong a wind as almost to carry away the traveller.

Eight o'clock.—I have had a meeting with the translators of Scott, and have been delighted. All is going on well. The chief translator has a secretary to copy the manuscript—every thing promises that St. Matthew will be ready for the press in a few months. I was introduced to a French minister of Hamburgh, of rare talents, and as rare piety, who will, I trust, help me. I shall, however, have enough to do, both here and at Paris, to arrange de-

tails. As I went to the meeting, I called on a gentleman to whom I had an introduction. I was grieved at the spirit of prejudice and bigotry which he showed against all sorts of evangelical truth—a harsh, violent, unpracticable man—confessedly a Socinian in principle. He really frightened me by his fierce attack on spiritual religion. What a blessing to have been educated in sounder views of the Gospel of our Lord and Saviour, and to have some hope that we know and love that Saviour in sincerity of heart! If any thing can be wrong, it must be that unrelenting proud spirit which aims at dishonouring the Lord Jesus—to exalt whom, in his deity and atonement, was the great scope of the apostolic writers.

I forgot to say, that my friend, the Professor of Lausanne, told me that he had distributed near eight thousand Bibles in his Canton, and finds that six thousand more will be wanted, in order to supply the whole deficiency; he has also nearly raised a fund, the interest of

which will supply the poor of the Canton de Vaud with Bibles in perpetuity. How much solid good may one man do, and a man who, in some respects, may be deemed too fearful; and what a public benefit is the Bible Society, to present a suitable object to such a man; and what a seed of future blessings does the permanent circulation of Bibles in a whole canton, cast in the earth, as it were, and leave there to vegetate, and to produce, by the grace of God, in after years, an abundant harvest!

Friday Evening, half-past Nine, Oct. 3.—

This morning, at nine, I accompanied some pious friends to Satigny, about six miles from Geneva. The morning was wet; but the ride was through a fine country. Satigny contains about one thousand two hundred souls; towards whom the minister I went to visit is a true shepherd. We had a little committee for four hours on the affair of Scott's Bible. My friend from Hamburgh has agreed to undertake the translation of Milner's Church His-

tory, and thus relieve my chief translator of a work for which he was engaged, and leave him at liberty to devote himself to Scott.

We returned from Satigny about four; and as soon as I had dined, I went to hear an excellent minister, who was some time since removed from his office in the college at Geneva on account of his evangelical sentiments. I was pleased. His manner was so pathetic, so calm, so persuasive, and his matter, upon the whole, so edifying, that I have scarcely heard any thing like it since I left London. He is a valuable man, a deeply pious, spiritually-minded Christian, and a preacher of first-rate powers: there is an inexpressible unction in all he delivers. Still his doctrine is a little too high, in my opinion, to be quite scriptural or safe in the long run; he does not sufficiently unite the preceptive and cautionary parts of Holy Writ with the consolatory and elevating—a fault not important in a single discourse, but momentous as extending over the whole system of a minister's instructions;

and more especially if he stand almost alone, or be watched and suspected by his superiors in the church, or attract particular observation on account of the difficulties of his situation.

It is one thing to preach the fall of man, his impotency and ruin, justification by faith only, adoption, salvation by grace, regeneration by the Holy Spirit, the joy and comfort of communion with our heavenly Father, the merciful will of God in our election and in the power and grace which preserves to everlasting life—in connection with the warnings, alarms, cautions, threatenings, precepts, and general commands of God, as they lie in Holy Scripture: and to preach these doctrines without such authoritative and indispensable accompaniments. The two things are quite distinct. The one produces the real fruits of holy consistent love and obedience; the other is most defective in this important respect, as well as in many others. In short, the one is scriptural, unerring truth; the other a human, fallible system. I am sure the Reformers well

understood this distinction. It is quite surprising to observe the wisdom and moderation of their writings. It was not their manner to push any one particular doctrine to excess, much less to exclude the practical parts of Christianity. Let any one read the publications of Luther or Melancthon, Calvin or Beza, Zuingle or Bullinger, Cranmer or Jewel—especially let him peruse the Book of Homilies of the Church of England, and he will be convinced of what I say. In fact, one of the sorest causes of grief to these holy men was the appearance, from time to time, of indiscreet and unscriptural teachers in the Protestant bodies, who “drew away disciples after them.”

Still the sermon, which has drawn forth all these remarks, did me good. I passed over what I thought less scriptural; and was edified, animated, cheered by the general tenor of the address. Whilst I was with my friend and translator, I looked for a minute into Milner's History, and found, to my delight,

that the martyrs at Lyon were amongst the most holy of the primitive Christians. I now look back on Lyon, its amphitheatre, its subterraneous church, &c. with double interest.

I forgot to say that the King of the Netherlands has begun to appoint the ministers to the Protestant churches, when they are vacant; because the dissensions and animosities occasioned by the elections threw the towns into confusion. This right the King has just claimed, as I am informed, without asking any one's leave. Our King's prerogative of nominating bishops and deans was derived from a different source. The Reformation placed it in his hands when the supremacy of Rome was disavowed. But the chapters of cathedrals, I suppose, originally lost the choice from similar mischiefs. Popular elections in the church are the worst of all evils. In England all these appointments pass through the hands of the known and responsible ministers of the crown, which secures many of the ends of a free election without its attendant incon-

veniences. May the grace of God descend on our happy country, and sway public opinion more and more on matters of religion; and our sees will be proportionally adorned with primitive and apostolical pastors.

I observe everywhere a certain jealousy of England in the breasts of the people abroad, and even of some good people. This feeling probably would not exist to the degree it does, if English travellers conducted themselves with sound judgment, discretion, and Christian affection. Even now there are many thousand continental Christians who feel and express the sincerest love and the strongest attachment to their British brethren. Still I shall need much prudence in managing the translation of Scott, and obtaining an entrance for it amongst the great body of Protestants all over the continent who speak or read French—for my object is nothing less. The English and French languages divide the civilized world. I see clearly that the project could only be safely trusted to private hands; a public society

would not only spoil the work as a literary performance, but excite additional distrust and suspicion under the present circumstances of the continent.

Saturday Evening, Nine o'clock, Oct. 4.—

I have had a very long, interesting, and instructive day. I have been out ten hours visiting the town. The views from Geneva—for here I must begin my story—are most beautiful. From the fortifications, you behold on all sides a fruitful and variegated country; with the Alps and nearer foreground of mountains covered with snow. I sat for a minute on a bench, about three o'clock, just out of the town, and I could not help quite breaking out into exclamations of surprise at the enchanting prospect around me. I took a boat afterwards, and rowed (for the last time) on this lovely Lake. I was more delighted, if possible, than ever. But I must really cease to talk of my impressions of Swiss scenery. I am, perhaps, more enthusiastic on this subject just now, because I have seen to-day an admirable

model of the greater part of my Swiss tour. It was twenty-six feet long by eighteen. The scale was small, Mont Blanc being only eleven inches high, instead of fifteen thousand five hundred and thirty feet; but it was quite sufficient to recal all my feelings of pleasure. It included Geneva on one side, and the Grimsel, Furca, Lucern, &c. on the others. I believe I told you that I saw a similar model of the centre of Switzerland, at Lucern, by General Pfyffer.

The next object I must mention is the Cathedral, a fine, spacious, unadorned building, with benches only (like all the Reformed churches), and the names of each proprietor pasted on the back of his seat. It contains the tomb of Henry, Duc de Rohan the chief of the Protestant party in France, at the beginning of the seventeenth century. In the time of the Romans, a Temple of the Sun stood on the spot. The noble reformers and divines of Geneva who had preached there two or three centuries back, came forcibly to, my recollection, as I

walked through the solemn aisles—Farell—Viret—Calvin—Beza—Turretin, &c. For after all, it is not the buildings, but the men who filled them, and preached the Gospel of Christ to a lost world, which gives the real interest, and excites the warmest and most grateful associations of thought, in such visits.

I visited after this the public Library of fifty thousand volumes, which is open to all the city. It is curious to learn that haberdashers, tailors, watchmakers, pastry-cooks, carpenters, porters, journeymen, citizens of every class, flock every Tuesday to receive or change their books—four hundred persons of the common people on an average; and that they take out, not merely books of amusement, but of history, philosophy, theology. Accordingly most persons here are *savans*. Indeed, ever since the period of the Reformation, the sciences, the arts and industry have flourished here exceedingly. There is no city in Europe which has produced so great a number of illustrious writers, in proportion to its po-

pulation; there is none where ease and independence have so much reigned; and where knowledge has been so generally diffused. Even now extraordinary care is paid to education; and though its incorporation with France for sixteen years must, in various ways, have been injurious to it, yet it retains still the habits of a small and free town. The effect of all this on real religion and on the moral habits of the people; especially since the infection of infidel principles has tainted it; cannot be doubted—the pride of half-learning is a most dangerous thing in every view, and most of all as it respects a real submission of the understanding and heart to the doctrines and grace of the Gospel.—I speak of course generally.

Amongst the curiosities of the Library, I give the first place to Calvin's Sermons and Letters, which I venerated, though I could not decipher his hand-writing—it is the most perplexed of any I have seen; that of Farell and Viret, his fellow-reformers, is much more intelligible. I forgot to say that I saw

the spot where these reformers first preached at Geneva. A Letter of our Sir Isaac Newton pleased me in another view. There were collections also of the Letters of Beza and Bullinger. A volume of St. Austin's Homilies on papyrus, of the sixth century, was curious. A copy of Cicero de Officiis, printed at Mentz, in 1465, just after the invention of printing, had a notice at the end, boasting that the work had not been done with the pen, nor with ink, but accomplished by a certain *magnificent art newly discovered*. What immense progress has that art since made—what an engine of good and of evil is the press become in every free state! A noble copy of the Vulgate of the eighth century contained the disputed passage, 1 John v. 8, 9. A book of Philip le Bel, of the year 1314, was on boards of wood, covered with black wax, and written with a stylus or iron pen.

Let me now mention some of the persons whom I have seen to-day. I have been introduced to several of the professors and pastors.

One allowed me to talk with him freely. He was complaining of the new Dissidents from the National Genevese Church. I told him, the only way to keep a church united was to preach plainly and simply the Gospel of Christ; that if this was not done at Geneva, the dissensions would increase more and more. He replied, that during the last century, Voltaire was read by every shop-boy; and that the clergy, to keep the people Christians, confined themselves to moral topics merely; now, however, the clergy were beginning to preach the Gospel, because the times required it. I observed upon this, that the Gospel was the same in every age, and that truth and duty, not fashion, were the rule of a minister's conduct. I added, that though I did not myself, in every particular, agree with Calvin, yet on the points of the proper and supreme deity of Christ, the propitiation of his death, the fall of man, justification by faith, the influences of the Holy Spirit, and good works as the fruit of faith, I fully ac-

corded with him; and that the first men in the Universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and all the English clergy (twelve thousand or more in number), agreed with me in the main as to these doctrines, though many would, undoubtedly, differ from me as to the particular manner of preaching and applying them. He received all I said with perfect good temper.

I have not time to-night (for it is half-past ten) to tell you of several other interviews; I will only say, I sat an hour in the evening with my friend from **Hamburgh**, who delighted me with an account of the revival of religion at that place—an impression made in the town—numbers converted—several young ministers raised up. My heart was rejoiced. The Gospel, wherever it is truly preached, is still “the power of God to salvation.” Let us pray more fervently for the attendant grace of the Holy Spirit, and ministers will not be wanting to preach, nor congregations to hear and receive this blessed revelation of mercy.

Sunday Afternoon, Three o'clock, Oct. 5.—

I went this morning at ten, to hear a celebrated preacher of this town. I was grieved. Talent mis-employed, zeal wasted, arguments false or insufficient—all fundamentally wrong. A sermon on affliction, leaving out almost all the main topics, and grossly mistaking others. The church was full—congregation attentive—delivery good—matter ably arranged—all right, except the entire doctrine of the discourse. This was far more deficiently and erroneously treated than in the Catholic sermons at Martigny and Lyon. A Socinian might have preached it. After the sermon, I had a conference with a pious, amiable, aged minister, who mourns over the state of religion here, and prays and hopes for a gradual improvement in the body of pastors. He tells me, that subscription to the Helvetic Confession, which resembles our Thirty-nine Articles, was abolished about a hundred years since, by the Council of State, in consequence of the vehement disputes of the pastors

amongst themselves; that the Catechism was set aside in 1788; and that the Règlement followed in 1817.*

At twelve o'clock, I went to the Hospital, and heard an excellent sermon from an English clergyman. It did me good. The matter of it was as much superior to that which I had heard earlier in the morning, as the manner, composition, and delivery, were inferior. The contrast was striking: the French sermon, able, well-arranged, forcible—delivered with the whole soul of the preacher; the English, feeble, unimpressive—delivered with the indifference of a school-boy. I am far from supposing my fellow-countryman was aware of this; indeed I am persuaded he was not; but I state the impression as it was made on my mind at the time. The minister of the Gospel has not only to deliver certain truths, but to deliver them with the solemnity, the earnest-

* See the Notice concerning the Règlement at the end of this Letter, p. 233.

ness, the affection, the force necessary to arrest the consciences and touch the hearts of men. Sermons carelessly or tamely delivered will never arouse a sleeping world.

At two o'clock, I attended another of the pastors—a pleasing sermon, on the omniscience and omnipresence of God; nothing contrary to sound doctrine—rather agreeable to it. Thus far, then, have I gone in my sixteenth silent Sunday. My dear family arrived, as I hope, at Dijon from Lyon, last night; there I shall rejoice to meet them on Tuesday, that we may proceed on to Paris together, and return to dear, dear England.

Sunday Evening, Ten o'clock.—I have spent a most delightful evening at one of the Professors' of the University. We had family devotion. During the course of it arrived a French Protestant minister, from the Cevennes Mountains, in the department of the Garde, remarkable as the retreat of the Protestants in

the end of the seventeenth and the beginning of the eighteenth century, during the persecution of Louis XIV. Our host, when he had ended his own prayer, asked his new guest to pray, and then me; so that a minister of the Swiss, French, and English churches, prayed in succession. I trust it was truly in the spirit of what our creed calls, "The communion of saints." We had then an hour and a half of most edifying conversation—quite delightful. The French minister complained loudly of the indiscretion of friends in England, in addressing, a few years ago, circular letters to the Protestant ministers of La Garde, to inquire whether they were persecuted, &c. The Préfet of his parish was extremely angry, and asked, what the English would have said if French priests had sent circular letters to the Catholics of Ireland, with similar inquiries?

He told me a circumstance that is very interesting: at the revocation of the Edict

of Nantes, in 1685, when Louis XIV. persecuted the Protestants of the Cevennes with his Dragonnades, he pulled down their churches to build forts; and now within a few years (since Bonaparte gave liberty to the Protestants), some of these forts have been destroyed, in return, to build churches. Surely a retributive Providence rules the world, and is at times visibly apparent; persecution, especially, seems to be visited and avenged by the righteous dispensations of the Most High. This French minister from the sequestered mountains of Cevennes charmed me—such piety, talent, vivacity, simplicity, joined with an original creative genius, that he quite arrested me. He has left that same sort of powerful impression on my mind, which my dear friends, the French minister at Franckfort, and M. Wytenbach at Bern, in different ways, did. But I must absolutely close—the coach starts at half-past four in the morning. Adieu.

Monday Morning, half-past Four.—At Geneva still, just going off for Dijon. Farewell Switzerland! Morning cold, dark, and miserable.

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

NOTICE

On the Règlement of Geneva.*

This Règlement of the Church of Geneva, which was issued in May 1817, and which prohibits the clergy from inculcating fully and explicitly the Divinity of Christ, Original Sin, Grace, and Predestination, is one of the most afflictive circumstances which has occurred in any Protestant church since the Reformation. The open persecution at Lausanne I have already ventured to notice with the indignation which I conceive it merits. There, however, the great articles of Christian truth are not directly attacked. The doctrine of the church remains untouched—the confession, the liturgy, the other formularies of the Reformation survive. The sword of intolerance is, indeed, absurdly and wickedly drawn against those who infringe on the ecclesiastical discipline of

* Referred to page 228.

the canton. But the true faith may be preached without interruption within the pale of that establishment. No doctrines are there proscribed. But at Geneva, persecution is united with an open departure in the Church itself, from the first principles of the Gospel; the very foundations of Christianity are dug up,—the wells of salvation corrupted and poisoned.

A laboured apology for the *Règlement* has been attempted by M. Simond, in his late acute and able work on Switzerland.* He does not, indeed, scruple to regret that it was issued; but the main purport of his remarks is to show, that it was necessary to preserve the peace of the church, and that the ministers of Geneva have done right in not prolonging fruitless debates after fourteen centuries of contention.

This apology is exactly agreeable to the indifference as to religious opinions, which is so fashionable in the present day. But the

* *Voyage en Suisse*. Paris, 1822, p. 353—363.

real question is, whether any body of ministers have a right to alter, conceal, or check the full and fair development of the great truths of revelation, on the plea of preserving peace. Are not the doctrines of the deity and propitiation of the Son of God, of the lost and fallen condition of man, of the necessity of efficacious grace to the conversion of the heart from sin to holiness, and of the ascription of all we receive and hope for to the mercy of God, the very sum and substance of the Christian religion? And though the doctrine of the divine will in predestination be not a tenet equally fundamental, yet it is confessedly found in the Holy Scriptures, and is avowed and expounded in most of the Protestant confessions. The Seventeenth Article of the English Church is expressly on this topic. As to the other three prohibited doctrines, I would ask, What is the great mystery of godliness, but “God manifest in the flesh?” What the great proclamation of the Gospel itself, but that “God is in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself?” What the great charge brought

against the human race, but that “all have sinned and come short of the glory of God,” that “by one man sin entered into the world,” that we “are all by nature children of wrath,” and that it is “God that worketh in us to will, and to do of his good pleasure?” What is the main summary of the whole scheme of revelation, but that “by grace are ye saved through faith; and that not of yourselves: it is the gift of God, not of works, lest any man should boast; for ye are his workmanship, created in Christ Jesus unto good works, which God hath before ordained that ye should walk in them?” And what was the chief glory of the Reformation, but to have brought again these truths to light, and made them the subjects of public instruction?

It is true, disputes and controversies have, through the infirmity of man, arisen in various ages, on questions connected with these sublime mysteries. But are there not abundant remedies for such evils provided in the precepts and narratives of the New Testament, and especially in the Epistles of St. Paul? Was it ever

imagined, that the remedy of such debates was the annihilation of the whole Gospel itself? Did St. Paul, on account of the dissensions at Corinth, cease to preach “Jesus Christ, and him crucified?” When the Galatians disputed so as even to “devour one another,” did he not the more solemnly inculcate the Gospel which he had first delivered? And with regard to peace in the particular church of Geneva, did not the *Règlement* of June 1, 1725, as M. Simond acknowledges, require the Moderator to charge those who were admitted into the sacred ministry “not to treat in the pulpit of any curious and useless topics, which might disturb the peace of the church;” whilst he nevertheless engaged them to “maintain the doctrine of the holy Apostles and Prophets, as it is contained in the books of the Old and New Testament, of which doctrine they had a summary in their Catechism?” Why was this formula, which was stripped of its last clause in 1788, not restored, as the most natural and authoritative expedient for preserving peace?

M. Simond says, with a sort of triumph, that the ministers are only forbidden to preach on these four proscribed topics controversially. But were the excellent discourses of the Regent, in 1818, on *The Fall of the Faithful*, and on *The Faith which saves*, controversial? Can any discourses be more simple, more practical, more solid, more affecting? Why then were the pulpits of Geneva closed against him? Or were the private instructions he gave the children of his class polemical, or contrary to the peace of the church? Why then was he dismissed arbitrarily from his office, and cast with his wife and children upon the wide world?

M. Simond draws an extravagant portrait of the sentiments which he is pleased to denominate methodistical, as maintained at Geneva. It is not my province to defend every particular sentiment or proceeding into which pious persons, under an unjust and intolerant inquisition, may have fallen. Nothing can be

more unfair than to lay hold on the mistakes or infirmities of those who are the objects of persecution, as a palliation of such persecution itself. Supposing these errors to be tenfold greater than they have been alleged to be by their bitterest enemies, no reasonable man can doubt that the pious Regent above referred to, and the other students at Geneva, were silenced and deprived of their rights, not on account of those indiscretions, but because they held the doctrines of Farell, and Viret, and Calvin, and Beza, and all the Reformers on the fundamental tenets of the glorious Gospel; because they believed and professed the mystery of the Eternal Trinity, the divinity and atonement of the Son of God, the fall and corruption of man, and his incapacity for any thing spiritually good without the operation of divine grace; and the ascription of salvation from first to last to the undeserved mercy of God in Christ Jesus—those mysteries within which all the truth, and holiness, and consolation of genuine Christianity lie, and which, when they are excluded, no single instance

can be produced of any real progress made in Christian piety and virtue.

But M. Simond enumerates, with much complacency, the doctrines which the ministers of Geneva are still allowed to preach—the providence of God, the resurrection of the dead, the last judgment, the necessity of a divine revelation, &c. &c.; and concludes by assuring us, that it is the *chef-d'œuvre* of theology to make revealed, agree with natural religion—the very Deism this, coloured over with Christianity, which marks the fatal fall which I am deploring in the church of Geneva. For what are these doctrines, if separated from the great sacrifice of an Incarnate Saviour, and the efficacious operations of the Eternal Spirit, but a mockery of man's misery? Where is pardon, where adoption, where peace of conscience, where regeneration and conversion, where holy love to a dying and glorified Saviour, where the influences of grace, where the springs of obedience and mortification of sin, which are all necessary in order to meet with

comfort this awful resurrection and the judgment of the last day? Better, far better that the delusive peace of the Genevese church should be troubled, than that all the souls committed to its care should perish in ignorance of the life-giving truths of salvation. Indeed real peace in a church can be obtained by no such methods. The way to that great blessing is, by the humble, faithful preaching of the Gospel in all its fulness, as it was delivered to us by the Apostles and Evangelists, and reasserted by the Reformers and Martyrs—then would a meek and docile temper be framed, and all the holy fruits of obedience cultivated, in those who received the grace of the Saviour; and thus peace would flourish and abound.

I speak the more warmly on this subject, because Geneva furnishes many of the Protestant churches in every part of Europe with young pastors. The doctrines of her once celebrated university are preached at Paris and Lyon, at Brussels and Hamburgh, at London and St. Petersburg. Let us pray then that

divine truth may again revive amongst her ministers, pastors, and professors. Voltaire and Rousseau have passed away. The mischievous and poisonous influence of their writings is rapidly diminishing. They live no longer to feed a prurient curiosity with a succession of impious and licentious productions. Let us hope, then, that sound learning and sound theology may gradually revive. Surely the pastors of Geneva must hear sometimes of the grief and consternation which fill Protestant Europe at their fall—Surely they must feel the cutting reproaches of Roman Catholics, and even of Infidels, on their inconsistent and unmanly conduct as professors of the religion of Christ—Surely they must

* M. Simond quotes Rousseau as saying, with much truth, “ People ask the ministers of the church of Geneva, if Jesus Christ is God. They dare not reply. A philosopher casts a rapid look on them. He penetrates them, he sees them to be Arians, Socinians, Deists; he says this, with the idea of doing them honour. Immediately they assemble in alarm and terror, they discuss, they are agitated, they know not on what saint to call, and after a variety of consultations, deliberations, conferences, all ends in an equivocal in which they neither say yes nor no. O

observe in the incipient dissenting bodies springing up in the bosom of their republic, and which will probably increase till the true doctrine is again preached in the churches, that neither peace nor unity can be attained on their present plan—Surely that part at least of the ministers and students whose prejudices are less fixed, must see, in the daily accounts of the progress of religion in every part of the world by the name of the Lord Jesus, that there is a reality in the Gospel, a power, an efficacy from on high, which attends the humble preaching of the doctrines of grace, to which no other scheme of religion can pretend.

May the time be hastened, when Geneva, having “repented and done her first works,” shall again resume her rank amongst the Reformed Churches, and become once more the

Genevese, your ministers are truly singular persons; people know not what they believe, nor what they do not believe. One knows not even what they pretend to believe; their only manner of establishing their faith is by attacking that of others.”

favourite university of continental Europe! The small number of her pastors* may make a return comparatively easy. Already some favourable appearances present themselves. I had the pleasure of seeing myself several pastors who were imbued with the genuine love of a crucified Saviour, and I heard of others who still "hold the HEAD." In the meantime, let it be the care of those who are "suffering for righteousness' sake" to walk circumspectly, to study the meek and passive character of the primitive Christians when under persecution, to imbibe the eminent spirit of wisdom and humility which adorned the Reformers of the Swiss churches, and which was more remarkable than even their fortitude or zeal; and, above all, to "take heed to THE DOCTRINE" which they preach, that it be "sound speech that cannot be condemned"—that they dwell chiefly on great and necessary truths—that they avoid matters of confessed difficulty or inferior moment, however scriptural, in their

* About thirty or forty

view, they may be;—or that, at all events, they treat such points with the reserve which the Apostles constantly exhibit—and that thus they “show themselves to be workmen that need not to be ashamed, rightly dividing the word of truth.”*

* I am happy, truly happy, to be able to say, from my last accounts from Switzerland (March 1825), that the spirit of persecution appears to be much declining at Geneva—that the pious Regent above referred to is allowed to preach and exercise his ministry in a separate meeting-house without molestation; and that some hope may be entertained of a gradual approximation once more to the truth of the Gospel, on the part of the ministers and inhabitants of the city and canton.

LETTER XVII.

Poligny, October 7, 1823.—Paris, October 11, 1823.

Nyon—Calvin and Fletcher—Catholic Lady—Conversation on Popery—Geneva—Prohibited Books—Auxonne—Irish Catholics—Dijon—Miraculous Image of Virgin—Palace of the Dukes of Burgundy—Bossuet—Waggon—Auxerre—Joigny—Cardinal de Retz—Fontainebleau—Apartments of the Pope—Bonaparte's Abdication—Place of Madrid—Character of Bonaparte—Sens—St. Bernard—Manners of People—Catholics receiving Tracts—Arrival at Paris.

Dôle, Department of the Jura, 110 miles from Geneva, about 2522 miles from London by my route, Tuesday Morning, October 7, 1823.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

So far have I come in this tiresome diligence. We left Geneva at half-past four yesterday. The day soon broke out beautifully.

We drove along the Lake to Nyon, which I just named to you as I was first passing to Geneva six weeks back.* It is an agreeable town, of eighteen hundred souls, supposed to be the Roman Novodunum, about eleven miles from Geneva. Marble urns, inscriptions, and other antiquities are still found in its neighbourhood. It is endeared to Englishmen as having given birth to Fletcher of Madeley—a name connected with all that is pure and exalted in piety, and amiable and disinterested in benevolence—nothing, I think, in modern times has equalled the habitual spirituality of mind, the holy and ardent love, the utter abstraction from worldly things, the unaffected humility, the self-denying and tender compassion for souls, that distinguished this eminent minister. Had the Great Reformer of Geneva, two centuries previous, united the lovely and seraphic qualities of Fletcher, with his own prodigious grasp of intellect, the Reformation would have gained incalculably. The sweetness and de-

* Vol. i. Ap. 292.

votion of the one, joined to the penetrating judgment and vast intellect of the other, would have formed a character of surpassing excellence.* But I have no time to enlarge.

After passing Nyon, we ascended the Dôle mountain, the highest of the chain of the Jura; five thousand eight hundred and fifty feet—insufferably cold. We supped at St. Laurent; and at half-past four this morning, we arrived at Poligny, having performed eighty-three miles in twenty-four hours, i. e. not quite three miles and a half in the hour. The road across the Jura was surrounded with rude, magnificent scenery, and in some places was sublime and beautiful. Snow lay scattered here and there, and on the summit pretty thickly. Posts are erected at short intervals, to mark its depth in the winter. One set of

* Mr. Fletcher's name was properly Jean Guillaume de la Fléchère. He was born at Nyon, September 12th, 1729; and died August 14th, 1785. Calvin, whose name originally was Jean Chauvin or Cauvin, was a native of Picardy, but spent the greater part of his life at the celebrated city of Geneva. He was born July 10, 1509, and died May 27, 1564.

miserable horses drew us forty-four miles, three stages. The drivers managed this, by making them rest while we supped, and whilst our luggage was searched, which was only three times in nine hours! Dôle, where we are about to breakfast, is a town of eight thousand five hundred souls, on the river Doube, the Dubis of Cæsar, and formerly the capital of Franche-compté; in a tract which, from its fertility and beauty, has received the name of the *Val d'Amour*. It contains some ruins of a Roman amphitheatre and of two aqueducts.

I have two English gentlemen as my companions, who are very agreeable; and one Italian lady, who speaks good French. She talks fast on all sorts of subjects, and amongst other questions asked me this morning, if I was a Catholic. This led to a long conversation. The point I insisted upon was, that the Church of Rome had gradually lost the simple and scriptural meaning of each separate part of the Christian religion, and had substituted

for it a gross external sense, just suited to the ignorance and corruption of the human heart. Thus, for the spiritual invisible church, it had substituted the outward church of Rome, and for Christ its head, the Pope; for feeding by faith on the body and blood of Christ, transubstantiation; for repentance, penance; for contrition and lowliness of heart, lacerations and pilgrimages; for confession of sins before God, auricular confession to a priest; for prayer to God from the heart, endless repetitions of Paternosters; for reverence and honour to the Virgin Mary and the saints, religious and, in fact, idolatrous worship; for secret holy love to the Saviour, images and crucifixes; for reliance on the satisfaction and atonement of Christ only, the sacrifice of the mass, prostrations, scourgings, lacerations, merits of saints, indulgences, purgatory, &c.; for the influence of the Holy Spirit, merit of congruity, a mere external and formal routine of ceremonies, man's unassisted efforts, incense, lights ever burning &c.; and so of all the rest!

She confessed, that in her heart she preferred the Protestant religion, as the most pure and unadorned; but that having been brought up a Catholic, she did not feel at liberty to change. I could make no impression on her. She said she had been once present at the Protestant service at Paris, and was charmed with the simplicity of the prayers; and above all with the clear and manly exposition of the Gospel given by the minister in his sermon. I found I could not supply what was wanting in her state of mind—a deep conviction of the value of the soul—a right sense of sin as committed against God—a holy dread of giving that honour to creatures, which the almighty Jehovah claims for himself—and, above all, a living faith in the all-sufficient atonement of that divine Saviour, whose sacrifice is in effect made void by the superstitions and human merits of Popery. I thought it at last most advisable to urge her to read the New Testament, and to attend earnestly to the main essentials of religion, as

she found them there enforced ; repentance for sin, faith in the merits of our Saviour Christ, love to God and man, and obedience to the divine law, as flowing from these principles. This advice did not irritate her. She admitted the propriety of complying with it ; and we continued excellent friends during the remainder of our journey.

The country, since we have descended the Jura, is tolerably pleasant, but not fine. The villages are rather miserable. The women wear wooden shoes without stockings. The lands are not well cultivated : there are vineyards occasionally.

As the breakfast is not ready, I may as well inform you that the ministers of Geneva (for I tell you things as they come to my recollection) have the unfavourable habit of perpetually changing duties with each other : a printed paper being published in the town every Saturday, with a list of the preachers for the week. Besides this, they have months of re-

pose, alternately with months of preaching; the consequence, I conceive, must be, that the pastoral feelings must be weakened, as well as the habits of painful diligence which become the minister of Christ. But it is all of a piece. The religion of too many of the Genevese, and indeed of the Swiss generally, seems at present to have woefully degenerated from the dedication of the heart to God, and the pervading influence of Christian principles through the whole life, to a formal preparation for the first communion and an attendance on the three or four annual festivals. Surely this is greatly to mistake the nature of true religion, and must bring down on them the marked displeasure of the Divine Head of the Church, who “ holds the stars in his right hand, and walks in the midst of the golden candlesticks.”*

There is, however, much sincere and simple devotion amongst many individuals at

* Rev. ii. 1.

Geneva, notwithstanding the general state of the church. One lady, the mother of a large family, charmed me with her humble and yet ardent spirit of piety. It is said that her deeds of charity may be counted not merely by the days, but by the hours of her life. She maintains in the most admirable order two orphan schools almost at her own charge. Her love to her Saviour, her delight in prayer, her meekness, her humility and teachableness, her zeal in every good work, delighted me, even on the short acquaintance I had the opportunity of forming. I trust there are many, many such in every class of society, and that the number will increase—for I hope my remarks, though apparently severe, are consistent with the most genuine charity—I wish them to be so—sometimes I half retract what I am writing, lest I should overstep the limits of that tenderness and love, which Christ our Lord enjoins, and which his Gospel breathes throughout. I can sincerely declare that the unfavourable reports I send you, are most reluctantly made.

Prohibited books are introduced into the Continental States in a curious way: the title-page and contents of Blair's Sermons, for example, are printed and inserted for those of O'Meara's Bonaparte, and thus the fraud is concealed. A patriotic spirit is a good deal cherished amongst the youth; the students of all the different colleges and academies meet once a year, at a central spot in Switzerland, to encourage a love to their country; about six hundred are meeting this week, at Zofingen.

Dijon, Capital of ancient Burgundy, eight o'clock, Tuesday Night. — Thank God, I am safely arrived, after a journey of one hundred and eighty-two miles from Geneva, performed in thirty-eight weary hours. I left Dôle at twelve, in another coach which met us from Besançon, and which consisted of three parts, a front chariot and two bodies of coaches, most awkwardly united and placed on the same wheels (something like our double coaches in England), and holding fifteen persons inside

altogether. I was seated in the chariot, which they call *Le coupé*. We had five horses, and our pace improved so astonishingly, that we went five miles and a half the hour! We passed through a fortified town, named Auxonne, where Bonaparte is said to have studied in the School of Artillery. I had a companion in the coupé, who was descended of Irish parents. He was a sensible, well-informed, communicative man, a Catholic. You may judge what was the subject of our discourse—the conduct of our government to the Irish Catholics. In fact, during the whole course of our tour, nothing has been so frequently objected to me as this topic. Whatever observations an Englishman makes on the laws or usages of the continental nations, the constant answer is, Look to your own treatment of the Catholics of Ireland. I replied to my companion as mildly as I could, vindicating our government very much on the ground of the violent prejudices and party-spirit which have prevented any fair judgment from being formed, and any impartial public measures

being carried, on such an irritated question ; at the same time observing to him that foreigners often had a very incorrect and inadequate notion of the real situation of the Irish Roman Catholics ; and that in a free country like England, the government could adopt no general arrangements with respect to them, without the concurrence of Parliament, and the support of public opinion. I told him I was myself far from joining in the indiscriminate hostility against all further change in the restrictive laws, which animated too many of my countrymen ; but was, on the contrary, rather inclined to the opinion that additional civil privileges might be gradually granted the Catholics, in proportion as their loyalty and general good conduct should seem to entitle them to them. I added, that as a zealous Protestant, I conceived the more we could mix the Irish with the rest of the subjects of the British crown, and fairly increase their stake in the blessings of the British constitution, the more we should loosen the bands of priestcraft, and separate them from their present

guides. In reply, he assured me that it was his firm opinion that a conscientious Catholic might be a most loyal and faithful subject of a Protestant prince—the power of the Pope had for a long time been so 'purely spiritual, or rather ecclesiastical and formal—nothing, he thought, but a violent party-spirit could in any way make it dangerous. I give you the conversation exactly as it occurred. I am far from dogmatizing, as you know, on so complicated and difficult a point. Popery I hate from the bottom of my heart. But the obvious ill effects of the system now acted upon in Ireland, and the anomalous, inconsistent state of the laws affecting the Catholics, together with the uniform practice of the 'continental governments, seem to advise the trial of new and more lenient proceedings.

I found my dearest Mrs. W. and my daughter here pretty well. They arrived from Lyon on Saturday, at noon. The dear boys set off, in one of the carriages, for Paris, on Monday morning, because the eldest is called to Ox-

ford, by the commencement of the University term. Thus has it pleased God to preserve and bless us. We follow my sons to-morrow to Paris. Adieu.

Maison Neuve, Department of Cote d'Or, 43 Miles from Dijon, on the Auxerre and Fontainebleau road to Paris, Wednesday Evening, Seven o'clock, Oct. 8.—Such is the place from which I date my letter to-night. We all retired to rest last evening, at Dijon, between eight and nine. I slept quite well till six, and then rose to visit the town of Dijon—the birth-place of Bossuet—before we set off. I first went to the church of St. Benigne, the spire of which has an elevation of three hundred and seventy feet. It is one of the most elegant I have ever seen; the spires of Coventry and Worcester are the only ones to which I can compare it. As I walked along, I happened to observe on all the churches an immense placard. I stopped from mere curiosity to see what it was. It was an advertisement of a new edition of the History of the miraculous

Image of Nôtre Dame at Dijon. I thought this quite piquant; I hurried to the church, and looked all around: a gaudy, embellished building, filled with altars, and pictures; and statues; but no image, that I could discover. I was determined not to be disappointed; and, going out I met an elderly lady apparently approaching the church door, and inquired of her if that was the church of the miraculous Image. She replied with a manifest feeling of pleasure, that it was; and immediately took me up to an altar in the church, on which was the statue of the Virgin, resembling that of a blackamoor, and decked out with tawdry ornaments.

I afterwards bought the book: positively it asserts the various miracles performed by this wretched figure. Nay more, indulgences are granted to all who worship this image, and a society is formed to celebrate feasts to her honour. As the image is black, the author attempts to prove, very gravely, that the Virgin Mary was of a swarthy complexion,

and applies to her the mystical words of the Canticles, “ I am black, but comely.” He supposes the image to be of the eleventh century. He affirms, that it is not only “ *the object of the confidence of the inhabitants of Dijon, but that all the province invokes it.*” This is the language he uses. The alleged miracles are, like all the Popish ones, more than dubious. For instance, the Swiss besieged Dijon in 1513—they were about to storm the city—the whole town betook itself to pray to the image of the Virgin—the enemies relented, and the siege was raised. In such an event, supposing it to be true, every one sees there is not even a pretence to that broad, direct, and palpable suspension of the powers of nature, open to the view of mankind, which distinguishes the miracles of the Gospel. I have brought the book with me to England. What can one hope for, when such mummeries are obtruded upon France, in the nineteenth century, and after the attacks made by infidelity on our common Christianity?

Two-thirds of the churches of Dijon are shut up and used as storehouses and granaries. The Place Royale is in the form of a horse-shoe, and contains the Provincial Palace and the ancient house of assembly of the parliament of Burgundy. The Palace of the old Dukes of Burgundy is now occupied by a police office, museum, and library. One of the magnificent staircases is used as a bookseller's shop; the arcades are built up, and used as shops likewise. Such are the transformations which a few years make in the mansions of the great. Dijon was the seat of one of the ancient parliaments, and contains now twenty-two thousand souls. The Protestants are considered by some of the common people to be Jews, or rather, as I hope, confounded with them, just as they were at Dunkirk; for I cannot imagine any persons actually to believe the Protestants to be Jews.

But you will be anxious for me to come to the great Bossuet—I inquired of several per-

sons where he lived ; but was surprised to find no one knew any thing about him. At Lichfield every child would have pointed out to me the house where our great English moralist* was born. At last I discovered the street which bears his name, Rue de Bossuet. It still took me some time to ascertain the spot of his birth. I went from house to house ; not a creature could give me any information : with great difficulty I at length found the place, a bookseller's shop. The bookseller himself was hardly aware of the distinguished person who had formerly inhabited his dwelling. Two hundred years had, in fact, effaced almost all traces of this prodigious genius, except his small chapel. I entered it, and examined every part, not without veneration. The house itself has undergone so many alterations, as to contain only a few rooms of the original building. Bossuet is undoubtedly the first writer whom the French possess ; but he is not one of my greatest favourites. I cannot divest my mind of his harsh treatment of the

* Dr. Samuel Johnson.

amiable Fénélon. His haughty domineering spirit, also, as he acquired weight in the councils of France, and the share which I cannot but think he took, notwithstanding the apologies of his biographer, Bausset, in the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, have left an unfavourable impression on my mind as to his whole character.

But his sermons, which were not prepared for publication, and are the first effusions of his heart in his early life, when his piety seems to have been really fervent and sincere, are admirable. They were published after his death. I prefer them to those of Massillon and Bourdaloue. There is quite as much of religious truth in them, with more of nature, force, energy, surprising thoughts, and an overpowering eloquence, negligent of exact form, and quite bearing away the mind of the reader. The finest trait in his conduct at court was his writing to his royal master when at the camp in Flanders, to remonstrate with him, in the most respectful but firm manner,

on the scandal of his connexion with Madame de Montespan—and then his going out to meet the king when he was returning from the campaign, and alighting from his carriage, and placing himself in the midst of the road, by which his majesty was about to pass, in order to entreat and urge him to a change of conduct, and a conversion to God. This was noble, and as became a Christian bishop, especially towards an imperious tyrant like Louis XIV.

But I must not enlarge. The city of Dijon is one of the finest in France: the streets are wide and open, and the buildings handsome. It stands on the river Ouche. I met a young Catholic student at a bookseller's. He seemed tolerably well informed. The University here is amongst the most celebrated in France. We left Dijon at half-past nine, and came to this village (Maison Neuve), where, finding no horses, we have taken up our abode for the night. We have had beautiful weather, and good roads; but the horses and postillions

are so indifferent, that we have been eight hours going forty-three miles.

We have met a great many waggons to-day of rather a curious construction. They are small carriages, on four wheels, without bodies; the merchandize being packed with straw, on two trunks of trees, which form the bottom of the waggon. The whole is covered with a wrapper of white clean cloth, and kept close with cords. One horse draws the carriage. A train of ten or twenty of them follow each other, and there is one man to about five. Goods are transported in this way all across France. The horse has an enormous collar, and a cloth over the harness. We met numbers of these waggons in many parts of Switzerland. Sometimes the pole of them rises many feet above the horse's head, in the most awkward way imaginable, and then it has two chains joining it to the harness of the animal. In fact, so far as I can judge, France is, in most respects, much behind our happy country. You see scarcely any fields, barns,

and farm-houses, in this part of the Côte d'Or—all is one common. The country through which we have passed to-day has been far from fine—but I must prepare for retiring to rest; it is past eight o'clock. The dear boys, I hope, arrived at Paris this afternoon; we are about one hundred and seventy-five miles off. We hope to sleep to-morrow night at Joigny, Friday at Fontainebleau, and Saturday at Paris.

Joigny, Thursday Evening, half-past Six.—Through God's goodness we have arrived safely in this town, after a journey of seventy-seven English miles. The chief things which have pleased us to-day are Avallon and Auxerre. Avallon is a romantic town on the river Cousin: the celebrated Theodore Beza is said to have been born in the neighbourhood. We stopped to take some refreshment, and in the salle à manger found a priest who was eating a solitary meal. He seemed depressed and abject, his attire was mean, and his whole appearance opposite to the general air of the

priests whom we saw at Domo D'Ossola and Milan. France and Italy are clearly two different places as it respects ecclesiastical domination.

Auxerre is one of the most beautifully situated cities which I have seen since I left England. It is the chief town of the Department of the Yonne, and stands on the river of that name; it has twelve thousand souls. A gentle hill gives the place a lovely appearance from a distance. As you approach the view is remarkably fine. The foreground is covered with vineyards; then the river presents itself; above is the town, on the rising ground, crowned with fertile hills and meadows. The sides are bounded by trees and pastures on the one hand, and the fine bridge leading to the town on the other. Whilst we were changing horses, I ran up with my little Eliza to see the Cathedral, which is a noble, lofty structure. We have been passing to-day through some of the finest vineyards of this part of France. The vintage is not yet begun.

The vin ordinaire, included in the dinners, is now excellent.

Friday Evening, October 10th, half-past Six, Fontainebleau, Department of Seine and Marne, 40 miles from Paris.—Again a day of goodness and mercy from our Heavenly Father. My dear Ann and Eliza are now sitting by me happy and comfortable, after the hasty dinner of which we have just partaken. They are not over-fatigued. I seem now to be at home; we are so near to Paris. We have come sixty-one miles to-day from Joigny; and our road and horses have been so good, that we were somewhat less than nine hours upon the route.

This morning I rose soon after five, and was out by six visiting the town of Joigny. I was not aware of it; but really we have advanced so far into the autumn, that I could hardly see my way about. The evenings seem yet more drawn in. At half-past six yesterday, when we arrived at Joigny, it was rather

later and darker than we could have wished. Joigny is a small town, in Champagne, of five thousand souls, beautifully situated on the river Yonne. It has a long handsome quay along the river. The culture of the vine is the principal object of trade. The chief part of the town is, like Auxerre, on the ascent of a steep hill; on the summit of which stands a ruined château, built by Père de Gondy, father of the too celebrated Cardinal de Retz. I walked through the dilapidated rooms, half-enlightened by the obscure dawn, with a feeling of melancholy on considering the vanity of human grandeur. How many instances have we seen of the monuments of proud ambition and magnificent vice all laid in ruin! Moral triumphs and the praises of real and exalted virtue are, after all, the only ones that are enduring, even in this world. The ambitious conqueror, the demagogue, the leader of factions, the heresiarch, sink into neglect with the glare of prosperity—their palaces fade with their fame. The flower of the field drops not so quickly. But the true benefactors of man-

kind live in the memories of men ; their praise takes root, and spreads around and flourishes in perpetual bloom—and if truly Christian principles have guided their conduct, the love of their fellow-creatures is crowned by the favour and approbation of God.

But the most striking lesson I have received on this subject is in the superb château of Fontainebleau, where we now are. As soon as we arrived here (at four this afternoon), I went to visit this celebrated palace. All Europe is familiar with it by name ; it is an immense mass of buildings, containing five squares or courts ; almost like a town. It is mentioned in history as a royal palace ever since the thirteenth century ; but it is indebted for its chief extension and improvement to Francis I. It was a favourite residence of Francis I. Henry IV. Louis XIV. and Bonaparte, just the four persons most celebrated in French history. There is a spot where Henry IV. is said to have held his secret councils. The Pope, who is just dead, was

imprisoned here by Bonaparte for a year and a half. The conscientious resistance which he made to the demands of the Usurper, cast a splendor around his character. We walked through the suite of apartments, and saw his library, chapel, saloon, &c. The altar of the room which he used as his chapel is now set aside and marked by an inscription. The Count d'Artois (now King) makes use of the same rooms, and had left them only the day before yesterday: he comes to hunt in the forest, of thirty-four thousand acres (twelve leagues), surrounding the château.

But I hasten to mention, what was the most affecting circumstance, that I saw the very table on which Bonaparte signed his abdication, April, 1814, in the very room where he sat, and adjoining the very bed-room in which he slept. Fontainebleau was his favourite palace. Now all his pictures are removed, and every trace of him effaced—what a lesson! I was struck with a large model of the city of Madrid placed in the ball-room, which Bona-

parte ordered to be begun in 1802, and which took the architect six years to finish. The very source of his overthrow seems to have been a darling object, years before his first invasion of Spain in 1808!

History will soon sit in judgment on this extraordinary man. His scepticism as to all religious truth, his unbounded ambition, the fury of his passions, his waste of human life and happiness in the prosecution of his projects, the injustice and treachery of his invasions, the iron yoke which he imposed on the subject nations, his unmitigated hatred of England, his many individual acts of cruelty and blood, are points now generally admitted. But it is impossible to travel on the Continent without being compelled to witness the proofs of his admirable policy, and of his zeal to promote, in many respects, the welfare and intellectual advancement of the people over whom he reigned. Not to dwell on the liberty of public worship which he nobly granted, from whatever motive, to the Protestants of

every confession: there is something so splendid in his national works, there are so many monuments of his legislative wisdom, so many traits of grandeur in his projects, and such a hardihood and perseverance manifest in all his great enterprises, that you do not wonder that his name is still everywhere revered. Then the diversity and extent of his knowledge, and the unbounded range of the objects of his attention, increase one's surprise. War, commerce, the arts, science, literature, the adorning of cities and towns, the education of youth, religion itself as an instrument of government, every thing seemed to be within his grasp, or to subserve his ruling purposes. He brought, in fact, royalty and talent into such close contact, that there was some danger of men beginning to estimate the value of a sceptre by the mere ability of the hand that wielded it.

The unfavourable tendency of this seductive union of splendid vice and successful ambition. on the public morals and the religious

habits of Europe, is obvious—it debases the best principles of the heart. Of Bonaparte, as an unconscious instrument of Divine Providence for scourging guilty nations, for shaking the papacy to its base, and arousing those dormant energies in the mass of the population of Europe, which may probably issue in the general diffusion of a reasonable liberty, and of all the blessings of the glorious Gospel of Christ, I will not trust myself to speak. This view, though correct perhaps, has been too exclusively taken already by religious persons. They have allowed their horror of individual crime, and even their sense of personal responsibility to be lessened, by mingling this question with the supposed purposes of the Divine Providence—a mistake infinitely pernicious. A humble reference, indeed, of every event after it has occurred and the issue is known, to the sovereign and mysterious government of God, is a clearly scriptural duty; but to applaud or extenuate the guilt of man, and help on a course of criminal ambition, on the ground of its conceived agreement with

the order of prophecy and the secret will of God, is a presumptuous and fatal error. But I check myself.

The country through which we have passed to-day has been tolerably fine ; but as we are now travelling North, just at the turn of the year, we feel excessively cold. As we passed through Sens, we looked up with interest to the Cathedral where the pious and devotional Bernard, the last of the Fathers of the Church, refuted, in 1140, the doctrines of Abelard. This celebrated heretic, you may remember, had challenged St. Bernard to the conference. The saint went to it in Christian meekness and fear. As soon as the extracts from Abelard's writings had been read before the audience (where the King of France, Louis VII. was present, with his nobles, and the prelates and clergy of the diocese), Abelard was overwhelmed with confusion, at being thus confronted with his own writings, and suddenly left the assembly. His errors were then unanimously condemned. There is something

gratifying in visiting the spot where seven centuries before, the name and grace of our Lord Jesus were thus triumphant. Many similar cases are recorded of the daring leaders of of heresies being confused and struck dumb, as it were, at the simple exposition of their own tenets, in the presence of the holy and humble disciples of Christ, armed with the Sacred Scriptures only.

We have now passed through about sixty miles of vineyards. The vines are short, planted in rows, and supported by sticks; not by treillises and arbours as in Italy. As the vintage is approaching, persons are set to guard the grapes. They are chiefly red in this part of the country. The costume of the women is not remarkable: no bonnets are worn on any part of the Continent, except by the higher classes. The female peasants here wear a coloured handkerchief wrapped round the head in the form of a turban, often of a red or scarlet colour. The men affect a dirty, shabby, finery; a beggar comes up to you with

a military cocked hat; a stable-boy has a pig-tail, and perhaps powdered hair, ear-rings, and generally a dirty night-cap; the boots of the postillions are of enormous and lumbering size; some to-day were ribbed with iron, and actually made the feet of the poor rider swing about, instead of his being able to guide them; then an undressed sheep's-skin with all its wool, enveloping the knees, is a further addition to his burden.

•The agriculture still appears wretched. Almost all one common land. A horse, a mule, an ass, draw the same plough, which a woman drives, whilst a man guides the plough-share. On the roads, too, you meet a waggon heavily laden, with four large fine horses like ours in England, and then an ass in front, leader of the train; and this ass, a mean, half-starved creature. The fact is, the proprietors bring out every animal they possess of every species, when they have goods to transport from place to place. The number of beggars is shocking; their diseased, distorted appear-

ance is often such, that I am obliged to give them something before we can get out of the carriage. The dirt, untidiness, misery, in the private habits of the innkeepers and ordinary inhabitants of the Continent, German, Swiss, Italian, French, are not to be described on paper: one cannot account for it: if you go into their rooms, their kitchens, their pantries, you are quite disgusted with the ill savour. The interior of the abodes of the nobility and gentry is often neat and elegant, and I have been in private houses quite as comfortable as any in England; and generally, perhaps, things are gradually more and more arranged on the plan of English cleanliness and simplicity. But I speak of the inns and houses we meet with in travelling.

To many of these inconveniences, however, one soon becomes accustomed; others are avoided in the better lodgings and inns; the rest you submit to from dire necessity. The freedom of the manners of the people, and their notions of equality with you, at first seem

repulsive, but afterwards appear so clearly to spring from mere simplicity, that you forgive it. I am happy to say, that I have found the Catholic peasants willing enough to receive our religious tracts; and that when I talk with them, they admit what I say on the foundations of Christianity.* You may judge from this interminable letter at so late an hour, that I am not over-fatigued with my journey. Adieu.

*Paris, Hotel de Bristol, Place Vendôme,
half-past Two, Saturday, October 11, about
2772 miles from London by our route.†—*

* As we were changing horses at a village on our way to Boulogne, Oct. 29, the carriage was, in three minutes, literally surrounded with villagers, who had heard we had tracts. At least thirty or forty of the separate homilies in French, of the Prayer-Book and Homily Society, are now diligently read, as I trust, by these poor people. Some of them asked Mrs. W. if the tracts were good for Catholics: she replied, they were particularly suited for them. The scene was really quite affecting. I forget the name of the village. It was not far from Paris. The swiftness with which the news of our having tracts spread from the persons to whom we first gave them, was surprising.

† The direct route from London to Paris is about 300 miles.

Through God's goodness we are safe at Paris. We arrived here at half-past one o'clock. We left Fontainebleau a little before eight, and performed the journey of forty miles in less than six hours. The day has been rather wet; but as we approached Paris it cleared up, and we had a fine view of that noble city as we drove through it. We are at the Place Vendôme, a charming situation, close to the gardens of the Thuilleries. We found our dear boys, and my brother who is here, quite well. My son will bring this letter with him, which will most probably close this series of journal-like epistles, which I had no idea would ever have extended to such a length. If they have gratified my dear and excellent aged mother and yourself; in any degree proportioned to the interest I have gradually felt in writing them, I shall most truly rejoice. Whatever can lessen the pain of separation to a parent so dear to me, affords me a double pleasure. May it please God, to permit me to rejoin you in England in peace, and to retain the recollection of the many important lessons

I have learned during my tour, together with that sense of gratitude which the uninterrupted blessings I have received during the course of it, should so deeply impress upon my heart.

I am your affectionate

D. W.

LETTER XVIII.

Brighton, April 14, 1824.

Paris Bible Society—Deaf and Dumb Institution—French Preachers—King's Almoner—Nobleman—Translation of Scott—Friends to whom Author was introduced—Baron de Sacy—Count D'Hauterive—Marquis de Jaucourt—Reflections on the whole Tour: 1. Supreme Providence of God—2. Opposite Evils of Superstition and Infidelity—3. Scenes of Reformers' labours—Luther—Beza—Bucer—Ecolampadius—Bullinger—Authenticity of 1 John v. 7, 8.—4. Duty of advancing the Age of CHARITY—5. Importance of every Traveller being active—Advice to Invalids—Anecdotes—6. Gratitude to God—Revocation of the Edict of Nantes—Origin of Vaudois—Expulsion from Valleys—Return—Need of Aid—7. Prayer for Grace of HOLY SPIRIT.

Brighton, Sussex, April 14, 1824.

MY DEAREST SISTER,

I AT length begin the Letter which you were so anxious I should have written to

you from Paris. I was so hurried during my stay in that city, that it was impossible for me to do it; and, indeed, I may perhaps attempt it with greater advantage now, because the interval of a few months will enable me to add some general reflections upon my tour on the Continent, and to supply an incident or two of which I omitted to inform you at the proper moment.

Of Paris itself I need not say much; every one knows something of the splendour of its public buildings, and of its various attractions, in point of art and taste, to travellers of every description. I was naturally most interested by its moral and religious state. But I have no intention of entering at large even on this topic. A stranger has but slight opportunities of forming a correct judgment; and Paris is too important a place, and too near to England, for me to venture a hasty opinion.

I know, however, that you will expect me to notice a few particulars. In the first place,

then, I was gratified, and even affected, at attending the Committees of the Paris Protestant Bible Society. I could not but reflect on the efforts made in the very same spot by the enemies, or rather conspirators against Christianity, under Voltaire and D'Alembert, during the preceding century. These, aided by the extraordinary profusion and folly of the French Court, by the derangement of the national finances, and the corruption of general morals, paved the way for the horrors of the Revolution and the military sway of Bonaparte. The zeal and superstition of the degenerate ecclesiastics, so far from preventing, joined in hastening the overthrow. Surely, then, the peaceful and holy distribution of THE BOOK, in the city where it had been so long despised, is a real triumph of Christianity, and the best omen of future blessings. About 50,000 copies of the Scriptures have been issued by means of the Paris Bible Society in the last four years—about two or three hundred auxiliary institutions and associations have been established in different parts of France—and a

general revival of religion seems to be beginning. The vivacity of the French character, if once directed and sanctified by a principle of pure religion, is capable of the greatest and most beneficial efforts. It is lamentable to think that the Catholics frown on this Society, and that the government is contracting its privileges, and even refusing it the liberty of holding its annual assemblies, wherever it dares. The present French ministry seem to desire nothing more than to be able to suppress this and all similar undertakings. Such, however, is the spirit of Popery almost everywhere.

I must next give you some account of the celebrated institution for 'the relief and instruction of the Deaf and Dumb, which is really one of the most interesting things in Paris. I took all the pains I was able, to be present at a lesson at the late Abbé Sicard's schools; but I was unsuccessful. I can, however, fully make up to you for this disappointment, by the kind communication of an excellent friend who visited it only the year be-

fore, and from whose notes, taken at the time, I select the following. There are about eighty children. They are taught gradually to associate with the objects of sight, certain signs by drawing and writing. The quickness and acuteness of the children are so surprising, that their ideas on most subjects soon become accurate and clear. The following is the prayer used before lesson :

“ O come, most Holy Spirit, and cause a ray of thy light to shine upon us! Come, Father of the poor ! Come, source of grace ! Come, light of the soul ! O God, who has taught the hearts of thy faithful people by the light of thy Holy Spirit, grant us that Holy Spirit, which may dispose us to choose and love what is right, and may shed abroad in us its consolation, through Jesus Christ our Lord. Amen.”

The prayer after lesson is equally beautiful. “ O Lord, we entreat Thee to inspire all our actions by thy Holy Spirit, and to conduct

them by the continual assistance of thy grace : so that all our prayers and all our works may proceed from Thee as their author, and refer to Thee as their only end, through Jesus. Christ our Lord. Amen.” ,

Surely such prayers are the genuine dictates of pure Christianity, and testify the deep piety of many of our Catholic brethren. My heart rejoices to recognize such sentiments, and honours those who entertain them.

The children rise slowly and gradually from the simplest to the most abstract and complex ideas, as their age and abilities permit; and are divided into several classes accordingly. At the lesson at which my friend was present, a gentleman wished to ask one of the upper classes, what Love was? The master told him first to make the sign for interrogation, by holding up the fore-finger, and then to press his hand strongly upon his heart. This was understood, and several boys wrote the word love. On being told to define it, one

wrote (for they neither speak nor hear, as you will take care to bear in mind), " Love is a sentiment of the mind, by which we incline to what appears to us good, useful, beautiful; it is the approbation of some object that pleases us." Another wrote, " There are many sorts of love; first, the love of God, which is the highest of all; then the love of men, the love of friends."

They next were asked, what was the difference between expectation, hope, desire, and enjoyment? A lad about fifteen wrote, " Expectation is like the branches of the apple-tree; desire is like the leaves; hope is like the blossom; and enjoyment is like the fruit."

After this they were asked, What is time? One replied, " A succession of moments, a point of eternity, a measure of eternity." What is eternity? " A day without morning or evening, a mysterious duration which finite beings can neither define nor comprehend "

The following question was then proposed, Is speech the gift of God or the invention of men? "Speech that is the language of men, is the gift of God; but that of the deaf and dumb is only a human invention."

On the direct subject of religion, they were asked, Whose existence comprehends all time? Massieu, an elderly man, who has been twenty years in the institution, and is lately gone to conduct a school at Bordeaux,* wrote in answer, "God; God is the creator of the earth and of heaven, and of all that they contain. He is the Lord of all things, the Author of nature, the Governor of the universe."—Who is Christ? "It is He who is the new Adam; He was made man by a mi-

* This extraordinary man, when he was asked at another lesson, Whether God reasons? wrote in reply, "Reasoning is a process in order to find out truth; but God knows all truth: therefore, I should think God does not reason." The same person defined gratitude to be the memory of the heart; hope, the fire of love; and difficulty, possibility with obstacle.

race, for our salvation ; He is the bruiser of the serpent's head, the repairer of the human race, and He knows even our most secret thoughts."—What is faith ? " Faith is a supernatural light, leading the soul to believe what it may not fully comprehend."—What is conscience ? " It is the voice of truth."—Have all men power to do their duty ? " Yes, with grace and good habits."—Is man more inclined to good than evil ? " Man needs the grace of God to keep him from evil ; by evil passions men deprive themselves of the grace of God ; passions are above human power."—From whence comes grace ? " In my opinion, it flows from the infinite and unmeasurable goodness of a merciful God."—May all men have grace ? " Yes, by means of frequent prayer." Was a revelation necessary to man ? " Yes, I believe it was, and it contains all that is necessary to salvation."

There is to me something inexpressibly delightful in these scriptural, enlightened, and judicious replies, made, not only by Catholics,

but by Catholic children who are deaf and dumb.

The present master is M. Paulmier, who takes a parental interest in the children. He had been chief assistant to the Abbé Sicard for nineteen years. The boys are taught some art, trade, or learned profession, as their genius or choice seem to direct. There is a class who copy busts, draw heads, &c.; and another where boxes and measuring rules, &c. are made. They all appeared as happy as they were intelligent. Really humanity and religion triumph at such a benevolent institution. One may exclaim, in a qualified sense, considering God as' the first author of every such blessing, "He hath done all things well; he maketh both the deaf to hear and the dumb to speak." And this pleasure is heightened by the pure principles of morals and religion which seem to form the basis of their education. No Protestant could have given much more simple elementary instruction in the Christian faith, than these children have

received. It is most painful to add, that the Bishop of Hermopolis, since he has been placed at the head of education in France, is said to discourage even this incomparable school, and that M. Paulmier is removed, or about to be removed, from his situation. Thus the best institutions connected with the Roman Catholic Church, are not fostered and encouraged by the leading authorities, as the seeds of future improvement, but opposed and rejected, as disturbing the repose, and contrary to the interests and tendencies, of the dominant religion.

You will, perhaps, next wish me to say something about the French preachers. I was grieved to find, that there were only three public services* on the Sunday at Paris, for a

* May I not add, that, considering the numerous English who are resident in Paris, it would be becoming the wealth and piety of our nation to build an English church there? There are several French churches in London.*

Since the above note was written, I am informed that an English service has been instituted in the *Salon* of a

population of nearly 30,000 Protestants of the two confessions; and these services so arranged as not to allow the same persons to attend conveniently at more than one. But this is not all: in the sermons which I heard, I wanted more of the sound, orthodox, scriptural divinity of the old French Protestant school, who reared its early churches, and nourished the first Hugonots in the faith of the Gospel, and became an example and guide to reformed Europe. I wanted more of the close reasoning and manly appeals of CLAUDE, the author, as you may know, of the *Treatise on the Composition of a Sermon*, and of the *Defence of the Reformation*, and the worthy antagonist of Bossuet at the celebrated conference in 1682. I wanted more of the force and vigorous address of DUBOSC, in his able and most evangelical work on the *Epistle to the Ephesians*—of whom Louis XIV. said, that he was the first speaker in France. I wanted

clergyman resident at Paris, the Rev. Lewis Way, with a liberality and dignity which mark all the proceedings of that excellent person.

more of the piety and unction of DRELINCOURT, whose book against the fear of death is current in England, and is indeed in almost every one's hands.

I was moreover much distressed to observe, that in the use of the liturgical prayers (which are at best, as I have already told you, extremely brief) the most evangelical parts were actually left out by some of the ministers. For instance, in the confession of sin, which at Bern and Lausanne was read entire, the deeper expressions of original corruption and guilt were several times omitted at Paris. So also in the longer prayer after sermon, the best parts were not read. Thank God for the FIXED Liturgy Articles, and Homilies of the Church of England. The Lutheran church at Paris I was not able to attend; my observations regard the Reformed only.

I must say, however, in fairness, that the discourses at the Protestant churches were incomparably superior to a most florid and

unsatisfactory charity sermon which I heard on a week-day from the king's almoner, at the chapel of a benevolent asylum for aged and destitute persons of family. I never shall forget the scene that day: nearly all the French court was present. The Duchesses of Angoulême and Berry, the Pope's Legate, the Archbishop of Paris, the public ministers of state, among whom I noticed M. Chateaubriand; ladies of quality without end; two of whom, splendidly attired, received the collection, as we went out, in velvet bags. I was most courteously received at the chapel by a French nobleman, who entered into a pretty long conversation with me on the state of England and France. I was of course very inadequate to give him a just account of many things which he inquired about, in a political point of view. He seemed to have a high admiration of the sentiments and conduct of our beloved monarch since his accession to the throne. He classed together the French Liberaux and the English Radicals. But to come to the sermon—such a vain tirade of

compliment and extravagant attempt at eloquence, I never heard—without one genuine emotion, one affecting sentiment, one address to the heart—a fine voice and pure enunciation were every thing—the only idea I will quote from the discourse is, “Charity makes those who exercise it *as gods!*” O, where are the Bossuets, the Bourdaloues, the Massillons, or even the De la Rues, and Terrassous of the French church? I understand that M. Fré-synous, the present Bishop of Hermopolis, gave, some years back, most interesting lectures to the young on the Evidences of Christianity. Now even this kind of instruction is wanting. I could hear of no one energetic and able Catholic preacher, who took the ground of our common Christianity, and commended the Gospel to the conscience and good sense of mankind. Infidelity or superstition reign supreme. True religion is met with indifference or ridicule.

But I turn to another topic. I must not omit to tell you, that I spent a large part of

my time at Paris in arranging the translation of Scott's Comment on the Scriptures. I found a competent and pious minister, to whom I promised aid for preparing an accurate text of the Gospel itself, verifying the references, revising the translation for the last time, correcting the proofs, and carrying St. Matthew through the press. I formed also a committee for settling terms with the printer, drawing up a prospectus, and inspecting the due circulation of the work. I found that I should be obliged to advance all the expenses for printing St. Matthew; and it was agreed upon, to send round this Gospel pretty freely to the chief Protestant ministers of the Continent, gratis, with the terms of subscription for the continuance of the work; and to be guided by the success of such subscriptions, as to the further translation of the Comment or not. Since my return home, the revision and preparation for the press have been unremittingly carried on, and the conditions with the printer and paper-maker nearly settled. Some months must, however, elapse before the

Gospel can be published. A literary undertaking of such importance is continually impeded by unexpected difficulties. It is not like the translation of a temporary pamphlet—every thing demands the utmost care—not only is a thorough knowledge required of the language *from* which, and of that *into* which, the translation is to be made: but an acquaintance with theology in all its branches, an aptitude at discovering suitable idioms, a faculty of expressing new and foreign ideas, a readiness to imitate the style and manner of the original writer, and the talent of giving an interest and life to the whole style of the translation.*

* It is now nearly three years since the above was written, and the gospel of St. Matthew is not yet published. The fact is, that after the first imperfect sketch of a translation had been revised and completed, M. F. Monod fils, who had undertaken to superintend the work at Paris, was seized with illness, and a twelvemonth elapsed before he was able to resume his exertions. In May 1826 however the first sheet was printed off, and the gospel has been regularly proceeding ever since. The work however is still slow in its progress, because the correction of the translation is found to be extremely laborious—each sheet costing twelve or sometimes eighteen hours of close application. Half the gospel, or about fifteen

The translation of Milner's History is, I hope, going on at Brussels.—I forwarded a copy of the original work immediately upon my return home. I consider this undertaking only second in importance to that of Scott.

I cannot quit the subject of Paris without mentioning the pleasure which I derived from becoming acquainted, however slightly, with some persons who are its distinguished ornaments. I place first amongst these the Baron de Sacy, almost the last of the distinguished Jansenist body, and perhaps the most accomplished oriental scholar in Europe; and the Count de Hauterive of the Foreign Department, whose knowledge of political economy is so highly, and I believe justly esteemed; he was an élève of the Duc de Choiseul, and knew, as he easily might, the history of our own country better than myself; for the minute particulars of history soon fade from the memory. He, as well as M. de Sacy, are warm friends

sheets (120 pages) are now finished. *See Postscript to this Letter, page 355.*

of the Bible Society. M. de Hauterive conversed with me much on subjects connected with religion. I was struck with the warmth with which he condemned our conduct towards the Irish Catholics, and at the admiration he expressed of the religious spirit of the English nation. He professed a high respect for our National Protestant Church, on account of our tolerant principles and our regard to ecclesiastical order. Amongst a variety of other questions, he asked me why so eager a dispute should have arisen between the Catholics and Protestants about the Eucharist: for, added he, do you not believe that our Saviour is really, though invisibly, present in it? I replied, Yes. And do you not hold, he continued, that it is by faith this is discerned, and the benefits of it received? Certainly, was my answer. And we believe, he rejoined quickly, nothing more than this. Upon this I told him, that if the Catholic Doctors had been half as moderate upon this subject, and had only abstained from the adoration of the host, and other usages which Protestants deem

superstitious and idolatrous, the separation on this topic would not have been so wide between the two churches as it is.*

I may mention, also, that I made the acquaintance of the amiable 'Catholic Bishop Grégoire, a truly liberal and respectable prelate, both as it regards his sentiments and conduct. He seems to spend his life in attempting to lessen the differences and heal the dissensions between Catholics and Protestants, and in promoting the interests of religion and humanity. He is a warm advocate for the abolition of the slave-trade. I cannot omit the name also of the Marquis de Jaucourt, a Protestant nobleman, and a direct

* I just insert here the article of the Creed of Pope Pius IV. on this point, to show the actual errors of the Roman Catholic Church, so different from the charitable construction of individual laymen, however distinguished or well-informed. "I profess, that in the most holy sacrifice of the Eucharist, there is really and substantially the body and blood, together with the soul and divinity, of our Lord Jesus Christ; and that there is made a conversion of the whole substance of the bread into the body, and of the whole substance of the wine into the blood; which conversion the Catholic Church calls transubstantiation."

descendant from the celebrated Philip de Mornay, the great Protestant friend and counsellor of Henry the Fourth, and the man who openly protested against that monarch's abjuration of the Reformed religion, and who during a long life invariably maintained and defended the evangelical doctrine, in the faith of which he died with holy triumph. He ranks, perhaps, next to Coligny and Sully. The Marquis de Jaucourt, with a peculiar propriety, is president of the Paris Bible Society. The Bar^{on} de Staël I was so unfortunate as not to find in Paris. I had the pleasure however of meeting him in London upon my return home. I do not enumerate other distinguished persons—my old friends Kieffer, Stapffer, &c. Nor should I have mentioned so many as I have, except with the design of recording my affectionate gratitude to some of the many leading personages who honoured me with their esteem. The names I have given you include some of the best men in France, and those on whom the hope of great future good rests.

I have found far more to say concerning Paris than I expected ; but I must quit the subject, that I may proceed to supply a few incidents, and make some general reflections, as it respects the whole of my long journey.

1. Perhaps the strongest impression which has been left upon my mind, is of THE UNFATHOMABLE WISDOM OF GOD IN HIS PROVIDENTIAL GOVERNMENT OF THE AFFAIRS OF MEN. I could not but observe continually his exuberant goodness, on the one hand, in the frame and order of the creation ; and his inscrutable judgments, on the other, in the infliction of great and overwhelming calamities. These truths strike one less forcibly at home ; but they revive in their full energy in foreign lands, where all is new, and curiosity never slumbers. In passing through different regions, and observing their widely, varying habits, usages, laws, constitutions, governments, and religious advantages—in retracing the chief changes and revolutions which in different ages have marked the history of

each country—in contemplating the consequences of remote and, at first, trifling causes—in calling to mind the wonderful deliverances afforded in times of danger, and the present political, moral, and religious state, in which so many events have ended—the mind is led to adore that mysterious PROVIDENCE, which, unseen, guides and directs all the events of this lower world, and overrules even the passions of men to accomplish its own purposes. As we travel from place to place, history is localized, as it were, to the mind. Our contracted views become insensibly enlarged, and we acquire a firmer faith in the unfailing goodness of God towards those who fear him.

And surely, these feelings are aided by the contemplation of the sublime and grand features of the Divine MAJESTY which we trace in His works of creation—the profuse bounty scattered at every footstep—the loveliness, the variety, the simplicity, and the magnificence, which continually burst upon us. I can truly

say, the chief natural wonders in our tour along the Rhine and through Switzerland have scarcely ever been absent from my mind since I first witnessed them.

Nor are the traces of God's WRATH less awakening. I think I never was more affected than in hearing the tragic story of Goldau and the Dranse—in riding over the remains of whole villages, and reflecting that under the very feet of my mule lay the bodies of my fellow-creatures, crushed by an instantaneous ruin.

And here I am reminded of a still more awful destruction which occurred near the Grisons about two centuries ago, and which I ought to have mentioned in a former Letter. The town of Piuri or Pleurs, two or three miles from Chavennes, was totally overwhelmed in 1618. On the 4th September of that year, an inhabitant came in haste and urged the people to escape without delay, for he had seen the adjoining Alp actually cleaving asun-

ler. His warning, for some reason which does not appear, was neglected. The same evening, an immense fragment of the mountain fell in a moment, and buried the whole town, so that not a soul escaped except three persons who were absent, and the individual who had given the alarm; even the daughter of this last person, returning for an instant to lock up the door of a cabinet, was buried with the rest. Two thousand four hundred and thirty persons perished, and the channel of the river was so filled, that the first tidings which the inhabitants of Chavennes received of the calamity, was by the failing of their river. I mention this case the rather, because the town was given up to voluptuousness and vice—filled with mansions and palaces,—the favourite summer resort of the most wealthy persons in Italy. The Protestant minister there had often warned the people of the terrible consequences of their sins, and of the judgment of God, which he believed would suddenly break out upon them.

Similar, though less extensive, calamities are perpetually occurring in Switzerland, and add exceedingly to the impression which a stranger receives from a journey through that wonderful country. He will be cautious indeed of presuming to interpret the Divine judgments in particular instances: but he will not fail to derive from them the solemn and general instruction inculcated by our Saviour; “Think ye that those eighteen on whom the tower in Siloam fell and slew them, were sinners above all men that dwelt at Jerusalem? I tell you, Nay: but except ye repent, ye shall all likewise perish.*

2. I pass on to make a second reflection on THE LAMENTABLE, THOUGH OPPOSITE, EVILS OF SUPERSTITION AND INDIFFERENCE, which met us every where on our tour. It quite astonished me, in passing through the Netherlands, to witness, for the first time, the multiplied and unscriptural pomp and idolatry of

* Luke xiii. 4, 5.

the Church of Rome. The surprise was lessened, but not the grief and shame, as I prosecuted my tour. One would think it incredible, that men professing to believe in the New Testament should venture to impose such burdens, or that the people should submit to them. The various and open invasions which Popery has made in all ages on the liberties and peace of mankind, are recorded in every history.

One of its most fearful attempts, for instance, to stop all reformation, and bind people in the galling chains of superstition, occurred in Switzerland at the time when Zuingle and the other Reformers were awakening and persuading the minds of the free and generous inhabitants of the different cantons. Those which remained Popish passed laws, that it should be capital to any to change ~~their~~ religion; and that, on a set day in every year, they should all go to mass, and the masters of families swear to continue true to the state, and firm in their religion to their lives' end.

Afterwards they punished those who fell into what they called heresy, with death and confiscation of goods, on the pretence of its being a violation of the faith thus solemnly sworn to their country.

It is very observable, that where Popery is now reviving in its influence, after the French revolutionary struggles or the iron laws of Bonaparte, it returns with all its folly about it. It is not learning a lesson of wisdom, and silently following its Borroméos, and Pascals, and Fénelons, and dropping some of its grosser corruptions; but it re-assumes all its arts, its impositions, its ceremonies, its incense, its processions, its pilgrimages, its image worship, its exclusive claims, its domination over the conscience, its traditions, its opposition to the Bible, its hatred of scriptural education, its resistance to all the first principles and blessings of genuine liberty—in short, its united tyranny, superstition, and idolatry—and this in the full face of day

and in the nineteenth century, and with infidelity watching for objections to Christianity generally.*

And what is the general moral effect of this system? It neither sanctifies nor saves. The poison of vice, glossed over with outward forms of decency, eats as doth a canker. The whole attention of man is directed to superstitious ceremonies as a substitute for spiritual obedience. Morality is compromised

* The Pope has lately issued two Bulls, one to denounce and proscribe the BIBLE—the other to appoint the present year to be observed as a JUBILEE, and promising remission of sins to such as should, in the course of it, make a pilgrimage to Rome!

• “ These two documents should be circulated throughout the whole Christian world. From beginning to end, they demonstrate that Popery is, at this moment, as utterly opposed as it ever was to all freedom of conscience and intelligent use of the Scriptures; and that all hope of its having been, as a system, improved or meliorated, by the course of events and the advancement of knowledge, is at an end. It is fit that scriptural Christians all over the world should settle it in their minds, that Popery, as a system, never has departed, and seems never likely to depart, from that which is its predicted characteristic—BLASPHEMOUS USURPATION OF THE PLACE OF GOD! *Miss. Reg. Jan. 1825.*

and exchanged for an adherence to ecclesiastical rites. Voluptuousness, impurity, dishonesty, cunning, hypocrisy, every vice, prevails and is connived at, just as Popery has the more complete sway. The dreadful profanation of the Sabbath 'by prescription' becomes fixed. All the holy ends of it are forgotten, unknown, obliterated. It is the habitual season of unrestrained pleasure. I speak of effects generally; for there are multitudes of individual Catholics, who serve God in sincerity and truth; and who, disregarding the accumulations heaped on the foundation of the faith, build on Jesus Christ and him crucified.

There is, indeed, one class of persons in Catholic countries, which I compassionate from my heart. They are not sunk in superstition, and yet they have not imbibed the piety of true disciples of Christ; but having been educated during the Revolution, have acquired a general boldness and liberality of sentiment; see through much of the mummary of Popery;

detect the spirit and aims of a worldly-minded priesthood; are disgusted at the revival of the Jesuits, the opposition to the Bible Society, the resistance to education, the disturbance and removal of the most pious and worthy masters and professors, and the persecution of the Protestants. And yet they are not in earnest enough about religion to take a decided part; the objections of Infidels dwell upon their minds—they shrink from ridicule—the fear of reproach prevents their quitting the Roman communion—there is nothing in the Protestantism they are acquainted with, to show them a “more excellent way.” The value of the soul and the paramount duty of seeking their own salvation, are considerations which do not enough rouse their minds. Thus they glide down the fatal stream with others, dissatisfied and yet unconverted. These are persons to be won by the friendly conversation of true Christians, to be invited to read suitable books on the evidences and nature of true Christianity, and to be encouraged to seek, and to follow and obey the truth.

But I turn to the Protestantism which we have met with in our tour; and alas, I see deism, infidelity, indifference, a secret contempt of religion, too widely diffused in many quarters. I observe a cold celebration of a few great festivals: but the Sabbath desecrated—holiness of life too little exemplified—the principles of grace, from which only it can spring, forgotten—the Reformation, with its glorious truths, corrupted and obscured. I see a vain human philosophy—scepticism—political views—the interests of a corrupt literature—levity and inconstancy as to the faith of the Gospel, too prevalent. I see persecution itself, the most odious part of Popery, transplanted to some Protestant bodies, and an open defection from the Gospel avowed in the city which was once the praise of the churches.*

* The tendency of dominant churches to impose on the consciences of others has appeared even amongst the most pious and orthodox. About 150 years since, this very church of Geneva united with those of Bern and Zurich, in condemning all persons who held the universal extent of our Lord's death; with whom they strangely joined those who

Still, after all, we must thank God, that things are in many places greatly improving both amongst Catholics and Protestants—that the opened Bible, the spirit of free inquiry after truth, the power of conscience, the intercourse of different Protestant states, the operations of various religious societies, the judgments of God which have been abroad in the earth, and, above all, the Divine mercy visiting and subduing the hearts of men, are producing a wonderful change. In some quarters the purity of the Gospel has flourished without interruption or decay. But taking a view of the present state of the Con-

impugned the power and authority of the Hebrew vowel points! I need not say, that the paramount authority of these vowel points has long been given up by every scholar; and that the doctrine of Christ having given “himself a ransom for all,” is now generally admitted as an undoubted verity of the New Testament. Such is the folly of excess in religious legislation, to say nothing of the danger of revulsion—of opening the door to such regulations as that of 1817. It was observed by a member of the House of Commons last sessions, from Lord Clarendon, that “he had observed in his progress through life, that of all classes of men, the clergy took the worst measure of human affairs.” An acute and poignant remark.

tinent generally, in its two great families of Catholics and Protestants, the Christian traveller cannot but be affected even to depression with the prevailing degeneracy.

3. But let me turn to a more pleasing topic, and one that may cheer us with THE PROSPECT OF THE REVIVAL OF RELIGION. For who raised up the Reformers in the sixteenth century? Were they not men of “like passions with ourselves?” Cannot a similar race of men be again formed by the mercy of God now? Nay, are there not reasonable hopes that such will be the case? For a visit to the Continent leads the traveller over those scenes where the Reformers began their blessed labours. And this is the third observation which I wish to offer. Nothing afforded me, I think, such unmixed pleasure, as entering the very towns, visiting the houses, and reading the letters of those great and able men. I did not penetrate far enough into Germany to see Eisenach, Wittemberg, or Worms, where the magnanimous Luther met his papal antago-

nists ; but I was at Geneva, where Beza, after the death of Luther and Calvin, so admirably led the Reformation.

It was Beza who conducted the discussions of Poissy in 1561, where in the presence of the king of France, (Charles IX.) the King of Navarre, (afterwards Henry IV.) the Cardinal of Lorraine, and the French court, he almost effected the reception of the reformed doctrines in that vast kingdom. The Reformed Church in France had then reached its widest limits. The Protestants had two thousand one hundred and fifty churches, some of which contained ten thousand members. In fact, nearly half of France was Protestant in the 16th century; whilst in the present, the 19th, not more than a thirtieth part follows the reformed doctrines. The valuable MS. of the Gospel which bears the name of Beza (Codex Bezae), was his gift to the University of Cambridge. He died in 1605, aged 86.

I was also at Strasburg, where Martin Bucer, for twenty-six years, was a model of evangelical holiness. Our great Cranmer brought him over with Fagius in 1549, and fixed him in the University of Cambridge, where he read lectures with infinite applause; on St. John's Gospel. He died in 1551, and was buried with the utmost respect, in the University Church, the Vice Chancellor and the members of all the colleges attending.

I saw at Basle, the cathedral, and school, and library, where Ecolampadius, from 1515 to his death in 1531, laboured in establishing, with equal acuteness and moderation, the reformed doctrines. He was joined with Erasmus in composing the annotations on the New Testament, which so much aided the infant cause of truth. His name was indicative of his character; he was indeed Ecolampadius, 'the lamp of the house,' a burning and a shining light in the Temple of the Lord.

I visited likewise the abode of Bullinger, who, after the death of Zuingle, was for above forty years at the head of the churches at Zurich.* I walked in the streets, I saw the churches, I entered the college, I was in the very house, I saw the hand-writing of this blessed man, who, in 1538, received with affectionate hospitality some noble Englishmen, and wrote, at their request, to our Henry VIII., in support of the perfection and authority of the Scriptures; and in 1554, in the

* Bishop Burnet mentions that he saw at Zurich a Latin MS. of the New Testament of the ninth century, in which a preface of St. Jerome prefixed to the Catholic Epistles, stated that "he had been more exact in that translation, that he might discover the fraud of the Arians, who had struck out that passage (viz. 1 John v. 7, 8.) concerning the Trinity." If this be correct, it seems to confirm the arguments in favour of the authenticity of the passage. Surely Jerome, who was born in A.D. 331, and lived for nearly a century, must be a competent witness to such a FACT. The present Bishop of Salisbury's Tracts on the authenticity of this Text, are entitled on all accounts to the attention of the Biblical student. He informs us that Walafrid Strabo, Erasmus, Socinus, Le Clerc, Sir Isaac Newton, Mill, and Dorchout, consider that the prologue above referred to was Jerome's; and that it proves the existence, in his time, of the Greek text of the seventh verse.—See Bishop BURGESS'S Vindication, 1823, p. 46, &c.

reign of the atrocious Queen Mary, welcomed Jewel, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury, Sandys, afterwards Archbishop of York, and others; gave them lodgings in the Cathedral-Close; and when Elizabeth ascended the throne, continued a constant correspondence with them till his death, in 1575. Few measures in our English Reformation were taken without his advice.

All this I should have mentioned to you before. I have, indeed, alluded frequently to the names of some of these Reformers. But I ought to have dwelt more on their piety and talents, their wisdom and courage, their zeal and disinterestedness. For my mind is deeply penetrated with the conviction that the best hope of a GENERAL REVIVAL of religion now, is by studying and imitating such bright examples. Men like these, wise, holy, ardent, devoted to God, raised above a spirit of party in religion, purified from petty passions, separated from the politics of this world, thoroughly grounded in the doctrine of Holy Scripture,

and working by genuine humility and lowliness, rather than by heat and obstilacy—men, animated above all with the ardent love of “Christ and him crucified”—such persons would soon be the means of restoring decayed religion in the Popish and Protestant churches. To produce such men, the silent circulation of the Bible seems the first step. Of all inventions the noble idea of giving throughout the world the inspired Volume of Revelation appears to me the most happy, the most pure, and the most important. It is like the works of nature, as simple as it is majestic and efficacious. It has the impress of God. I do not wonder at the open and violent opposition which the Bible Society has provoked. This might be expected, if I am right in the immense importance which I attach to it. The Pope and the Church of Rome know that the Bible is against them. They act in character in the Bulls issued against it. The opposition of some Protestants would be much more painful and mysterious, if we did not remember the effects of misrepresentation and

controversy, in perverting the judgment of men in spite of their better principles. Let only the friends of the Bible institutions persevere in that meek and peaceable temper which has hitherto so much distinguished them. They are invulnerable so long as the spirit of love goes on to preside over their proceedings and conduct. There is nothing which I do not expect ultimately by their means. Wherever the Bible meets with characters like those of Leander Van Ess or the Pastor Henhöfer, it works its way with irresistible might; or wherever the grace of God makes it the means of first training such characters, it soon leads to like results. Truth, in the very words dictated by the Holy Ghost, enters the mind, and sheds its own glory there. And it is impossible to say in how many hearts that process is actually going on—how many latent Luthers, Melancthons, Calvins, Zuingle, Bucers, Ecolampadiuses, and Bullingers, are now preparing, by a painful study of the Bible, for future usefulness.

4. The example of those Protestant churches which have the widest influence, may also have a great effect, under the blessing of God, to produce and help forward such a revival. Let us aid the inquiring. Let us embody and exhibit the Christianity of which they read in their Bibles. LET US ENDEAVOUR TO ADVANCE THE AGE OF TRUE CHRISTIAN CHARITY, founded on the doctrines of the grace of Christ. This is my fourth remark. I entreat my countrymen, and especially the ministers of religion, to cultivate both at home and in their visits to the Continent, the spirit of forbearance, wisdom, moderation, and love, which marked the Reformers. Our books are read abroad, our sentiments have a considerable influence. England is the hope of the world. Let then the law of Christian kindness be apparent in all we write and teach. We have had in the Church the ages of SUPERSTITION—thirteen centuries have witnessed the fatal effects of this on true religion. We have seen, since the revival of letters, our ages of DARING INQUIRY, human reasoning, contro-

versy ; and we have tasted the bitter fruits which they have produced. Surely at length it is time for THE AGE OF CHARITY, of the love of God and man, to begin—love which receives and uses to their proper end, all the great mysteries of redemption : which dwells on every doctrine and duty in a holy, practical manner ; which assimilates every thing to its own pure and heavenly temper ; which conforms us to the divine image, and unites us to God himself. The scheme of reducing all men to one confession is vain and hopeless. On minor questions, the best course is to hold with moderation and firmness our own sentiments, whilst we respect those of others. To meet men in anger, and attempt to subdue them by controversy, is the way to augment, instead of lessening, existing evils. Love, then, is the truest wisdom. The few commanding doctrines and duties of Christianity may be best recommended in this spirit. Where these are received and practised, remaining disagreements will lose half their mischief, by being deprived of all their asperity. Differ-

ences of judgment are the infirmity of the MILITANT Church. If all men could be brought to one mind, the world would be in a state not to need the new law of charity which our Saviour left us, as the badge of his followers, and the healing medicine of their feverish heats and irritations. I can truly say that if I have erred against the law of peace in any thing I have said in my series of Letters, I heartily retract it. My intention and my prayer is to unite TRUTH with CHARITY.

5. But I must not dwell on these topics. I just mention a further thought in connexion with them, which frequently occurred to me on my journey---THE IMPORTANCE OF EVERY CHRISTIAN TRAVELLER, WHETHER MINISTER OR NOT, CORDIALLY CO-OPERATING, IN SOME WAY OR OTHER, IN THIS GREAT WORK. Let not the beauties of nature withdraw his mind from the duties, unostentatious but important, which he may connect so easily, so agreeably with them. Let not the hurry of his movements, the novelty of his circumstances, the

imperfection of his knowledge of the Continental tongues, the infirmity of his health,*

* I would here offer a remark or two to invalids. I found in my own instance, that whilst I was moving gently from place to place, my health, which had been undermined by a long series of over-exercition, was sensibly improved. The fine air, the changes of scene, the freedom from ordinary cares and duties, the conversation of my family, the curiosity awakened at every turn, my inquiries, wherever I came, into the moral and religious state of the different towns and countries, my interviews with pious ministers and professors, and especially the mountain tours, all contributed, under God's blessing, to my recovery. When I arrived at Lyon in September, after a journey of three months and about two thousand five hundred miles, I was not like the same person as when I quitted England. The over-hurry of the few last weeks of my tour was the first thing that injured me, so far as I can judge. I travelled, in consequence of my son's illness, too rapidly to Geneva the last time. Again, when I arrived at Paris, I was not enough on my guard. I saw too many friends, and attended too many societies. The hours also were late, compared with what I had been accustomed to. The consequence was, that when I arrived in England, and returned to my usual clerical duties, I soon found myself indisposed. The extremely wet weather on my first arrival added to my complaints; and in three weeks I was totally laid by, with all the indisposition, in an aggravated form, from which I had suffered before I entered upon my tour. I mention my own case thus at length as a caution to others. I would especially recommend them to avoid hurry towards the close of their journey, to return at a season when the weather is

deter him from attempting a little. Such labour for the good of souls elevates and sanctifies a tour undertaken for health or instruction. A conversation with a peasant on the road, a visit to a poor or sick family, the gift of a suitable tract or a New Testament, a word dropped at a table-d'hôte, the encouraging of the more candid and pious clergy, the assisting of Bible and Missionary Societies, the consecration of the Sabbath, the daily devotions of the family, are duties neither

likely to be fine, to watch over the first effects of the change of climate and food, and to resume laborious and anxious duties slowly and gradually. This subject leads me to suggest to pious travellers to take with them some tracts suitable to the sick and dying. So many English become ill abroad, that many a tour begun in vanity, may end, under God's blessing, in seriousness and piety, by the aid of a striking tract, or a copy of the New Testament. It is possible even that the last solemn scenes of life may be cheered by the doctrine of repentance and remission of sins in the name of Christ, thus conveyed. I should perhaps add, that we found great difficulty in having our English prescriptions made up abroad. I explained to a druggist at Spa a very simple one, which he assured me he understood, adding that he had continually made up similar ones. The medicine, however, was so different from what we had been used to, that I could not venture to let Mrs. W. take it.

difficult nor rare. Examples continually occur of the good thus produced.

A gentleman of Scotland, almost unacquainted with French, came to Geneva, about seven years since, and in a few months, by simply dwelling on the authority and manifest truths of the New Testament, was the means of attracting the attention and regard of a whole circle of young students, and imbuing their minds with its evangelical doctrine.

An American merchant, settled some time since at Paris, became the centre of really most extensive good, by kindness, piety, liberality, fearlessness, simplicity of heart; though he knew French very imperfectly. The multitude of tracts he gave away was incredible.

Again, an English lady at Lausanne was the means of inconceivable benefit, by occupying every moment of a pretty long residence.

in aiding the cause of her God and Saviour, though in no way at all inconsistent with the modesty and humility of her sex.

Another lady was at Montanvert, on the way to the Mer de Glace, a few years since. She wrote in her guide's book the usual attestation to his attention and skill; and then added, " You have often said to me, Lean upon me, follow my steps, and fear nothing. This is what I say to you as to our true Guide and Saviour Jesus Christ. Lean upon Him, follow his steps, and fear nothing. He will conduct you safely in the road, yet more difficult, of eternal life."* This advice gratified the man beyond conception; and several years after it was written, he showed it with undiminished pleasure to a visitor, who copied it out, and furnished me with a transcript.

* Vous m'avez souvent dit, Appuyez sur moi, suivez mes pas, et ne craignez rien. C'est ce que je vous dis touchant notre véritable Guide et Sauveur Jesus Christ. Appuyez-vous sur lui, suivez ses pas, et ne craignez rien. Il vous conduira en sûreté dans le chemin, encore plus difficile, de la vie éternelle.

Once more, one of my friends at Rome showed a passage in the New Testament to an Italian gentleman—it was a consolatory chapter under afflictions—he was struck even to admiration, and entreated the loan of the sacred book ; adding, that his own Bible was in thirty or more volumes, so that he could scarcely find the text amidst the overwhelming notes.

I only add, that an Englishman of high family opened his hotel, during a tour on the Continent, for the celebration of Divine service on Sundays. He engaged, from time to time, some clergyman to preach, and sent cards of invitation to all the persons to whom he had access at the towns where he rested. The curiosity excited was prodigious. In many of the chief places in Italy, his salon was crowded. The Catholics were astonished at an English nobleman appearing to be really in earnest about religion.

But in all these attempts to do good, the charity which I have just been recommending,

must reign. Benevolence is an universal language. Those who may not at first understand your sentiments, can feel and appreciate your kindness. All airs of superiority must be avoided, all boasting of England's liberty, riches, power; all intermeddling in politics, all controversy about different churches—I had almost said about different doctrines. Love must be the key to open the heart—Christian love, which delights in truths common to all churches, and interesting to every soul of man, and which knows how to make large allowances for dulness, prejudices of education, early habits, and slow obedience to truth.

If any should doubt the obligation of our thus carrying our religion wherever we travel, let him learn it from the word of God, which demands the dedication of all we have, and under all circumstances, to his service. I need only quote one or two declarations from the New Testament to recal this point to the mind of the pious reader. “Whatsoever ye

do in word or deed, do all in the name of the Lord Jesus." "Whether therefore ye eat or drink, or whatsoever ye do, do all to the glory of God." "As we have therefore opportunity let us do good unto all men, and especially to them that are of the household of faith." "For ye are not your own, but ye are bought with a price; wherefore glorify God in your bodies and in your spirits, which are God's."*

These, and similar passages, are quite decisive. I know the objections which are raised by timid and worldly-minded persons against this introduction of religion into the ordinary concerns of life. I know the charges of enthusiasm which they advance. I know that ridicule—irresistible ridicule—is the weapon they constantly employ—and that they do all this on the plea of not degrading religion and exposing it to contempt—but I also know that

* Col. iii. 17. 1 Cor. x. 31. 1 Cor. vi. 19, 20.

these same kinds of objections have been made in all ages against every holy effort of truly sincere Christians in benefitting their fellow-creatures. Such objections commonly amount to nothing. Similar ones might be raised against any grave and zealous undertaking in the usual pursuits of mankind. Errors against taste should be avoided indeed, where they can; but such errors furnish no argument against the commanding duties of "loving our neighbour as ourselves," and of "going about" like our Saviour, "doing good." The immensely important concerns of eternity are not to be governed by such trifling considerations. It only requires a ray of holy illumination from above, to discern and feel something of the claim which our divine Lord has upon all our love, all our efforts, all our time, all our influence. Nothing is so truly rational and dignified—nothing so elevated, and in the highest degree philanthropic and philosophical, as the benevolent endeavour to raise and purify the minds and habits of our fellow-men. In doing this we claim no miraculous powers,

we assert no infallibility of judgment, we presume on no immediate or peculiar care of the Divine Providence, we supersede no just use of prudence and foresight, we advance no pretences to an interpretation of the mysterious scheme of the government of God, we lessen no motive to activity in ordinary duties—but we plainly maintain that the Bible reveals a religion founded on the sacrifice of Christ and the operations of the Holy Spirit—that this religion is to change the whole moral bias of the affections; and that when the heart is thus renewed, man feels the imperious obligation of labouring to glorify God in every project and every action of his life. The honour of God and the good of men are his object, his passion, his joy. He takes a far warmer interest in this high pursuit, than the scholar, the artist, the warrior, the statesman do in theirs—is more sure of the value of the good he communicates, and more persuaded of the ultimate success which will crown his labours—for he reposes on the ever-present providence of that God who “ clothes the

grass of the field;" without whom "not a sparrow falls to the ground;" and who has condescended to say, that the "very hairs of our head are all numbered."

6. But GRATITUDE TO GOD FOR THE BLESSINGS WHICH WE ENJOY IN ENGLAND, is a further general sentiment powerfully awakened by a foreign tour. Never was I so impressed with thankfulness to God for the moral, religious, free, prosperous, happy state of my own country, as when I had the opportunity of comparing it with that of the nations of the Continent. At home murmurs, objections, difficulties, are sometimes heard and propagated. Men are restless and discontented. But let any one travel abroad, and he must be ungrateful indeed if his complaints are not changed into admiration. I am far from denying the errors of our rulers, or the imperfections still adhering to our legislation and system of laws—this is human. I am still further from denying, that in our public religious conduct, as a nation, there is, abstractedly

speaking, very much evil to deplore. I would be the last to dissemble the many sins amongst us which provoke the anger of God, and which are the more criminal in proportion to our knowledge and ample means of instruction—the luxury, the pride, the sad mixture of infidelity and contempt of the Gospel; the departure of too many of our clergy from the reformed doctrines; the low standard of moral and religious feeling in our senate; our divisions and party-spirit on every question; our neglect of adequate means of education for our poor, and of accommodation for the public worship of God; our encouragement of the sale of pernicious liquors; our licentious and blasphemous press; the scandalous disorder of our public places of amusement; our Sunday newspapers, Sunday dissipation and Sunday travelling; our apathy at the oppression of the innocent African in our West India Islands—these and other public evils no one is more sensible of than myself. No doubt we have cause to look at home. Still, thank God, England is on the whole as superior to other lands in the

practice of morals, as in the extent and success of her commerce and her arms. Her faults are not of the peculiar malignity which mark Popish countries—we do not shut up the Bible—we do not corrupt religion with open idolatry and superstition—we do not oppose the traditions of men to the inspired Word of God—we do not tyrannize over the conscience—we do not crush the civil and religious liberty of mankind. There never was a time when England stood more free from these darker shades of guilt. As a country, notwithstanding all I have just been saying, every thing moral and religious is advancing. The abolition of the trade in slaves—the renunciation of Sunday drilling—the mitigation of our criminal code—the relinquishment of lotteries—the improvement of prison discipline—the establishments for national education—the grants for missions abroad and for erecting new churches at home—the parliamentary committees for investigating various abuses—the honourable discharge of our pledges and engagements to other states, are all so

many proofs of the high religious feeling of England, compared with the continental nations.

Especially the religious freedom of our beloved country ought to excite our warmest gratitude to the Giver of all good. We are too apt to forget our actual blessings, in this respect. But if we recal the past circumstances of Protestant Europe, or even reflect on her present situation, we shall receive a deeper impression of our own advantages. Consider, for example, the sufferings of the Protestants of France the century before last, after the revocation of the edict of Nantes—tens, yea hundreds of thousands of fugitives escaping with the loss of every thing, to England, Holland, and Switzerland,—so that in the small town of Lausanne only, in the year 1685, there were 2000 of the laity and more than 200 ministers, whom some even of the Catholic cantons joined the Protestant in succouring. But these exiles were happy compared with their brethren who were detained

in their own country. The cruelties of the dragonnades of Louis XIV. were so much beyond all the common measures of persecution, that Bishop Burnet, who witnessed them in his travels, declares there never was such a violation of all that is sacred, either with relation to God or man.

But why should I speak of times that are past, in order to awaken our thankfulness to God for the actual state of things in England? Consider the present situation of the churches in the Valleys of Piedmont—18 or 19,000 of the most humble, industrious, hospitable, kind-hearted, simple, obedient, and pious persons of Christendom under the iron yoke of oppression. Every one knows the history of these churches of the Waldenses or Vaudois, possibly founded by the Apostle Paul; and, in all probability, the primitive Christians of the West, as the Syrian Christians are of the East? Who has not read, almost with tears, the heart-rending story of the cruelties they endured from the Papal see during the dark

ages?*

I just mentioned the names of these sufferers to you when writing from Turin. But I dwell a moment on their history to awaken us to gratitude. The truth is, that when Christianity was almost lost under the Roman Catholic corruptions, it remained in much purity amongst these beloved people, who had spread themselves before the sixteenth century, from the borders of Spain, throughout the south of France, amongst and below the Alps, along the Rhine on both sides of its course, even to Bohemia. They reached also to Bulgaria, Croatia, Dalmatia, and Hungary; communicated their doctrine as far as England; and in Italy stretched down to Calabria. They num-

* In the fourteenth century 80,000 were martyred in Bohemia only. I add here a single trait of their deep piety, as an example not unsuitable to ourselves. It is recorded by an enemy. Before they go to meat, the elder amongst the company says, "God, who blessed the five barley loaves and two fishes before his disciples in the wilderness, bless this table and that which is set upon it, in the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost." And after meat he says, "The God which has given us bodily food, grant us his spiritual life; and may God be with us, and we always with Him!"—See *Milner* in loc.

bered, about the year 1530, above 800,000 souls.

It was at the accursed revocation of the edict of Nantes, in 1685, that Louis XIV. engaged the court of Turin to attempt their utter extermination from the Valleys of Piedmont. The Vaudois fled their country in bodies of five or six hundred, some to the Palatinate, others to Brandenburg, others to different parts of Switzerland, desiring only a little bread at different towns to carry them on their way. A few years afterwards, a band of 900 under one of their ministers, reconquered their native valleys; and from this handful of Christian heroes, the present Vaudois sprung. From the year of their return in 1689, till they became the subjects of France, in 1800, they endured with all long-suffering, the cruel oppressions of the Sardinian government. Bonaparte first granted them religious liberty—this was his policy everywhere; he placed all his subjects on the same footing; at Paris he granted the Protestants the use of four of

the Catholic churches; three of which they occupy still:* so in the other cities of France, Rouen, &c.

Will it be believed, that when the late Victor Emmanuel reascended the throne of Sardinia in 1814, his first measure was to re-enact all the persecuting edicts against this unoffending people. They are now again compelled to desist from work on Catholic festivals, forbidden to exercise the profession of physician or surgeon, prohibited from purchasing land, required to take off their hats when the host is carried about, denied a printing press, and were refused for several years even the liberty of building an hospital for their sick; whilst their public schools, in which the Bible was taught, were put down, and their children often stolen from them in order to be educated in Popery. In the meantime, the support of their ministers, which was chiefly derived from England, has of late very much failed;

* Those of Sainte Marie, L'Oratoire, and Les Billettes.

and the royal bounty, begun by Queen Mary, has been withheld since the year 1797.

But I am drawn on too far. I dwell on the circumstances of these churches, not only to excite our thankfulness to God, who has made us in England so much to differ, but also to take occasion to point out the obligation which we are under, to give a proof of that gratitude, by our aid to our suffering brethren. I found as I passed through Brussels, an excellent Christian friend, who spent five months amongst them a year or two since, and who revisited them last summer in company with a pious and amiable clergyman, who had been there about ten years before. The inquiries of these friends will probably soon be laid before the British public, and their benevolent assistance solicited—an appeal, which, I am sure, cannot be made in vain.

* Already ~~was~~ 120*l.* been collected for their relief amongst the English at Rome, after a sermon by the Rev.

It seems to me, that the returns which the continental sovereigns have in too many instances made to Almighty Goodness for the restoration of peace, by persecution, cruelty, injustice, tyranny, and opposition to scriptural light and knowledge, must assuredly incur the wrath of the Most High. May England be ever preserved from copying the tyranny and spirit of persecution which in all ages have marked the Church of Rome! May she keep as far as possible from relapsing into that bitter, merciless temper, which the glorious

Lewis Way. Something has also been begun by friends in England.

Since the appearance of the second edition of this work, the Rev. W. S. Gilly has published a most interesting narrative of his Visit to the Vaudois. He has given a very lively description of the manners and present circumstances of that extraordinary people. Some parts of his narrative are really most affecting. I trust the benevolent designs of the able writer will be seconded by the liberality of the English government and people. A handsome private subscription has been begun, at the head of which are the names of His Majesty the King, and of the Bishops of London and Durham. The banking houses of Messrs. Glyn, Messrs. Bosanquet, and Messrs. Masterman, are appointed for receiving donations.

Reformation tended to extinguish, but which is ever apt to revive under some disguise or another, unless jealously watched and repressed. The danger of all dominant churches, though ever so pure in their principles, is formality and pride—a secular spirit—false dignity—decay as to spiritual religion—eagerness in pressing matters of external discipline—the loss of the true spirit of the Gospel, and a haughty oppressive intolerance substituted in its place.*

I will only add, that I was exceedingly grieved to be unable to visit myself these devoted and persecuted Vaudois. At one point of our excursion to Turin, we were within twenty-four miles of their valleys, and this

* I add a thrilling caution from the pen of our great practical Commentator.

“It may also be very well worth inquiring whether there be not some remains of the Papal superstition and corruption even in Protestant churches: and how far they whose grand object it seems to be to contend *most*, and *most vehemently*, not to say *virulently*, for that which admits of the *least* scriptural proof, or no scriptural proof, keep at a distance from this tremendous woe.” *Scott's Commentary.*†

† Rev. xiv. 9--11.

has led me to speak of them ; but other indispensable duties made it impracticable for me to devote the time which such a visit would have demanded.

7. I mention as my seventh and last general reflection upon my journey, the duty of exciting ourselves and others, at home and abroad, to FERVENT AND PERSEVERING PRAYER FOR THE EFFUSION OF THE GRACE OF THE HOLY SPIRIT ON THE UNIVERSAL CHURCH. The experience of every thoughtful tourist confirms that of the servants of God in all ages, that man can do nothing of himself; the torrent of human corruption rolls too wide and too strong for his puny arm to stop its course. After all the means we can use, superstition and infidelity—or, in the words of Scripture, “the minding of the flesh”—will carry away the various petty boundaries which can be reared against them. God alone has the key of the human heart—Our Lord Christ was “manifested to destroy the works of the devil”—The Divine Spirit is “the Lord and Giver of Life.”

What we want is a LARGER GIFT OF THE INFLUENCES OF GRACE. I speak not of the miraculous powers of the Spirit of God; these ceased by the close of the third century. We renounce all pretensions to them. I speak not of dreams or visions, or sensible influxes, or direct inspirations, or new and extraordinary revelations. All these we utterly disclaim. I speak of the ordinary, secret, sanctifying work of God the Spirit, in illuminating, converting, and consoling fallen man; that work which unlocks the understanding, which liberates the will, which purifies the affections, which unites the whole soul to Christ in faith, love, and obedience. The gifts of this blessed agent have been bestowed from time to time in a peculiar manner on the Church.

Such a period was that of St. Augustine in the fifth century, to whose conversion I have already referred. Again, under Claudius of Turin, in the ninth century, and Peter Waldo, of Lyon, in the twelfth, a considerable light burst forth, and the followers of Christ, under

the name of the Waldenses, were planted throughout Europe. The era of grace and truth returned at the glorious Reformation. Gradually weakened and obscured by human darkness since, it is again needed as much as ever in the present day. Nay, may I not say it has commenced?

Are there not blessed indications that the grace of the Spirit is revisiting the churches? Does not the revival of the doctrines of St. Austin and of the Reformation, or rather of the BIBLE, mark this? Does not the present general acknowledgment of the doctrine of the HOLY GHOST, and the wide circulation of THAT BOOK which He inspired and never fails to bless, indicate it? Do not the increasing number of awakened and converted clergymen in every communion, the diffusion of religious feeling and interest in the higher ranks of society in our own country, the rise and astonishing progress of our religious institutions, mark this? Especially, does not the blessed temper of LOVE AND CHARITY which is

so much prevailing, denote it? Do not the favour and aid afforded to pious efforts by our own and other governments, the eagerness of mankind to welcome the benefits we offer them, the men raised up suited for various difficult duties, the translation of the Scriptures into all the languages of the earth, the dispersion of missionaries amongst the heathen and Mohammedan nations, betoken this? Does not the surprising success of the Bible Society in the world generally, and of the various Missionary bodies in their particular labours in Western Africa, in the South Seas, in the East and West Indies, and in Caffraria, lead to the same conclusion?

It is true, there is much remaining to be done—we overrate, perhaps, the comparative amount of what is performed. Deduct as much as you please on this account; I take the remainder, and then ask, whether there is not still enough confessedly accomplished, to assure us that a new era of grace has begun, and to encourage us to fervent prayer for that

LARGER EFFUSION OF THE HOLY SPIRIT which can effect every thing we yet desire? Already has the attention of the Protestant churches been called to this momentous subject. In many parts of England, Ireland, Germany, Switzerland, America, treatises have been widely circulated, courses of sermons preached, and meetings for prayer instituted, to excite attention to the importance of this great blessing. Were it once granted, it would include every other. And surely the position of the spiritual Church, especially in England, in parts of Germany, and in America; the feverish state of many of the nations of the Continent; the open and surprising successes in Greece and the Southern Americas; the commotions and discontent throughout Spain and Italy; the rapid diffusion of literature and of religious knowledge over the world; the general strain of divine prophecy; the spirit of inquiry excited among the Jews; and the impenetrable obstinacy and corruption of the Eastern and Western Apostacies, as connected with the near flowing out of the three prophetic synchronical

periods of 1260 years—surely all this may lead us to “lift up our heads because our redemption draweth nigh.” For the three great events of the fall of Papal Antichrist, the overthrow of the Mohammedan imposture, and the conversion and return of the houses of Israel and Judah, are considered by most Protestant expositors—Joseph Mede, Sir Isaac Newton, Bishops Newton, Hurd and Horsley; Mr. Scott, Mr. Faber, &c.—as approaching, yea, AS AT THE DOORS.

But to leave this general view of the subject, I observe that prayer for the Holy Ghost would, at all events, tend to sanctify and bless our own hearts, our families, our houses, our children, our projects, our labours amongst others. It would thus make us a blessing wherever we travelled. I know not that any reflection was more frequently excited in my mind during my tour than this, of the necessity of prayer for DIVINE GRACE. What I could myself actually do, was little; but where I could not help by my efforts, I could pray.

Many painful scenes of superstition or infidelity, I could only lament over—but God I knew could bring the remedy for them. The divine doctrines which I wished to hear from Christian pulpits, I could not supply—but the Holy Spirit, I believed, could implant them in the heart, and pour them from the tongue of every individual minister. The moral chains of thousands and tens of thousands I could not break—but I was assured the blessed Spirit could dissolve them gradually, or even at once, by his secret power. The miseries, and sufferings, and persecutions, which I saw around me, I could not alleviate—but the Holy Ghost, I doubted not, could effectually arrest and heal them.

Prayer, therefore, for God's Spirit, is the duty, the interest, the happiness of every Christian, both at home and abroad. If Englishmen travel in this temper, the more intercourse they have with the Continent the better; they will benefit all whom they visit—a fragrance, so to speak, yea, “the savour of

the knowledge of Christ" will be diffused around them, and incalculable good be communicated and received. In any other temper than that of prayer, let no one venture on a ground which must be to him sown with dangers and temptations. He will injure, instead of assisting, both himself and others. The prejudices against the Protestant doctrine and evangelical truth, which the ill conduct of Englishmen abroad have implanted or confirmed, are deplorable: whilst the mischiefs which many young Protestants have brought home with them, as to moral and religious habits, are perhaps still more to be lamented. I cannot, therefore, conclude this series of Letters more suitably, than by saying that, if the Christian needs the support of prayer and the grace of the Blessed Spirit at home, where he is surrounded with pious friends, aided by habit, and stimulated to his duty by abundant means of grace; much more will he require this assistance abroad, where, many of his usual safe-guards being removed, and numberless dis-

tractions and snares presenting themselves, he will often find that his only effectual means of safety are the solitude of his closet, meditation of Holy Scripture, and prayer for the sacred Spirit of God.

I am,

Yours affectionately,

D. W.

POSTSCRIPT.

The delay in the publication of the French Translation of Mr. Scott's Comment on St. Matthew has not only arisen from the causes stated in the note, (p. 299): but from the necessity of each sheet being sent to London, and the impracticability of finding type sufficient to allow of this journey, without intervals in the progress of the work. Four sheets are set up together (the type required for which is immense) and the proofs are worked off on their return to Paris as quickly as possible, and the type released for the subsequent parts of the copy. But still about six weeks elapse between the printing of a first proof and the final working of it off. A portion of this delay arises from the numerous corrections in each sheet, demanding twenty or thirty hours of intense application.

POSTSCRIPT.

In the meantime, what is done, is, I have every reason to believe, **WELL DONE**; and in a work of so much importance, I have preferred the inconvenience of delay to the ruin of the whole enterprize by an inaccurate translation. Half the gospel, or nearly so, is now printed off, and the subscribers may rely on no exertion being spared on my part to see this first division of the work—the gospel of St. Matthew, actually published this summer.

I have thought it right, in the meantime, to place this undertaking under the care of a public society with a responsible Committee. The **SPANISH AND FRENCH TRANSLATION SOCIETY**, (instituted in 1825, and of which the monthly meetings are held for the present at No. 13, Guildford Street), has now the disposal of the funds in hand and conducts the design.

Whether the gospel when published will excite public attention and be attended with any considerable benefit, must depend on the Divine Mercy which alone can produce such an effect.

POSTSCRIPT.

But I have a confidence that great good may be expected ultimately to follow from it. The inconsiderate objections raised on the ground of the levity of the French character, and the solid, ponderous qualities of Mr. Scott's writings, have little weight. It is not for the nation of France or its general readers that any comment would be designed; but for the ministers and Pastors of churches, for the serious and inquiring scholars and students, for the sedate and pious heads of families. And does any one who is at all acquainted with the writings of Mestrezat, Faucheur, Dubose, Drelincourt and others of the French Protestant school, doubt whether long and grave discourses on religion can fix the attention of French Protestants and engage their esteem? Or can any one, who looks into the mass of comment in De Sacy or Calnet—the one in 32 thick 8vo. volumes, of 8 or 900 pages each, the other in 9 folios, and both of them unwieldly compilations of mystical and feeble and inapplicable religious glosses, without any approach to an evangelical, manly, sensible, clear exposition of

POSTSCRIPT.

the mind of the Spirit throughout the Holy Scriptures,—doubt of the success of a work not by any means so heavy in its form, and in its matter so incomparably superior? A revival of religion is a revival of seriousness, of solidity of character, of readiness to study, and solemnity of mind to examine, the Holy Word. The frivolity of Voltaire is the frivolity of irreligion. But I need not enlarge—the deliberate opinion of all the leading scholars and ministers whom I have met with in France and Switzerland, and the 500 subscribers already obtained to this first publication, are at the least a sufficient authority for the essay, the trial, the experiment of circulating throughout every part of the world where the French language is spoken, the best practical comment which has appeared in these later ages of the Christian Church.

The proposed Translation of Milner's Church History into French, has, I am sorry to say, been suspended by the ~~continued~~ inroads of illness and pressure of engagements on the friend

POSTSCRIPT.

who had undertaken the work at Brussels. But into the Spanish language the first volume is already translated by the Society which I have just mentioned, for the benefit of the Spanish Americans; and the French Translation will be prosecuted as the funds may allow, and suitable translators present themselves.*

As I am giving these explanations, I will just add that the state of the German Protestant Churches to which I have alluded in my account of Francfort (vol i. 68) has been fully developed, since the publication of the third edition of this Tour, by a masterly work from the pen of the Rev. Mr. Rose of Horsham. I had no conception, from the brief remarks which my valuable Francfort friend made to me, of the extent and inveteracy of the evil. What a

* The Prospectus of the Spanish and French Translation Society may be had of Hatchard, Seely, Nisbet, or the Publisher of these volumes. The Annual Sermon and general meetings of the Society is at St John's, Bedford Row, on the second Wednesday in May. The Secretary is the Rev. W. Marshall, M. A., Newington Green near Islington.

portentous defection from the faith! What a feeble, corrupt, wayward thing is the human mind, when it once leaves the plain rule of the divine word! I rejoice to hear that things are on the whole again improving. In the meantime, let no young Christian be moved in his faith by these pretended discoveries of a spurious philosophy in **THE INTERPRETATION OF SCRIPTURE**, any more than the Reformers were three centuries back, by the pretended discoveries of a spurious religion as to **THE RULE OF FAITH AND THE AUTHORITY OF TRADITION**. Scepticism and Superstition are but two diseases of the same fallen heart. To explain away by sophistry the obvious meaning of the Scriptures—and to forbid the reading of them by a claim of authority over the conscience, are evils of a kindred nature. Satan our great enemy works by the folly of human learning now, as he did by the folly of human ignorance three or four centuries back. The **PRIMARY TEACHER** will guide sincere and humble souls through the mazes of each kind of error, to the truth and blessedness of redemption in the divine person

POSTSCRIPT.

and sufferings of the Son of God, and the mighty transforming operations of his grace.

I may as well add, on the subject of the Waldenses mentioned p. 344 of this second volume, that a valuable work* just published by the Rev. T. Sims will give the reader the latest accounts of these important churches. The renewal of the Royal grant, the endowment of an hospital, the establishment of schools, and the supply of Books, are all benefits of the very last moment, obtained for them by the exertions of the Committee to which I have referred p. 344 of this volume—the amount of subscription is between £4000 and £5000. The excellent volume of the Rev. J. Scott in continuation of Milner's Church History, gives a most interesting summary of the History of the Vaudois at the time of the Reformation.

* “An historical defence of the Waldenses or Vaudois, inhabitants of the Valley of Piedmont, by Jean Rodolphe Peyran, late pastor of Pomaret and Moderator of the Waldensian Church, with an Introduction and Appendixes by the Rev. Thomas Sims, M.A. Rivingtons. 1826.”

POSTSCRIPT.

If I were to say any thing further before I conclude this postscript, it would be to express my regret if any expressions in the course of the work have unnecessarily wounded the feelings of individuals. I have endeavoured to guard against any reproach on this score by omitting such circumstances as would lead to the fixing of any of my remarks on particular persons. But it is possible that some reflections when read in the circles where they are supposed to be most applicable, may still be regarded as personal and severe. I can only therefore thus in general testify my sorrow if I have unintentionally laid myself open to such misinterpretations. My desire has been to speak, frankly indeed, and honestly, without disguise or concealment, but still with the consideration due to the just feelings of every individual with whom I had the pleasure of any intercourse when abroad. Perhaps the language which I have occasionally used on the subject of the Roman Catholic superstitions may, after all, be thought the most liable to objection—as being both too general and too strong. After an in-

POSTSCRIPT.

terval of nearly four years, I will confess that I think such an objection is not without its force. At the same time, truth is truth; and the warmth of a description flowing from the heart, at the first witnessing of the corruptions of the great Apostate Church, is perhaps excusable, so far as the motive is concerned. And possibly the very strong language used in the Divine Revelations of St. John, as to this portentous defection from the faith, may warrant much of that language of abhorrence which might otherwise be excessive, or harsh and unkind. But in this, as well as in every thing else, the candid reader will judge.

Islington, March, 1827.

ERRATA.

VOL. I.

- 12 3, note, *for* no, *read* scarcely any.
- 18, 7, *after* The nuns, *insert*, or rather les Sœurs de la charité.
- 21, 17, *for* Villeforte, *read* Vilvorde.
- 23, 20, *after* fine, *insert* containing.
- 27, 14, dele, de.
- 38, 5, *for* aquæ, *read* aquis.
- 41, 6, *after* opposite, *read* it is said that some of.
- 47, 9, *for* Alsace, *read* Baden.
- 58, 12, *for* 1st January, *read* Janvier 1er.
- 63, 20, *for* as, *read* which.
- 21, dele, and all our princes.
- 67, note, *for* 48, *read* 47.
- 77, 6, *for* Grand Duke of Baden, *read* Electors Palatine.
- 86, 8, *for* child or a niece, *read* relative.
- 102, 22, *for* and Hungary, *read* Hungary and Turkey.
- 105, 9, *for* of the Swiss Cantons, *read* part of the Swiss
 Territories. •
- 124, 19, *for* 1581, *read* 1518.
- 149, 16, *for* Rincius, *read* Bâldenstein.
- 17, *for* Baldenstein Basili ensium, *read* Bâle.
- 152, 7, of note, *for* Augustus, *read* Augusti.
- 252, 16, note, *after* united, *insert* with.

VOL. II.

| Page. | Line. |
|-------|--|
| 22, | 13, <i>for</i> Monks, <i>read</i> , Chanoines. |
| 23, | 24, <i>for</i> was, <i>read</i> were. |
| 27, | 10, <i>after</i> Provost, <i>insert</i> or Superieur. |
| 32, | 3, note, <i>for</i> Italian, <i>read</i> Italien. |
| 38, | 3, <i>for</i> 70, <i>read</i> , about 50. |
| 39, | 5, <i>for</i> After leaving, <i>read</i> As we approached. |
| 59, | 4, <i>for</i> form, <i>read</i> principles. |
| 96, | 1, note, <i>for</i> may possibly be, <i>read</i> are. |
| 102, | 3, <i>for</i> before, <i>read</i> after. |
| 105, | 22, <i>after</i> Piedmont, <i>insert</i> , and of the kingdom of Sardinia. |
| 128, | 2, <i>for</i> Cardinal, <i>read</i> Saint Carlo. |
| 132, | 8, dele lawn. |
| 154, | 1, <i>after</i> her, <i>insert</i> that. |
| 230, | 16, <i>for</i> parish, <i>read</i> department. |
| 262, | 7, <i>for</i> old Dukes, <i>read</i> Governor Generals. |
| 297, | 10, <i>for</i> Frésynous, <i>read</i> Frayssinous. |
| 317, | 7, dele, afterwards Henry IV. |
| 328, | 3. and 4, <i>for</i> almost unacquainted with, <i>read</i> who had a good deal forgotten his. |
| 353, | 10, <i>for</i> have, <i>read</i> has. |

I N D E X.

A.

- Aar*, river of, i. 131. Fall of, 205.
- Aar*, valley of, i. 294.
- Aarau*, capital of Argovie, i. 131. Same church used by Catholics and Protestants, ib. Roofs of houses at, 134.
- Abelard*, ii. 276.
- Accident*, fatal, at Lauterbrunnen, i. 185. At Grindelwald, 196. On Mont Blanc, 357.
- Activity*, in doing good, duty of, ii. 331.
- Addison*, Mr. Travels of, cited, ii. 82 85.
- Afflictions*, benefit of, i. 258. ii. 161.
- Agriculture*, of the Valais, ii. 39. Of Lombardy, 59. Of France, 278.
- African slave trade*, guilt of apathy concerning, ii. 336.
- Aigue-belle*, village of, ii. 125.
- Aix la Chapelle*, town of, i. 37. Hotel de Ville at, ib. Tomb of Charlemagne at, 38. Relics at, ib.
- Albums*, i. 243.
- Alliance*, The Holy, i. 139. 168.
- Allobroges*, i. 295.
- Alps*, view of, in approaching Zurich, i. 118. Sun gilding, 121. Swiss, 199. Seen from Mer de Glace, 366. Line of perpetual snow on, ii. 70. Line of firs, ib. Of corn, ib. Of vines, ib. Various temperature, ib. Seen from Milan, 76.
- Altorf*, capital of Uri, i. 227.

Ambioggio, ii. 108.

Ambrose, St. character of, ii. 78. Life of, 80. Cathedral, of, 100.

Ambrosian library, ii. 101.

American gentleman, anecdote of, ii. 328.

Amphitheatre, at Milan, ii. 102. Remains of at Lyon, 175.

Amstag, village of, i. 223.

Anabaptists, i. 150.

Andernach, village of, i. 50.

Angilbertus, Bishop of Milan, ii. 78.

Anglesey, Marquis of, i. 27.

Antiquities, Roman, at Milan, ii. 104. At Turin, 113.

Antistes, the Swiss, i. 122.

Antoninus, Emperor, ii. 177.

Antwerp, approach to, i. 19 Cathedral, 20. Harbour, ib. River Scheldt, ib. Docks, 21.

Apennines, seen from Milan cathedral, ii. 76.

Aqueduct, Roman, ii. 178.

Arch, triumphant, of Bonaparte, at Milan, ii. 103. Of Augustus, at Susa, 116.

Archives du Christianisme, quoted, i. 174. 332.

Argovie, canton of, i. 131.

Arnott, Rev. S. death of, ii. 180. Character, 181.

Arndt's work on Christianity, i. 202.

Arona, town of, ii. 63. 66.

Arque, river, ii. 125.

Arrêté, of Lausanne, i. 314.

Arve, valley of, i. 349. River of, 352.

Arveiron, river, i. 365.

Ascension of St. Borromeo, ii. 67.

Associations, of thought, should lead to God, i. xx. Of truth with superstition in Papists' minds, ii. 92.

Avalanches, i. 189. 358. Dread of, 227.

Avallon, town of, ii. 267

- Avenche*, ancient Aventicum, i. 278. Monument at, ib.
Augustus, arch of, ii. 116. Mount Cenis road begun by, 156.
Augustine, St. referred to, i. xxv. Picture of, 40. Monks of, ii. 21. Doctrine, 27. 42. Conversion of, ii. 83. Letters, 114. Homilies, 224. Revival at period of, 347.
Auxerre, city of, ii. 268. Cathedral, ib.
Auxonne, town of, ii. 256.

B.

- Bacchus*, ancient temple of, ii. 101.
Baden, Duke of, i. 67. Duchy of, 79.
Bagues, valley of, ii. 6.
Baldenstein, Bishop of, i. 149.
Balma, James, ii. 4.
Banditti, in Italy, ii. 119.
Baptism, at Bern, i. 170.
Bartholomew, St. statue of, ii. 75.
Basle, i. 132. Population of, 133. Cathedral, 137. Library, 138. Bible Society, ib. Missionary institution, ib. State of religion at, 139. Council of, 140. Sunday at, 143. Description of, 145. Largest city of Switzerland, 155. Tract Society of, 211. Scene of Ecolampadius's labours, ii. 318.
Baths, remains of Roman, ii. 175.
Baveno, village of, ii. 61.
Beat, St. cave of, i. 183.
Beds, in Germany, i. 96. 280.
Beggars, multitudes of, in Savoy, ii. 122. In France, 278.
Benevolence, an universal language, ii. 331.
Bergheim, Sunday at, i. 41.
Berkeley, Bishop, passed Mount Cenis, ii. 156.
Bern. entrance on canton of. i. 51. Population, ib.

Bern, town of, i. 164. Like Bath, *ib.* Bible and Tract Society of, 166. Library and Museum, *ib.* Cathedral, *ib.* Sunday at, 169. Healthiness of, *ib.* Second Sunday at, 258. Notice of fast day, 259. 268. Education and morals, 261. Compared with England, 262. Population of, *ib.* Oberland tour of, 274. Founder, 275.

Bernard, Grand St., Hospice at, ii. 21. Founded, 22. Dogs, 23. 26. 34. Domestic, 23, 26. Lives saved by, 52, 53. 59. Temperature, 24. 59. Monks, 25. Roman temple, 24. Infant saved, 25. Italian courier, servants, and dogs lost, 26. Supper at, 27. Conversation, *ib.* Provost, *ib.* Bonaparte passes by, 29. Efforts to defraud, 31. Last accounts of lives saved at, *ib.* Dog stuffed, 59. Chapel, 33. Breakfast at, *ib.* Hospice built, *ib.* Attempts to rebuild, 35. Bone-house, *ib.* Hannibal passed by, 36. Prayers at, 42.

Bernard, St. ii. 276.

Bertha, Queen, i. 279.

Beza, ii. 267. 317.

Bible, Latin, first printed, i. 66. Early edition of, 91.

Bible, the, the fountain of truth, i. xxxvii. A history of, put for, 49. Unknown at Martigny, ii. 16. Scarcely known at Milan, 99; and in Italy generally, 119. The force of, 322.

Bible Society, the importance of, ii. 321. Opposition to by the Pope, *ib.*—See *Basle*, *Bern*, &c.

Bienne, lake of, i. 158. Town of, 161.

Bingen, vineyard at, i. 60.

Birse, river, i. 148.

Black Forest, i. 87. Described, 102.

Blanc, Mont, view of, i. 352. 357. Summit, *ib.* Calamity in ascent of, 357. Ascent of, by a single Englishman, 358. ii. 3. Seen from *Lyon*, 169.

Blumhardt, M. visits *London*, i. 140. Character of, 133.

- Bonn*, university of, i. 46. Open to Catholics and Protestants, ib. Revival of piety at, ib.
- Bonaparte*, schemes of, at Antwerp, i. 21. The idol of the people in Flanders, 24. On Rhine, 59. At battle of Waterloo, 23. Disliked in Switzerland, 372. Passes Grand St. Bernard, ii. 29. Makes Simplon road, 50. His fall, 53. Carries on Milan cathedral, 73. His amphitheatre at Milan, 102. His triumphal arch, 103. Compared with Augustus, 116. Improves Mount Cenis road, 117. 156. Regretted in Italy, 121. Received as deliverer at Lyon, 179. His popularity, 211. Gives liberty to Protestants, 231. Studied at Auxonne, 256. His abdication, 272. His plan of Madrid, 273. His character, ib. An instrument of Providence, 275. Gives liberty to Vaudois, 341.
- Bonaparte*, Joseph, i. 347.
- Bonneville*, village of, i. 349.
- Books*, prohibited, ii. 255.
- Booksellers*, none in canton of Valais, ii. 38. Nor in Sion, ib. Nor at Arona, 66. Only one at Chambery, 153.
- Boren*, Christian, i. 196.
- Borromeo*, St. Charles, statue of, ii. 63. Tomb, 75. Sunday schools, 90. His Life, 128. Extracts from writings, 137. Character, 136. 149.
- Borromeo*, Frederick, ii. 201.
- Borromeo*, Count, ii. 64.
- Borromean*, Isles, ii. 61. Gardens, 62. Palaces, 63.
- Bossons*, glacier of, i. 356.
- Bossuet*, house at Dijon where born, ii. 263. Character, 264. Sermons, ib. Remonstrance with Louis XIV. 265.
- Breithorn* Alp, i. 181.
- Bridge*, of boats, i. 50. Flying, 77. Curious model of, at Schaffhausen, 112. Covered bridges, 117. With paintings, at Lucern, 253.

- Brieg*, town of, ii. 49.
- Brientz*, lake of, i. 200. Village of, ib
- Broad footing* of evangelical religion, i. xlviii.
- Broie*, river, i. 280.
- Brunnen*, village of, i. 231.
- Brussels*, described, i. 22. States general at, ib. Palaces, 23. Church, ib. Museum, ib. First book printed at, ib.
- Brydayne*, sermons of, ii. 29.
- Bucer*, Martin, Letters of, i. 90. Labours, ii. 318.
- Bullinger*, the Reformer, ii. 319.
- Bulls*, popish, ii. 311.
- Burgess*, Bishop, tracts of, ii. 139.
- Burgundy*, Duke of, i. 276. Palace of, ii. 262.
- Burgundians*, monument to, i. 277.
- Burial-ground*, public, ii. 178.
- Burnet*, Bishop, ii. 319. 339.
- Burglen*, chapel of William Tell at, i. 228.
- Byron*, Lord, opinion concerning, i. 213.

C.

- Cæsar*, crossed the Rhine, i. 50. Founded Nyon, 292. Mentions Geneva, 295. Describes L'Ecluse, ii. 205.
- Calais*, arrival at, i. 2.
- Calvary*, a superstitious, ii. 56.
- Calvin*, John, character of, i. 289. Preamble to will, 310. Portrait, ii. 114. Cathedral where he preached, 222. Letters, 223. Theology, 225. Compared with Fletcher, 247.
- Calvinism*, mistaken opinion of, in England, i. 289.
- Calvinists and Lutherans*, union of, i. 82.
- Canaries*, a plant from the, ii. 62.
- Canning*, Right Hon. George, at Donaueschingen, i. 104.
- Capuchin friar*, at Realp, i. 218. His room described, 219. Several at St. Mary in the Snow, 242.
- Carlsruhe*, i. 79. Sunday at, 81. Palace of, 85.

- Carriages*, breaking down, i. 9. 24.
- Cascenia*, town of, ii. 68.
- Cassel*, Mount, described, i. 4.
- Catechising*, at Schaffhausen, i. 111. 114. At Milan, ii. 90.
- Catechisms*, Catholic, ii. 92.
- Cathedral*, of Basle, i. 137. Of Bern, 166. Of Milan, ii. 73. Of Geneva, 221.
- Catholics*, piety amongst some of, i. 69. Receive Van Ess's Testament, 71. Modest, in Protestant towns, 83. Unite with Protestants in love of liberty, 248. Intrepidity of some pious, 255. At Chamouny, 367. Many pious, ii. 21. A class of fluctuating, 312.
- Catholic Lady*, conversation with, ii. 249.
- Catholic peasants* receiving tracts, ii. 280.
- Catholic emancipation*, conversation, on ii. 257.
- Cenis*, Mount, passage of, ii. 117. Road, ib. 124. 126. 156.
- Cerlier*, town of, i. 158.
- Crevennes*, The, a minister of, ii. 229.
- Chaille*, La, passage of, ii. 155.
- Chalets* described, i. 192.
- Chamberry*, town of, ii. 152. Archbishop of, 153. Pious peasant of, 184.
- Chamouny*, valley of, i. 355. When discovered, ib. Mer de Glace, 363. Village of, 367. Mules and guides, ib. Visitors to, 368.
- Champsee*, ii. 7.
- Charity*, the duty of, i. 202. Sermon on, at Paris, ii. 296. The age of, ii. 323.
- Charles I.* portrait of, at Turin, ii. 114.
- Charles V.* birth of, at Gand, i. 19.
- Charlemagne*, tomb of, i. 38.
- Chavannes*, M. persecution of, 323.
- Chavennes*, town of, ii. 306.
- Chède*, lake of, i. 353. Cascade near, ib.

- Chester*, Geneva like to it, i. 295.
- Christianity*, nature of genuine evidences of, i. 279. ii. 174.
- Churches*, government of the Swiss, not Presbyterian, i. 123.
- Churches*, Italian, built in fields, ii. 71. Want of in England, 111.
- Church of England*.—See *England*.
- Church Missionary Society*, i. 297.
- Chrysostom*, St. sentence from, i. 18.
- Cicero de Officiis*, early edition of, ii. 224.
- Clarendon*, Lord, quoted, ii. 315.
- Claudius*, Emperor, speech of, ii. 173.
- Claudius*, Bishop of Turin, ii. 112. 347.
- Cleanliness*, want of, on the Continent, ii. 279.
- Cluse*, valley of, i. 350.
- Coblentz*, key of Germany, i. 49, 50. Spy at, 52. Fountain at, 58.
- Codex Vercellensis*, ii. 113. Bezae, 317.
- Cold*, intense, i. 207.
- Cologne*, town of, i. 42. Professor at, 43. Antiquities, ib. Cathedral, ib. Heads of wise men, ib. Once nearly Protestant, 44.
- Colossal statue of Borromeo*, ii. 63.
- Commandment*, the second, left out in Popish Catechism, ii. 12.
- Commerce of Lyon*, ii. 171.
- Conscience*, liberty of, i. 327.
- Consistency*, importance of, in English travellers, i. 212.
- Conversion of Pastor Henhöfer*.—See *Henhöfer*.
- Coppet*, village of, i. 292.
- Cormoret*, village of, i. 152.
- Coster*, Jean Baptiste de, i. 27.
- Cottages*, Swiss, i. 151.
- Court*, i. 146.
- Courtray*, described, i. 7.

Couvercle, Mount of, on Mer de Glace, i. 361. ii. 2.

Coverdale, Miles's, first English translation of Bible, i. 119.

Coxe, Mr. at Bern, i. 166.

Cranmer, Archbishop, prints first Bible at Zurich, i. 118.

Reformation greatly owing to him, 126. Brings over Bucer and Fagius to England, ii. 318.

D.

Danube, source of, i. 103.

Darmstadt, residence of Leander Van Ess, i. 69. State of, 72.

Deaf and Dumb, Abbé Sicard's institution for, ii. 286.

Prayers of, 287. Answers to questions by, 289. Massieu, 209. Paulmier, M. 292.

Death, vain attempt to hide deformity of, i. 90. Sudden, 186. Reflections on, ii. 137.

Desolation by fall of mountains, i. 204.

Devil's Bridge over Reuss, i. 224.

Devotion of Catholics, i. 11.

Diablerets Mountains, ii. 39.

Diet of Switzerland, i. 168.

Dijon, city of, ii. 259. Church of St. Benigne, ib. Miraculous image of Virgin, 260. Palace, 262. Protestants confounded with Jews, ib. House where Bossuet born, 263. Built on Ouche, 265. One of finest in France, ib.

Dirt of continental inns, ii. 279.

Discontent in Italy, ii. 121.

Divine, a self-sufficient one, i. 136.

Doctrines, those called Evangelical, defended, i. xxv. Practical tendency of, xxvii. Danger of too high doctrines, ii. 215. Moderation of the Reformers' view of, 217.

Dogs, muzzled, i. 275.

- Dôle*, mountain, ii. 248. Town of, 249. Roman antiquities of, ib.
- Domo d'Osola*, town of, ii. 54.
- Donaueschingen*, i. 102.
- Drachensfels*, i. 48.
- Dragonnades* by Louis XIV. against Protestants, ii. 231. 339.
- Dranse*, deluge of, in 1818, ii. 6. Reflections on, desolations of, 306.
- Dress*, of women at Lille, i. 6. Of peasants in Baden, 86. Of peasants in Black Forest, 94. 100. At Zurich, 134. At Bern, 167. At Lucern, 255. At Milan, ii. 105. In France, 277.
- Dunkirk* described, i. 3.

E.

- Echelles*, Les, passage of, ii. 165.
- Ecclesiastical*, apparatus, immense at Milan, ii. 77. History by Milner, 86. 187.
- Ecolampadius*, tomb of, i. 138. Labours, ii. 318.
- Education*, state of, in Prussian dominions, i. 42.
- Eels*, immense size of, ii. 61.
- Eglisau*, i. 117.
- Egyptian* grapes, ii. 62.
- Ehrenbreitstein*, fortress of, i. 57.
- Eiger* Alp, i. 189.
- Einsiedeln*, pilgrims to, i. 113.
- Elizabeth*, Queen, letters of, i. 90.
- Emancipation*, Irish Catholic, conversation on, ii. 256.
- Emigrants*, French, i. 371.
- Emmendingen*, town of, i. 97.
- England*, opinion of, abroad, i. 75. Church of, 170. Moral

- state of, 263. Jealousy concerning, ii. 219. Influence of abroad, 323. National sins of, 335, 336. Revival of religion in, 350.
- English*, a church for the, wanted in Paris, ii. 293. A lady, anecdote of, 328.
- Enthusiasm*, charge of, i. 330. ii. 332.
- Entremont*, valley of, ii. 17.
- Epée*, L', view from top of, i. 119.
- Episcopacy*, English, esteem of, abroad, ii. 209.
- Erasmus*, tomb of, i. 138. Portrait of, 141.
- Essence of Christianity*, importance of, ii. 79.
- Eternity*, admonition on, ii. 45.
- Eucharist*, conversation on, ii. 301.
- Evangelical doctrines*, objections against, answered, i. x.
- Evidences of Christianity confirmed by ancient monuments*, i. 279. ii. 174.

F.

- Fall of Rhine*, i. 107. 117.
- Farel*, tomb of, i. 158. Letters of, ii. 223.
- Farm-house*, cost of building of, i. 187.
- Fast*, notice of, at Bera, i. 258. Recommended for England, 268.
- Fellenberg*, M. i. 257.
- Ferney*, Voltaire's house at, i. 301. Church at, ii. 205. Bible Society at, 207.
- Finery*, shabby in France, ii. 277.
- Fivaz*, M. persecution of, i. 323.
- Floods* in Germany, i. 79.
- Fletcher*, Rev. Mr. of Madeley, character of, ii. 247.
- Fluellen*, village of, i. 229.
- Fontainebleau*, château of, ii. 271. Room where Bonaparte

- abdicated, 272. Plan of Madrid, 273. Rooms of late Pope, 271.
- Food*, bad, i. 96.
- Forbin*, M. ii. 56. 96.
- Forest*, Black, i. 87. 102.
- Forclaz*, mountain of, ii. 5.
- Fosse*, turned into gardens, i. 161.
- Foundling* children, at Lyon, ii. 199. At Paris, ib.
- Fountains*, Swiss, i. 135.
- Fourvière*, hill of, ii. 168.
- France*, entrance on, ii. 155. General inferiority to England, 266. Extent of Protestantism in, 317. ;
- Franckfort on Maine*, population of, i. 64. Excellent Protestant minister of, 65. Vigilant police, ib. Bible and Jews' Society of, ib. First Bible of, 65. State of religion at, 68.
- Frayssinous*, M. ii. 293. 299.
- French*, rule of the, along the Rhine, i. 58. Rule in Switzerland, 371. The Protestants, sermons of, ii. 293. Persecution of, at revocation of edict of Nantes, 338.
- Freyburg*, cathedral of, i. 97.
- Fribourg*, Père Girard of, i. 343.
- Fruits*, at Borromean Isles, ii. 62. Italian, 65.
- Funeral*, Swiss, i. 113.
- Furca Alp*, i. 217.
- Fust* and Schoiffher, Bible by, i. 66.

G.

- Gambier*, Lord, i. 19.
- Gand*, or *Ghent*, Sunday at, i. 10. Popery, ib. Nunnery, 17. Library, 18. Decay of, 19.
- Garde*, La, persecutions in department of, ii. 230.

- Gardens* of Borromean Isles, ii. 62.
- Gemmingen*, Baron, conversion of, i. 175.
- Geneva*, lake of, i. 283. City, 295. Bridge, 301. Mischief done by Voltaire at, 302. Compared with Lausaune, 307. Decline in religion at, 343. Attempt on, 351. Washing at, ii. 124. Catholics, 210. Environs of, 211. La Treille, 212. Sermon of removed Regent of, 214. Views from, 220. Cathedral, 221. Library, 222. Savans of, ib. Sunday at, 227. Preachers, ib. Règlement of, 228. 233. Ministers of, change duties, 252. Pious individuals at, 254. Anecdote of Scotch gentleman at, 328.
- Genevese*, conversation with some, i. 347. ii. 225. 227.
- German* divinity, i. 68.
- Gessner*, M. i. 127.
- Gesler*, The Austrian bailiff, i. 230.
- Ghent*, see Gand.
- Gibbon*, Mr. i. 186. 284. Library, ii. 164. Character, 165. Death, ib.
- Gicssbach*, fall of, i. 201.
- Gilly*, Rev. W. S. Excursion to Vaudois cited, ii. 344.
- Girard*, Père, of Fribourg, i. 254. Pamphlet concerning, 343.
- Glaciers* of Grindelwald, i. 195. Described, 199. Of Rhone, 217. Of Mer de Glace, ii. 2.
- Goar*, St. village on Rhine, i. 54. Supper at, 60.
- Goarhausen*, i. 56.
- Goeschinen*, i. 225.
- Goëthe*, Poet, i. 68.
- Goitres*, i. 351. ii. 41. 125.
- Goldau*, destruction of, i. 236. ii. 306.
- Gondi*, Père de, château of, ii. 270.
- Gospel*, doctrines of, i. xxv. Preaching, 258. The way to union, ii. 225.

- Government*, Swiss, influence of, on morals, i. 261.
Grapes in Italy, ii. 105.
Gratitude for blessings of England, ii. 335.
Gravelines, i. 2.
Gray, Lady Jane, letters of, i. 123.
Grégoire, Bishop, ii. 302.
Grimsel, mountain of, i. 203. Journey to, ib. Sunday at, 206. Reflections upon, 207. Ascent from, 216.
Grindelwald, valley of, i. 193.
Grouchy, General, i. 29.
Gudule, St., church of, i. 23.
Guides, at Chamouny, i. 367. Piety of, ib. Their skill, 366. Their profits, ii. 4.

H.

- Haller*, M. saying of, i. 167. Character of, 168.
Hamburgh, French minister of, ii. 214. 226.
Handeck, fall of, i. 205.
Hannibal, ii. 36. 68. 168.
Hats, shovel, worn by peasants, i. 73.
Hauterive, Count de, ii. 300.
Hay, frame for making, i. 228.
Heat, means of keeping out, in Italy, ii. 65, 105.
Heaven, sermon on happiness of, ii. 161.
Heidelberg, town of, i. 73. On Neckar, 74. Fine ruins of a castle at, ib. Professor of, ib. University, 75. Library, ib. Place of Melancthon's studies, 76. Where Luther disputed, ib. Catechism of, ib.
Helvetic confession, i. 76. 334.
Henhöfer, Pastor, conversion of, i. 47. 67. 83. 172. 174.
Herzogenbuchs, village of, i. 256. Funeral at, ib.

- Hess*, Antistes, of Zurich, i. 122. Age and Piety, ib. Sends message to Mr. Wilberforce, ib. Lives in house of Zuingle, 125. Blesses author's family, 128.
- Hirtzenach*, village of, on Rhine, i. 59. Jew at, ib.
- History*, Ecclesiastical, by Milner, most excellent, ii. 87.
- Hoëllenthal*, valley of, i. 97.
- Hoëllentieg*, hill of, i. 101.
- Hofwyl*, i. 257.
- Holy Alliance*, i. 139.
- Holy Spirit*, need of his grace, i. 83. ii. 16. Prayer unto, 42. Importance of his grace, 145. Duty of united prayer for grace of, 346. Periods of his influence, 347. Marks of it in present day, 348.
- Homilies*, English, ii. 280.
- Hospice*, of Grimsel, i. 203. 210. Of Realp, 218. Of Great St. Bernard, ii. 21.
- Hospital*, village of, i. 219. 221.
- Hotels*, bad, i. 99.
- Houses*, shelving roofs of, i. 99.
- Howard*, his opinion of Voltaire, i. 302.
- Humilitas*, Borromean motto, ii. 67. 136.
- Hurd*, Bishop, quotation from, i. 15.
- Huy*, fortress of, i. 30.

I.

- Jardin*, on Mer de Glace, i. 361. ii. 2.
- Ibach*, bridge of, i. 231.
- Idolatry* of Virgin Mary by Papists, i. 3. 12. ii. 14.
- Jew*, conduct of a, i. 59. Protestants called Jews, i. 3. ii. 262.
- Ignorance* in Italy, ii. 67. 120.
- Image* of our Lord, inscription under an, i. 42.

- Imagination*, religion not placed in, i. xxxv.
- India*, Catholic Missionaries in, ii. 97.
- Indulgences*, popish, ii. 13. 79.
- Infidelity*, spreading in Italy, i. 13. Progress of, ii. 120.
Gibbon's, 166. Triumph over at Ferney, 207.
- Inn*, Swiss, i. 119. Italian, ii. 65.
- Infallibility*, a claim of, not asserted by Evangelical religion,
i. xxxviii.
- Inquiry*, daring, age of, ii. 323.
- Inscription*, Roman, at Pierre Pertuis, i. 152.
- Interlacken*, village of, i. 183. Declining, ib.
- Invalids*, advice to, ii. 326.
- Joigny*, town of, ii. 269. Gondli's château at, 270.
- Ireland*, ii. 256.
- Irenée*, St. subterraneous church of, p. 176.
- Irenæus*, St. ii. 177.
- Irish Catholics*, ii. 256.
- Irico*, Jean André, ii. 113.
- Isella*, village of, ii. 55.
- Isola*, Bella, ii. 61.
- Isola*, Madre, ii. 61.
- Italian*, nobleman, i. 212. Two gentlemen, 245. Travelling
gentleman, 359. Inus, ii. 65.
- Italy*, entrance of, on Simplon road, ii. 54. Fallen, 56.
Temperature delightful, 57. Contrast with Switzerland,
58. Vines different from Swiss, 59. Like Palestine, 60.
Ignorance in, 66. Morals, 72. Reflections on, 118.
- Jesuits*, i. 254. 344. ii. 38.
- Johnson*, Mr. death of, i. 298. Character, ib.
- Johnson*, Dr. Samuel, referred to, ii. 263.
- Jorat*, Mount, i. 258.
- Julia*, Alpinula, i. 278.
- Juliers*, town of, i. 40. Picture of Austin at, ib.
- Jaucourt*, Marquis de, ii. 302.

Jungfrau Alp, i. 181. Avalanches from, 189.

Jura, Mont, i. 148.

Juvet, M. persecution of, i. 323.

K.

Kandleberg, mountain of, i. 94.

Kehl, village, on Rhine, i. 87. Destroyed, 92.

King of England, at Lille, i. 16. At Waterloo, 27. At Aix, 40. Falsely said to have been at Righi, 235. 242.

Why appoints to Bishoprics, ii. 218. His Subscription to Vaudois, 344.

Koenigswinter, i. 48.

Krachenthal, i. 223.

Küssnacht, village of, i. 246.

L.

Lago Maggiore, ii. 60.

Lake, artificial, ii. 6.

Lanslebourg, village of, ii. 122.

Laurent, St. ii. 218.

Lausanne, town of, i. 282. Voituriers at, ib. Lake of, 283. Lodgings at, 284. Fine situation of, ib. Reformation at, 285. Panorama of, 287. Sunday at, 304. Persecution at, 307. Arrête of, 314. Law of, 319. Cathedral, 341. Academy, ib. Library, ib. Family near to, ib. Professor of, ii. 208. Bible Society of, 213. Good done by English lady at, 328. Fugitives at, 338.

Lauterbrunnen, view from inn at, i. 180.

Leander Van Ess, residence, i. 69. Age, 70. Health, ib. His editions of the New Testament, ib. Like Luther, 72. Character, ib. Reference to, ii. 322.

L'Ecluse, fort of, ii. 205.

Letters, Borromeo's, ii. 144.

Liege, i. 31.

Liberty, love of, in Switzerland, i. 231.

Lille, town of, i. 5. Fortifications of, ib. Bible Society at, 6. Protestants at, ib. Fosse, 161.

Limnat, river of, i. 119.

Liturgy, French, parts of, omitted, ii. 295.

Lombard, Venetian kingdom, entrance of, ii. 68.

Louis XIV. his dragonnades, ii. 230, 231. Bossuet's remonstrance with, 265.

Louis XVI. defended by Swiss Guards, i. 252.

Love, age of Christian, ii. 323.

Lowertz, lake of, i. 240.

Lucern, lake of, i. 231. Town of, 249.

Lugdunum, ancient name of Lyon, ii. 167.

Lukewarmness in religion, guilt of, i. xix.

Luther, Martin, quotations from, i. 12. 287. Disputes at Heidelberg, 76. His heat in Sacramentarian controversy, 83. Letters of, 90. General spirit of, 252. Our obligations to, ii. 99. Scenes of labours, 316.

Lutherans, union of, with Calvinists, i. 82.

Lutschinen, river of, i. 181.

Lyddes, village of, ii. 17. Pious paper at, 20. 45.

Lyon, city of, ii. 155. Sunday at, 157. Protestant service, 158. Sermon, ib. Catholic sermon, 161. Physician, 163. Population, 167. Fourvière, 168. Notre Dame, 169. Revolutionary horrors, 170. Prosperity, 171. Hôtel de Ville, 172. Palais des Arts, ib. Speech of Emperor Claudius, 173. St. Irenée, 175. Roman amphitheatre, ib. Aqueduct, 178. Cimetière, ib. Arsenal, 179. Second Sunday at, 182. Martyrs of, &c. 187. Peter Waldo of, 192. Protestant sermon, 193. Bible Society, 194. Profanation of Sabbath at, 195. Library, 197.

l'Hôte Dieu, *ib.* Hospice de la Charité, 198. Foundlings, 199. Immoral practices, 200. Protestant Minister of, 201. Sick English family, 202. Departure from, 203.

M.

- Magistrate*, an aged, at Zurich, i. 123.
Mai, Angelo, ii. 102.
Mail, from Lyon to Genève, ii. 203.
Magnin, M. persecution of, i. 325.
Maison Neuve, in Côte d'Or, ii. 259.
Manheim, town of, i. 76. Palace at, 78. Flying bridge at, *ib.*
Marble Cathedral at Milan, ii. 73.
Marianne, a child saved at Goldau, i. 238.
Marengo, gate of, at Milan, ii. 103.
Marlborough, Duke of, i. 5. 29.
Marriage, custom before, i. 46.
Martigny, town of, ii. 5. Sunday at, 7. Sermon of Prior at, 9.
Martin, St. village of, i. 350.
Martyrs of Lyon, ii. 177. 187.
Mary, St. in the Snow, i. 242.
Mass, high, at Milan, ii. 89.
Massieu, extraordinary replies of, at deaf and dumb school, ii. 290.
Maurienne, valley of, ii. 125.
Mazarine, Cardinal's Bible, i. 66.
Means, of doing good abroad, i. 213. ii. 325.
Mehlem on Rhine, i. 48.
Melancthon, studies at Heidelberg, i. 76. Portrait of, 86. Letters of, 90.
Mentz, town of, i. 63. Soldiers at, 66. First Bible at, *ib.*

- Mer de Glace*, i. 363. Jardin of, 361. Couvercle of, 361.
 363. Alps seen from, 366. Glaciers, ii. 2.
- Mettenberg* Alp, i. 194.
- Meyringen*, valley of, i. 200.
- Michel*, St. village of, ii. 121.
- Middleton*, Dr. letter from Rome, ii. 96.
- Milan*, trade with; i. 227. The ancient Mediolanum, ii. 72.
 Joint-capital of Austrian-Italy, ib. Extent, ib. Cathedral
 of white marble, 73. Sunday at, 77. Buildings, 76.
 Sunday Schools, 90. Worship of Virgin Mary, 93. Mint,
 104. Dress of women, 105. Grapes, ib.
- Milquet*, Maison, at Lausanne, . 233.
- Milner's Church* History commended, ii. 86. Cited, 177.
 To be translated, 214. 300.
- Milton*, advice to, i. 53. Portrait of, 301.
- Minister*, Swiss, loss of, i. 196.
- Ministry*, Christian, responsibility of, i. 246. ii. 144, &c.
- Missionary* Institution at Basle, i. 138.
- Miracles*, claim to, ii. 100. 261. Miraculous image of
 Virgin, 262.
- Missionaries*, losses of, i. 298.
- Model* of Switzerland, at Lucern, i. 251. At Geneva, ii. 221.
- Monck* Alp, i. 189.
- Montanvert*, mountain of, on way to Mer de Glace, i. 361.
 Anecdote of lady at, ii. 329.
- Monument* to Swiss regiment, i. 252.
- Moral* culture, not neglected by evangelical ministers, i. xli.
- Morat*, lake of, i. 275. Battle of, 276. Monument at, 277.
- Mornay*, Philip de, ii. 303.
- Moselle*, river of, i. 57.
- Moudon*, town of, i. 280.
- Moutiers*, valley of, i. 147.
- Mud*, torrents of, i. 202.

Mulhausen, i. 172.

Murg, river, i. 85.

N.

Nahe, river, i. 61.

Namur, Sunday at, i. 25. Town of, 29.

Nantes, revocation of Edict of, ii. 338. 341.

Napkin, holy, at Turin, ii. 111.

Naples, population, ii. 72.

Nativity of Virgin, feast of, ii. 18.

Nature, beauties of, ii. 305.

Neckar, M. i. 292.

Netherlands, King of, appoints ministers, ii. 218.

Neufchâtel, canton of, i. 157. Town of, 158. Persecution at, 324.

Neuhaus, i. 183.

Neustadt, i. 101.

Newspapers, Sunday, evils of, ii. 196.

Newton, Sir Isaac, portrait of, i. 301. Letter of, ii. 224.

Niagara, fall of, 117.

Nismes, Bishop of, i. 371.

Nobleman, English, anecdote of a, ii. 330.

Nunnery, at Gaud, i. 17.

Nyon, town of, i. 292. ii. 247.

O.

Oberland, Bernois tour i. 172. 218. 274.

Octodurum, ancient, now Martigny, ii. 5.

Olivier, M. persecution of, i. 323.

Oppenheim, village of, i. 72.

Oranges, of Borromean Isles, ii. 62.

Orders, Holy, entrance on, ii. 159.

Organ, fine, at Cologne, i. 45.

Orsieres, village of, ii. 18.

Orthodoxy, sometimes connected with persecution, i. 307.

P.

Paccard, Dr. i. 359.

Paganism and *Popery* compared, ii. 95.

Palaces in Italy, ii. 63.

Palestine, Italy like to, ii. 60.

Palmer, Mr. death of, i. 298. Character, ib.

Panorama of Lausanne, i. 287.

Paris, arrival at, ii. 280. Bible Society at, 225. Institute for deaf and dumb, 286. Protestant preachers, 294. Catholic, 295. Distinguished persons at, 300. Good done by American gentleman at, 328.

Party, a spirit of, not cherished by evangelical doctrine, i. xliv.

Passports, importance of, ii. 68.

Paulmier, M. ii. 292.

Pavé, i. 15.

Petersburgh, St. two students of, i. 245.

Payerne, village of, i. 279.

Persal, on Simplon road, ii. 51.

Persecution, at Lausanne, i. 307. Reflections on, 315. Odiousness of, ii. 176.

Perte du Rhone, ii. 204.

Pestilence, Borromeo's conduct during, ii. 133.

Pfuffer, General, i. 251.

Philosophy, human, danger of, i. 68.

Piedmont, ii. 106.

Piety, humble, ii. 184.

Pierre Pertuis, i. 152.

Pierre, St. island of, i. 158.

- Pileatus Mons*, or Mount Pilate, i. 236.
- Pilgrims*, Catholic, i. 113.
- Pisse-Vache*, fall of, ii. 19.
- Piuri*, see *Pleurs*.
- Pleurs*, destruction of, in 1618, ii. 306.
- Ploughing*, manner of, in Savoy, ii. 69.
- Po*, course of, ii. 107. 115. Bridge over, 116.
- Po*, street of, ii. 109.
- Police*, in Italy, ii. 66.
- Poligny*, town of, ii. 248.
- Polycarp*, ii. 177.
- Popc*, alarmed at Protestant religious institutions, i. 139.
Death of the late, 300. ii. 210.
- Popery*, character of, i. 8. Delusion of, 9. Overturns Christian doctrines and morals, 12. Modest when put in competition, 92. Cannot stand before the Scriptures, ib. People less attached to, 227. Corruption of doctrine and practice, 236. System of, ii. 11. Appearance of, a Milan, 88. And Paganism alike, 95. Character and effects of in Italy, 118. Its gross and external perversion of spiritual religion, 249. Opposes Bible Society, 286. Discourages all good designs, 293. Reviving unchanged, 310. Effects of, 311. Characteristics of, ib.
- Posting*, in Italy, ii. 123.
- Pothinus*, St. ii. 177.
- Prangins*, i. 347.
- Prayers*, at Great St. Bernard, ii. 42.
- Prayer-Book and Homily Society*, ii. 280.
- Preacher*, Swiss, at Schaffhausen, i. 110.
- Preachers*, instruction to, by Borromeo, ii. 144. Contrast between French and English, 228. French, 293.
- Preaching*, manner of, ii. 163. 228. 293.
- Priests*, character of, in Italy, ii. 55. In Sicily, ib.

Prohibited books, ii. 55.

Protest, against persecution in Canton de Vaud, i. 334.

Protestant princes, duty of, i. 47.

Protestants, of Lille, i. 6. Persecution of, 314. Pun on word, ii. 122.

Providence of God, reliance on, defended, i. xxviii. Danger from abuse of, xxxiii. Reflections on, ii. 304. Doctrine of, 334.

Protestantism sunk into indifference, ii. 314.

Prussia, entrance of dominions of, i. 37. No English newspapers in, 40. Discontent in, ib. King of, a Protestant, 47.

Pulpits, fine, in Netherlands, i. 7. At Milan, ii. 75.

Punch, exhibited at Milan on Sunday, ii. 94.

Punishments at Neuchâtel, i. 162.

Q.

Quiros, de, Spanish gentleman, i. 341.

R.

Rainbow, seen in spray, i. 353.

Rastadt, i. 85.

Realp, hospice at, i. 218.

Reformers, first traces of, i. 22. Letters of, 90. 138. Wisdom of English, 113. Find asylum at Zurich, 118. Comparison between, 252. Our obligations to, ii. 99. Scenes of their labours, i. 118. ii. 316. Imitation of, 320.

Reformation, conduct of princes at, i. 41. Third century of at Basle, 138. Completed, deliverance of Switzerland, 231. Establishment of there, 250. Necessity of, 286. Grace displayed in, ii. 99.

- Règlement* of Geneva, i. 116. 313. ii. 228. 233.
- Reichen-back*, i. 198.
- Reichenfels*, i. 56.
- Relics*, at Aix-la-Chapelle, i. 38. At Cologne, 43.
- Remagen*, i. 48.
- Religion*, reason for admixture of, in this work, with other topics, i. xvi.
- Restitution*, sermon on, ii. 9.
- Retz*, Cardinal, ii. 270.
- Reuss*, valley of, described, &c. i. 221. River of, ib. At Lucern, 249.
- Revival* of Religion, ii. 316.
- Revolution*, horrors of, at Lyon, ii. 170.
- Rhine*, first seen, i. 42. Drive on banks of, 48. Passage of by Germans, 48. Scenery of at St. Goar, 55. Junction of with Moselle, 57. Course, 103. Fall of, 107. Compared with Niagara, 117. Bridge over at Schaffhausen, 112. Floating down, 133. View of at Basle, 146.
- Rhone*, glacier of, i. 217. River of at Geneva, i. 204. In the Valais, ii. 39. At Lyon, 167. La perte du, 204.
- Ridley*, Bishop, learns by heart the Epistles, i. 126.
- Righi*, Mount, i. 232. View from, 234. Storm at, ib. New Testament at, 235. Strangers' Book, ib.
- Road*, Roman, i. 149. New, in valley of Reuss, i. 208.
- Rochat*, M. Charles, persecution of, i. 322.
- Roguary* of Italian waiter, ii. 72.
- Rome*, state of Popery at, i. 139, note. Reflections on, ii. 57. Extent of, 72. Anecdote of a friend at, 330.
- Roman* antiquities, ii. 104. 113.
- Roofs*, jutting at, Aarau, 134.
- Rosa*, Mount, ii. 63. 69.
- Rossberg*, fall of, i. 236. View of, ii. 52.
- Roussau*, J. J. i. 159. Character of, ib.
- Rubens*, church where baptized, i. 44.

Russians, inscription by, at Coblenz, i. 58. Two Russian students, 245.

S.

Sabbath, profanation of, at Weisbaden, i. 62. At Milan, ii. 98. in Popish countries, 312.

Sacrament, great attendance at, i. 115.

Sacramentarian Controversy, i. 82.

Sacy, M. le Baron de, ii. 300.

Saint Beat, cave of, i. 183.

Saint Pierre, Island of, i. 158.

Salvation, exclusively claimed by the Church of Rome, ii. 154.

Saone, river, ii. 168.

Sardinian Government, ii. 341.

Satigny, minister of, ii. 214.

Saussure, M. de, i. 355, 356. 359. ii. 3. 201.

Savans, Genevese, ii. 222.

Savoy, duchy of, i. 349.

Savoy, Duke of, i. 351.

Schaffhausen, i. 105. State of religion at, ib. Innkeeper at, 106. Sunday at, 109.

Schideck Alp, i. 197.

Schiltwaldbach, cascade of, i. 184.

Schwetzingen, garden of, i. 78.

Schools, Sunday, at Milan, ii. 92.

Scotland, anecdote of gentleman of, ii. 328.

Scott, translation of St. Matthew by, i. 288. 300. 340. 348. ii. 212. 214. 219. 298.

Seedorf, village of, i. 164.

Sempach, lake of, i. 254.

Sens, cathedral of, ii. 276.

- Sermons*, at Lausanne, i. 305. At Martigny, ii. 9. At Lyon, 161. 193. At Geneva, 215. At Paris, 293. 295.
- Serroz*, village of, i. 352. View from, 354.
- Sesto Calende*, town of, ii. 68.
- Sererus*, Emperor, ii. 190.
- Sicard*, late Abbé's institution for deaf and dumb, ii. 286.
- Sicily*, state of priests at, ii. 55. Popery at, 96.
- Silver-horn Alp*, i. 139.
- Simond*, M. his *Voyage*, i. 117. 136. His apology for règlement, ii. 233.
- Simplon*, extraordinary road of, ii. 50. Village of, ib. Heights of, seen from Borromean isles, 63.
- Sion*, town of, ii. 37. Jesuits of, 38. No bookseller at, ib.
- Slave-Trade*, guilt of apathy concerning, ii. 336.
- Snowdon*, height of, i. 193.
- Soyhier*, village of, i. 151.
- Spa*, road to, i. 33. Lines at inn near to, 34. Waters of, 35. Author's birthday spent at, 36.
- Spy*, a supposed, i. 52.
- Stael*, Madame de, i. 293. Baron de, ib. Kindness and benevolence of, ib. Forms Bible Society at Ferney, ii. 207. In London, 303.
- Stantz*, town of, i. 229.
- Statue*, colossal, of Borromeo, ii. 63.
- Staubach*, fall of, i. 160. 184.
- Steam-vessel* on Lake of Geneva, i. 283. 296. 303.
- Stein*, village of, i. 136.
- Steinkopff*, Dr. i. 211.
- Storm*, on Mount Righi, i. 234.
- Storks' nests*, i. 73.
- Stoves*, German, i. 134.
- Strangers' Book*, at the Grimsel, i. 206. At Mount Righi, 242.
- Strasburg*, city of, i. 37. Cathedral, 88. Tower, ib.

- Monument of Marshal Saxe at, 89. Library, 90. University, *ib.* Scene of Bucer's labours, *ii.* 313.
Sunday, violation of, on Continent, *i.* 62. *ii.* 93. 195
Sunday Schools, first established at Milan, *ii.* 90.
Superstition, allied to enormous wickedness, *ii.* 55. Age of, *ii.* 323.
Sursee, town of, *i.* 254.
Susa, Augustus's arch at, *ii.* 116.
Switz, capital of Switz canton, *i.* 232.
Switzerland, entrance of, from Baden, *i.* 105. Reflection on, *ib.* Freedom of, 146. Confederation, 151. Population, 155. Fruits of, *ib.* Compared with England, 195 205. Model of central, *ii.* 221. Patriotic spirit in, 255
Swollen necks, *i.* 145.

T.

- Tacitus*, *i.* 273.
Tarquinius Priscus, *ii.* 96.
Taste, defect in, no objection against religion, *i.* xvii. xxi.
Tell, William, *i.* 154. Chapel where born, 228. Fountains to, 228. Where escaped from bailiff, 230. Confederation, 231. Chapel where he slew Gesler, 231. 247. Death, *ib.*
Temperature of Italy, *ii.* 113.
Terraces of Borromean Isles, *ii.* 61.
Tessin, river of, *ii.* 68. 106.
Tête Noire, mountain of, *i.* 370.
Theodosius, anecdote of Emperor, *ii.* 82.
Thun, lake of, *i.* 182.
Ticino, or *Tessin*, course of, *ii.* 108.
Timber-float, *i.* 51.
Titlis Alp, *i.* 251.
Toleration, the boast of Reformation, *i.* 328.

Translation of Scott, see *Scott*.

Tracts, the good of, ii. 327.

Travellers, religious duties of, i. 132. Information necessary to, 138. Advice to, ii. 326. Obligation of helping in revival of religion, 327.

Travelling, foreign, advantages of, i. 15. Mode of Author's, 91. Localises knowledge, 114. Expenses of, 165.

Triveny, river, i. 96.

Trionf, village of, i. 339.

Tunnels on Simplon, ii. 52.

Turin, population of, ii. 107. Described, 109, &c. Holy chapel at, 113. University, 113. Antiquities, ib. Palace, 114. Arsenal, ib. Museum, 115. Churches, ib. Tradesmen, ib.

Turin, Claudius, Bishop of, ii. 112.

Tyndale, English martyr, i. 21. 119.

U.

Ulm, village of, on Rhine, i. 86.

Ulrich, Jeanne, i. 238.

Union of Catholics, and Protestants, i. 46. 75. 91. Of Lutherans and Calvinists, 82.

University, of Bonn, i. 46. Of Heidelberg, 75. Open to Catholics and Protestants, ib. Of Strasburg, 91. Of Turin, ii. 113. The English Universities, i. 116. ii. 226.

Unterseen, town of, i. 183.

Uri, canton of, i. 225.

Ursula, St. i. 44.

Usher, Archbishop, saying of, ii. 159.

V.

Valais, the view of, ii. 5. Description of, 40.

- Valleys* of Piedmont, ii. 339.
- Vatican*, library of Heidelberg given to the, i. 75.
- Vandamme*, General, garden of, i. 4.
- Vaudois*, or *Waldenses*, ii. 112. Present sufferings of, 339. Expulsion from valleys, 341. Return, *ib.* Visit of friends to, 343. Subscription for, 344.
- Vegetation*, scale of, on Alps, ii. 70.
- Venice*, joint capital of Austrian Italy, ii. 72.
- Vercelli*, ii. 113.
- Verviers*, town of, i. 36.
- Viguet*, i. 239.
- Villeforte*, i. 21.
- Vines*, in Savoy, i. 349. In Italy, ii. 59. In France, 277.
- Vintage*, on Rhine, i. 49. In France, ii. 268.
- Vion*, mountain, i. 153.
- Viret*, letters of, ii. 223.
- Virgin Mary*, worship of, i. 3. ii. 15. 92. 111. 169. 260.
- Vive St. Eloi*, i. 9.
- Voituriers*, i. 26. 165.
- Voltaire*, house of, at Ferney, i. 301. Mischief done by, 302. Church built by, ii. 205. Character of writings, 206. Influence, 207. 225.
- Vosges*, mountains, i. 87.

W.

- Waggon*s, curious, ii. 266.
- Waldenses*, see *Vaudois*.
- Waldo*, Peter, of Lyon, ii. 192. 347.
- Walraf*, Professor, of Cologne, i. 43.
- War*, horrors of, in Switzerland, i. 221.
- Warburton's Alliance* referred to, i. 326.
- Water-pipes*, Swiss, i. 157.
- Waterloo*, field of, i. 26. Reflections on battle of, 28.

- Washing*, manner of, on Continent, ii. 123.
Way, Rev. Lewis, ii. 344.
Weisbaden, Sunday at, i. 61. Profanation of Sabbath at, 62. Officious stranger at, 64.
Wellington, Duke of, i. 6. 27. 30. 63. 299.
Wengen Alp, journey over, i. 188.
Wetterhorn Alp, i. 193.
Wikard, Adelrich, saved at Zug, i. 240.
Wilberforce, W. message to from Antistes Hess, i. 122.
Windows in Italy, ii. 77 Curtains of, 105.
Wine, price of, on Rhine, i. 60.
Wisdom of God, ii. 304.
Women in Italy, ii. 66.
Wotton, Sir Henry, saying of, i. 49. Quotation from, 53. Sentences by, 265
Wytttenbach, M. of Bern, i. 166. 274. ii. 231.

Y.

- Yonne*, river, ii. 270.

Z.

- Zay*, Dr. i. 238.
Zofingen, town of, i. 253. 255.
Zug, town of, i. 239.
Zuingle, his copy of St. Paul's Epistles, i. 124. His life, ib. Held in honour, 125. His sword, 251. Death, ib.
Zurich, town of, 118. Alps seen in approach to, ib. First reformed town of Switzerland, ib. Asylum of English Reformers, ib. View from inn called L'Epée, 119. View of Alps from, 121. Antistes of, 122. Library, 123. Letters of Reformers, ib. Zuingle's copy of St. Paul's

- Epistles, 124 State of religion at, 126 Blind institution,
 128. Bible Society, 1b Early marriages 129. Lavater's
 tomb and character, 1b Scene of Bullinger's labours 11
 319
Zurich, canton of, 1 119

FINIS

ERRATA.—Vol II p 293 299 For Frésynous, read Frayssin u

